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THE EXPOSITION OF 1900.*

It is over, and the time has come for a judicial estimate of the young lady in blue, who for the last six months has been making coquettish eyes at the venerable obelisk.

Directors, commissioners, assistants, engineers and architects, heads of sections and presidents of committees, business-managers and purveyors of "attractions" are all in mourning: consumed by regret for the good wet-nurse whom they have lost. But of what do you fancy they were thinking most, three days after the last gun was fired? They were thinking of the *next Exposition*, and I will wager anything you like that it has already taken shape, in the brains of those hardened professionals.

Other people—those who had no direct interest in the affair—will forget it with cruel alacrity. There will be a crushing sense of lassitude and reaction for a few days; and then our fickle Athenians will have nothing more to say to the man who attempts to turn conversation to the object of their whilom passion. Let us hasten to pay the last tribute of respect to our defunct Exposition.

So long as the world was making a deafening noise about it, we kept our

thoughts to ourselves. It was not because we were indifferent. The Exposition of 1889 was studied in the "*Revue des Deux Mondes*" with the most minute and sympathetic attention. We were thought by some to have sinned on the side of excessive admiration, and we should have been only too glad to fall into the same sin once more. If we have resisted the temptation to do so, it is because the state of the public mind has been such as to discourage unbiassed judgments. From the very first day opinions were divided into two camps. On one side were the detractors who could not be contemptuous enough of an enterprise which was doomed in advance,—or so they said,—and as odious in every respect as the government by which it was exploited. On the other side were the incense-burners who would not endure the slightest criticism. To them the Exposition formed an august and inviolate whole. To criticise the outline of a cornice, or the arrangement of a window, was to commit a crime of lèse-patriotism, and whoever failed to fall into a trance of rapture was a traitor to France.

These absurd anathemas are but one form—and we propose to mention several others—of the curious aberration

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which compromises all our Expositions, and stultifies these huge periodic fairs, by requiring of them a too extensive display, and a too deep significance. They have really nothing in common with those great military and diplomatic moves which involve in the game the honor and the destinies of nations. A number of interests combine together and start a colossal undertaking. All the better, if they succeed! but the fate of the country is not bound up in the adventure, and we retain, as individuals, full right of private judgment.

Even sillier is the pretension of those who would flaunt the flag of a political party over the works of national industry. To facilitate the co-ordination of effort, and make good police regulations comprises the whole of the public power properly appertaining to these industrial enterprises. Moreover, we are precluded from definitely designating the official sponsors of an Exposition. During the slow period of its incubation, three or four groups may record their passage upon the ministerial *kinematograph*, and the chances of a general election may bring in a fifth, on the very eve of the opening day. To ascribe to these fortuitous god-parents a work of time in which we have all taken part is to imitate the fetichism which is jokingly attributed to our agricultural classes, who are said always to charge their good or bad harvests to the account of the existing government. That government does its part, by running up its colors over the building which it enters but did not construct, and foes and friends alike promote the scheme:—the former, often with astonishing fatuity, since criticism no less than laudation serves the purposes of groundless pretence.

It would not have been possible to speak of the Exposition fairly and freely, until the flood of passions and

equivocations to which it gave rise had somewhat subsided. First of all one must treat with due respect the hopes which it excited. A whole world of small craftsmen put into it their hearts, their toil, their dreams of fortune. How can one help being carried away by the charming good grace of the Parisian workman when he claims his share in a vast general enterprise of which he is proud? Who would have had the courage, when first it began to be whispered about that success was uncertain, to breathe upon the bright illusions of these good people? The pleasures of honest inquiry are no compensation for the pain we must inflict on those whom we disenchant. In presence of an enterprise in which so many humble interests are involved the bare appearance of supercilious disparagement is odious and inhuman.

One had, therefore, to see the experiment through, before pronouncing an unbiassed judgment. But it is ended now; and we may be permitted to inquire,—as we propose briefly to do,—how it has answered our expectations, what it has given us that is new, and how much it has taught us.

The circumstances were not especially favorable. It opened, in fact, at so inopportune a moment that one was irresistibly reminded of the unlucky guest whose name is announced when there is a sick child in the house or the chimney is on fire, or the master and mistress are otherwise unpleasantly preoccupied. The stars were far more benign in the spring of 1889 to the elder sister of the late Exposition. That one came after the crisis of Boulangism, as a fairy spectacle succeeds the melodrama which has stirred up all the emotion of the spectator. The crisis in question had never depressed the public mind. There was ever a diverting element about it, which prevented men from taking it too tragi-

cally. In the chromo-lithograph and the imagination to which it appeals, the Eiffel-tower quite naturally took the place of the brave general. The world was at peace. There was no cloud on the horizon. The leisurely classes all over Europe had nothing to do but amuse themselves.

But in the year 1900, after the most cruel moral laceration that our country had suffered for a century, inflamed wounds were still throbbing in many hearts. The Exposition may have served the purpose of a useful sedative, but it was not helped, at the beginning, by having that arduous task to perform. Many of our invited guests were, moreover, kept away by grave troubles of their own. England was involved in the South-African war, and the rampant fancy of her caricaturists had been employed in irritating susceptibilities which are ever hostile to ourselves. In that insular society—where fashion invariably begins at the top—the orders issued by the governing classes and implicitly obeyed to the very end, undoubtedly deprived us of a large contingent of visitors. A distressing catastrophe called home a good many of our Italian guests. And the official world of the Peninsula was kept away by the proprieties of national mourning. But it was the Chinese imbroglio which had the most disastrous effect upon the Exposition. Hardly had the show been opened, when the attention of the whole civilized world was abruptly claimed by the Far East; and the convulsion in China, and the threatening complications which it foreshadowed, had an interest of a very different order from that of the attractions in the Champ de Mars. We were not a little embarrassed ourselves, by the obligation to keep up feastings and rejoicings during those weeks of anguish. The press of the great capitals neglected us, and the news from Peking thrust far into the

background the description of Parisian novelties. Sovereigns and their advisers found in this critical conjuncture an excellent reason, or an excellent pretext, for not going abroad.

The dentists' magnificent hostelry received only the inevitable Shah, two negro Princes, and the ingrate Yukan-tor.

Worse than all,—the *débütante* had not made a successful entrance. Here and here only, we are obliged to admit the effect of political influence. That notorious blunderer can do but little for the success of an Exposition, but can easily disconcert it by a false move. Political exigencies, it appeared, required the inauguration of vast masses of rubble, about six weeks before the first show-cases received their contents. We were assured, against the evidence of our senses, that everything was ready in the vacuum of those waste galleries. The earliest provincial and foreign visitors were outrageously deceived, and they did not fail to noise abroad the fraud that had been practised on them. The natural consequence was that both foreigners and provincials continued to mistrust us for a considerable time after their mistrust was no longer justified.

Up to the first days of August there seemed reason to fear a great financial disaster. The daily receipts did not come up to a third of the previous estimates.

All through Paris and its environs a chorus of lamentation went up from the manufacturers who had laid themselves out to lodge, feed, transport, amuse—and pluck—the universe. The managers were in despair, and did not attempt to conceal their anguish. Fortunately the vacation season did at last bring those crowds for which Sister Anne had been watching vainly from the top of the tower. The flow of visitors increased suddenly and did not again subside. We had our days

of triumph, our Sunday crushes, the intoxication of sixty thousand entrance fees. The final estimates will soon inform us concerning the definitive result, and we shall know how much we have "cleared." There will, at all events be no alarming deficit:—so much is already certain. Our honor—since we must needs use a word which is really quite inapplicable in this case,—our honor is safe.

Now, setting aside those external accidents for which the Exposition was in no way responsible, to what are we to attribute the disappointments of the earlier months? First of all, I fancy, to the absence of that "clincher" which was never discovered. Ingenious and amusing inventions, which might, one would think, have sufficed to catch and keep the attention of all, were to be seen in twenty different places. It was too much,—and it was not enough. Experience proves that the modern crowd is never effectually and irresistibly captivated save by the unique "clincher." Let them but recognize and adopt that and all the rest is excrescence. The Exposition of 1889 had its tremendous "clincher" in the Tower. A horror to the true æsthete, anathematized by people of taste generally, and ridiculed by all, the Tower let the critics rave, for it was sure of itself. It was literally the magnetic mountain of the "Thousand and One Nights" which diverted ships from their courses. It thrilled the imagination of the Antipodes. Pilgrims flocked to it, by the thousand, as to the Kaäba of Mecca. Reflect, for a moment, upon the general hypnotization produced by that hideous wonder: how it was copied everywhere, in the flat and the round; reappearing in the very commonest utensils, from Japan to Chili, and even in the convents of Mount Athos. It furnished food for conversation in every cottage where its image was displayed and where the poor

folk bewailed themselves because they had failed to scrape together coin enough to enable them to go and see the Tower! Poor Tower! Even now, when so many more of the monsters in the menagerie of the Champ de Mars are crowned with fire by night, it still adds to the blinding chaos an element of airy grace, with its long robe of light, and the starry chaplets which seem to connect it with the constellations. But eleven years have pretty well exhausted its magic. Everybody has seen it now; but if equally ugly things have been made in other styles, there has never been anything to compare with the Tower for drawing crowds of the utterly befuddled.

A general bankruptcy of pleasure must be held largely responsible for the mishaps of the manager and the public. Out of every hundred persons who attend a "Festival of Labor," for twenty who go to learn, eighty go to be amused. It may not be a noble fact, but so it is. The composers of public harangues pretend to ignore it; but they are really too well acquainted with human nature not to understand that any truly successful and profitable Exposition may be synthesised thus:—an ingenious machine at which people hardly look, surrounded by *corps de ballet* at which they look a great deal. The very delicate and serious question of pleasure is thus fairly put. Shall we let the professionals have full scope? Those expert and energetic persons guaranteed a complete success if only they were allowed to play all their cards, including the tickets that are sold on the sly. They gave us to understand that the delights crowded into their Rue de Paris, and its tributaries, would beggar the united imaginations of Petronius and Heliogabalus. They said with apparent reason, that the more widely this was known the more would people flock to their doors. But

as a matter of fact, their promises alarmed the timid respectability of the managers. What they wanted was a Rue de Paris, which should be both decent and profitable. It was an ingenious dream. Their laudable purpose was to elevate the masses; but the result obtained was that of lowering the receipts. The virtue of Cato bridled the commercial experiments of Bordenane, but it was not properly rewarded.

It would be cruel to insist on the lugubrious fiasco of the Rue de Paris. People went there in search of Sodom and Gomorrah, and found only the Dead Sea.

The posters all promised gaiety and laughter and rollicking songs; but sacred Pity contracted the heart, instead, at the sight of those paralyzed troupes of travelling mountebanks:—Pierrots whose tragic despair peeped out from under the whitened mask; light music-hall enchantresses, whose voices broke in a sob of distress; faces drawn with misery where the perfunctory grimace ended in a yawn of ennui. A good many of the contractors had only themselves to thank for their misfortunes. They had over-estimated the stupidity of the masses, and the masses kicked against the quality of the entertainment offered them. It was a truly Parisian species of infatuation, and was by no means the fault of the mountebanks. "Anything is good enough for foreigners, if only we give them a Parisian actor"—such was the inveterate idea which produced the whole result. Our theaters offered to their cosmopolitan patrons only the rags and tags of their repertory. The Grecks behaved in the same manner toward the Barbarians. But we risk our reputation for dramatic art when we play this kind of game; and imperil even the prestige of the spirit of Mont-Martre.

When people began to say, in their disgust, that the Exposition was doleful and dozy, the brilliant idea occurred to the management, that great popular fêtes were what was needed to enliven it. Meetings were called, and grave and reverend seniors offered projects for amusements. Did the ungrateful crowd ever fully comprehend that these gatherings were funnier than any of the entertainments in which they resulted? In 1870, the siege of Paris produced a certain type of siege-maniac—the inventor of engines of destruction. The portfolios of Gen. Trochu were gorged with plans for exterminating the besieging army by Greek fire and rockets. Our Expositions produce a kindred type—the cock-sure inventor of enjoyment for his contemporaries—the *festival*, it may be permitted to name him. He knew all about antiquity, the arrangement of processions and the effect of trumpets. Let us hope that all the proposals handed in to the committee on fêtes, will some day be published. Only,—alas! Flaubert is no longer here to enrich "Bouvard et Pécuchet" by inserting them in an appendix.

The multiplicity of side-shows, and the relatively high price of admission to them, also helped to chill the enthusiasm of the public. To see the Exposition thoroughly cost too much. In this respect it was the least democratic show that we have ever had. Having been forewarned that they would be fleeced, the visitors drew their purse-strings tight, and hence the mortification and the grumbings of which we have heard so much. Here the responsibility was about equally divided between the management, which asked an exorbitant price for stands, and the lessees, who expected to make their fortune in six months. A universal infatuation, explicable

only by the greatness of the hopes entertained, belied upon this point also, the true character of an Exposition. Nobody pretends that they ought to give us information for nothing. The exhibitor expects, of course, to make money indirectly. His sample-card is a puff; but previous Expositions have restrained the spirit of greed within these limits. This time people wanted quick and direct profits; and wanted them with the fierceness peculiar to our era.

These causes are quite enough to explain our incomplete—or rather, we will say our tardy—success. And yet there is perhaps a simpler explanation still. There may have been a lack in our own megalomaniac imagination. Did we not presume too much upon increased facilities for travel? May not the truth be, that there is for every World's Fair, a maximum number of possible visitors, a number which has hitherto increased, from decade to decade, but which is, after all, limited? Upon this hypothesis, the sole fault of the managers would have been that they based their calculations upon chimerical estimates. They did not allow for the necessary and impassable limit, but launched into an outlay disproportioned to the numbers who might reasonably have been expected.

Before enumerating those features of the Exposition which were really most remarkable, let us note a few of the weak points, where it was distinctly inferior to its predecessor. The general plan was less rational than that of 1889, and has been the subject of universal criticism. The confused classification of objects rendered regular study both difficult and fatiguing. Things of the same nature and origin were arbitrarily assigned, now to the Invalides, and now to the Champ de Mars. One had to follow them up in the spirit of a hunter; and it was delightful sometimes to dis-

cover treasures in holes where one would never have dreamed of looking for them. But patience was needed for these things, and good luck, and good legs also. The difficulty of the problem was of course increased an hundred fold by the vast extent of the area occupied. We embraced too much and grasped too little.

We had nothing to compare with the Palais de la Force. In the gallery assigned to machines, which was divided into two parts by the lecture and music-hall, and furthermore invaded and encumbered by alimentary products, cottages, different brands of champagne and the chocolate-ships, we sighed for the lost beauty of the metallic nave, and the imposing assemblage of mechanical motors in action. Even for those who do not understand the details of machinery the spectacle of eleven years ago was one never to be forgotten—a mighty theme for meditation and for dreams, a synthetic presentation of that scientific force which governs our century and has made it progressive. This year, especially, when the avowed object was to give a retrospective view of the century that was ending, a vivid image ought to have been presented of the power that governs the globe, arrested upon a given spot, in all the supple energy of her iron limbs. The power of machinery has been augmented during the last eleven years, and yet the dispersion of machines left an idea of diminution upon the minds of visitors to its ill-served temple.

A great and general disillusion was experienced in the French colonial section. A great effort after colonial expansion characterizes and ennobles the external history of France under the third Republic. The heroism of the race is expending itself upon new realms, upon whose development we are founding our best hopes for the future. They should have been as-

signed a large place in our Jubilee Exposition and the people should have been abundantly informed concerning our recent and little-known acquisitions. But good Heavens! is this it—our immense colonial domain? This inextricable chaos? Asia, Africa, America and Oceania: all tangled in a kind of pell-mell of pagodas and tinsel, and huddled into a narrow space on the slope leading to the Trocadero! One needed to be in the secret, and an excellent geographer as well, to find his way at all about that extraordinary labyrinth. The ignoramus was as completely lost as if he had been set down among the bits of a dissected map conscientiously stirred up for the good practice it will be to the child to put them together. And such a very scanty population about the huts! only a figurine or two here and there! In 1889 there was a goodly number of negroes and Annamites to be met upon the esplanade of the Invalides. Think of the self-complacent curiosity of the Parisian of that day at sight of his "subjects!" Think of that little yellow battalion, which went through with its manœuvres so nicely, and the Pahouins who managed their *pirogues* upon the river! The Madagascar exhibit, which was installed outside the enclosure, and so had a little more room, was the only one which gave a clear idea and some satisfying information concerning the region we were invited to study. The contracted space and the complete lack of order in the original plan, paralyzed the skillful hands to which was entrusted—too late, alas!—the defense of our colonies. The true solution,—that of a distinct, well arranged, and fully peopled Colonial Exhibition, comfortably installed in the park of St.-Cloud, on the model of that most instructive representation of the Belgian Congo, to which King Leopold called our admiring attention, not long since in the park of Tervueren

—that solution was proposed and rejected. We could not colonize Saint-Cloud. It appeared that the wine-merchants objected! Perish the colonies, rather than that we should lose votes!

We may pass over the question of artistic effect, which has already been discussed in these pages with a fulness and fairness which leave nothing to be desired.

The architects of the two Palaces of Art may have made blunders in detail but they may justly congratulate themselves, on having produced a general effect at once pleasing and grandiose. What with these two edifices and the Pont Alexandre and the triumphal perspective which will henceforth unite the dome of the Invalides with the Champs Elysées the Exposition may be held permanently to have embellished our beloved Paris. On the other hand we have lost, forever, the graceful adornment of our river-banks. Here nevertheless, our Commissioners of Magic found their happiest idea, and realized it to their heart's desire. What an agreeable stroll across the world was afforded by that jaunty Rue des Nations and how well it symbolized the hospitality of France! The majority of the foreign houses were excellent in their local color, and a truly enlightened taste had presided over their furnishing and ornamentation. Some of them really embodied the soul of a race, and brought back to the returned traveller the characteristic physiognomy of a country. Spain was there in all her destitution and all her nobility, in the bare halls where she haughtily displayed her sole riches,—the tunic of Bobadil, the tapestries of Flanders, the armor of Charles V. It is thus that we imagine the house of Don Quixote. One saw the dear man, one understood him better than ever and longed to re-read the book in the gaunt inn, to which he deigned to bring only his discolored armor and his splendid rags.

In like manner we were moved to read "The Lady from the Sea" in the Norwegian house which looked like a ship, was furnished for fishermen and reeked with tarry and saline odors. All here was fresh and wholesome as the wind which blows off the snow-mountains across the fjords; all bore the mark of simple, virtuous and robust population. Do you remember the exhibit of a ladies' boot-maker in Christiana? It is in boots like these that the heroines of Ibsen are carried off bodily. The candid rusticity of their *chaussure* tells us more than pages of commentary could do concerning the *dramatis personæ* of the Scandinavian author. The tranquil English home reflected the vigorous personality which that race never surrenders: and the aristocratic elegance of its women was also there, in the figures of the contemporaries of Pitt, as depicted by the great portrait-painters. In the palace where Germany handsomely restored to us a few of the gems of our own art, the masterful will which has sworn to be first, everywhere and in all things, commanded us to admire its newly acquired wealth, and the somewhat heavy pomp and ceremony of its imperial existence. The chivalrous magnificence of the Hungarian blazed in his gothic castle; and the wooden caravansary of the Bosnian showed to perfection the picturesque customs and half-tamed savagery of an offshoot of the Turkish race. The American was painted to the life, at every turn in his hotel. It was all business-offices, typewriters, advertisements, newspapers and people in a hurry, either glancing over the papers or dashing off their correspondence. Business everywhere! These Americans introduced us to a machine far more formidable than their revolving cannon—the machine which produces and automatically disgorges a newspaper by a single operation. A man, or—in default of a man

—a boy, plays upon a key-board for a few minutes, and lo! the type has been selected and set up, and the characters printed upon a revolving cylinder. It is as rapid and complete as the transformation of a pig into pork, in the great factories of Chicago.

Mechanism of stupefying ingenuity, science curiously applied, freaks and marvels of nature, relics of the very beginnings of history, and the first stammering expression of discoveries which will one day revolutionize human life—such are the constant surprises which one encounters and which render the walk through any great exhibition so exciting. The quickening of thought which they occasion ought to be quite as fruitful as a learned lecture or the reading of a serious book. We need not inquire whether or no the galleries of 1900 were richer in such happy chances than the galleries of 1889. They were quite rich enough to capture and hold for a long time the interest of all intelligent folk. Among the "attractions" which bore no official stamp, and did not even pretend to be instructive, there were many full of refined suggestion for the poet and the dreamer. Side by side with absurdities which touched the confines of stupidity there were truly fascinating "attractions;"—the Swiss village, for instance, where the long ravines of Alpine pasturage were so adroitly made to stretch away into the plains of Grenelle; and, above all, the *stereorama*! that enchanting toy, where an absolutely scientific perspective produces so perfect an illusion of reality. The lovers of the Mediterranean recovered many a lost sensation of exquisite pleasure, when the coast of Africa unfolded itself to their gaze bathed in warmest light, and with a delicacy of coloring which Fromentin himself would not have disdained.

Apparently, however, the most irresistible attraction of all resided in

those glass cases where waxen princesses displayed to the best advantage, under an aureole of electric lights, the "creations" of our great dressmakers. Fashionable *bourgeoises* and little sewing-girls, old Dame Trots, and maidens from the country, all stood entranced before this feminine Paradise. But did you chance to observe the expression on the faces of the women who gloated over this tempting display of luxury? It was an "object-lesson" indeed; and one of the most impressive offered by an exhibition which was vaunted beforehand for the happy influence it was going to exercise over our democracy! Frankly, we doubt whether anything could have been devised better calculated than these glass-cases to excite anti-social and generally demoralizing feelings.

At first the public showed a decided partiality for the various retrospective exhibits. These little courses of history teaching by bibelots are no new thing. Several of them were but continuations, reproductions, with the same material, of the admirable displays that were gotten up eleven years ago at the Champ de Mars. The review of land and naval armaments, which was particularly admired, included the greater number of the articles and portraits which were catalogued in 1889 at the Palais de la Guerre. A desirable repetition, and one which it was a great pity not to have imitated in the Centennial of Painting. That exhibition, a partial one in both senses of the term, where some good artists were very badly served, would have gained immensely in interest if it could have drawn upon the wealth of its predecessor. By not venturing to do this, it ran the risk of being misjudged by foreigners, especially by those younger guests who did not see in 1889 the magnificent series of the French nineteenth century painters.

The chosen home of the Retrospective generally was the Petit Palais, which won our approbation from the first and will make an era in our recollections. That marvellous exhibit was the unquestioned centre of the Exposition and its greatest triumph. One visited it first of all and returned many times. Things were so skilfully arranged and distributed that the least sophisticated easily found his way amid those ivories, wood-carvings, enamels and specimens of the goldsmith's work; and any one could follow without effort, the evolution of the French ideal in the decorative arts.

You assisted at its birth and heard its first infantile cry; only a clumsy priestly instrument, as yet, in the crypts of Roman basilicas and the tabernacles of the Abbaye de Conque. Informed by a burning faith and always looking heavenward, it mastered its processes during the thirteenth century and carried them to a point of supreme perfection in the ensuing ages. The mystic souls of its Virgins were incarnated in beautifully proportioned bodies. At the first breath of the Italian renaissance it ran to drink at the fountain of the antique, and came down from heaven to earth by way of the pagan Olympus. It revelled in the intoxications of sense and yielded to all the impulses of nature. With all the resources of the new art-industries which it had created, it expressed the ideas and forms with which its laicised imagination was teeming. Serious and noble up to the end of the reign of Louis XIV, the severe discipline of the *grand siècle* restrained it, even when toying with the allegories of mythology, within the bounds of Christian decency. The eighteenth century brought entire emancipation. Our art lost even the memory of its pious origin, slipping down into the gross sensualism of a Clodion—loose, enervated and full of unclean suggestion, but elegant always,

and witty; inferior in imagination, doubtless, but superior to all its European rivals both in the taste of the designer and the conscientious execution of the craftsman.

Was it mere curiosity or the spirit of dilettantism which continually lured one back to the master-pieces of our old decorative artists? Nay, it was because we all experienced, in their society, emotions of pride for which we were soon able to render a reason. That vast treasure seemed to reveal a vein of our national genius which had been but imperfectly explored, powers we had hardly suspected, and, at certain moments of our history, the possibility of successful competition even with divine Italy herself. The pleasure of discovering these patents of nobility was enhanced by a feeling of filial piety for those who had bequeathed them to us. Below the official gods of High Art—whose merits and place are incontestable—an almost endless line of obscure artists was unexpectedly revealed. Our admiration conjured up the nameless images of those who chiselled these golden vases, or carved these Virgins in Ivory; it doted on the heroic efforts and scientific divinations of Bernard Palissy; it hailed those creators of beauty, the Pénicauds and the Limosins, and did homage to those hordes of artistic workmen who have carried all over the world, in the last two centuries, the fame of French work. Their handiwork showed us these modest artists, informed by the very best qualities of our race—courage, intelligence, honesty, enthusiasm. There has really been growing up among us, from far distant times, a democracy of industry, endowed with all the virtues which our dreamers desire. It was an honor to the France of former days, and, say what you will, it was honored by her; and its healthful past is a guarantee for its future. How should one not love and believe

in and hope for a nation which has produced, at every period, such armies of excellent workmen? We used to come out of the Petit Palais feeling more sure of France, more reverent of her people, glowing with a sort of impassioned tenderness for those humble ancestors, those unassuming associates of ours, who amassed in their venerable ateliers a portion of our splendid patrimony.

It remains for us to inquire how much the Exposition brought us that was veritably new; and the answer must be—Less than might have been expected. This was not the fault of the Exposition; it only means that the last decade has not been marked by any important revolution in the realms either of art, science or industry. In what branch of art, for instance, has there been any marked advance? Not in architecture, surely, where there has been deterioration, rather than improvement. In 1889 Iron presented itself boldly, and challenged our judgment on its merits as an element of architecture. Since then it seems to have experienced something like the shame of Adam after the fall, and a desire to disguise its own nudity. At present Iron is content to be a staff; it wraps itself in stiffened bandages, disguises itself in a garment of plaster, it is cement in armor. Our modern genius expends its fancy upon tissues, jewelry, furniture, glass and pottery, being engaged all the while in an anxious search for formulas and laws, which have not, as yet, been discovered. I can only refer the reader to the admirably drawn conclusions of M. de la Sizeranne, who has determined the precise æsthetic value of these experiments; their incontestable achievements of coloring; their incurable weakness of line.

An uninterrupted advance in the physical sciences and their application to mechanics was clearly demonstrated

by the Exposition; while yet it failed to register any one of those decisive transformations which revolutionize the conditions and the implements of a great industry. In 1889 we came out of the *Galerie des Machines* convinced that the next decennial would show us two things:—the substitution of electricity for steam as a means of traction on railways, and the easy and frequent employment of electric force derived from distant natural sources. Neither of these promises has been fulfilled. We cannot say that the developments and the victories of electricity have ceased. The modest *débütante* of 1889 has become an imposing personage with a palace and belongings of its own. The little dynamo has increased tenfold in stature and in power. Formerly it had a radius of one metre, now it has one of ten. It used to be a machine of five-hundred horse-power, now it is one of five-thousand, and the stately stages of its triple alternators tower haughtily above our heads. But its force is still all generated by the coal of other days; the steam-motor continues an indispensable spur to auxiliary energies. If electricity gains upon animal traction day by day for short distances and metropolitan communication, if it has even been applied to a metropolitan railway over which trains are occasionally run, it has not yet made conquest of a great railway line or of an ocean steamer. A few improvements and additions to the achievements of eleven years ago would comprise all that electricity had to say for itself at the last Exhibition. We must multiply our figures, record a more extensive and ever-increasing employment for industrial processes, and as a means of illumination; but we must admit that electricity still occupies the subordinate position of an intermediary—an accumulator interposed between the original motor and the material to be wrought. The event

has not yet occurred which would exchange the rôles of the two motors and dethrone steam. Nothing short of an installation at the Exposition of experiments in wireless telegraphy would have demonstrated the practical advantages of a genuinely new discovery.

There was, however, one section which had no counterpart in the Exposition of 1889, and that was the vast hall crowded with those bold *parvenus*, the bicycle and the automobile. They proclaimed aloud to the entire Exposition the importance which they have lately assumed in our contemporary life. We would gladly estimate the progress achieved by these lively machines, but, alas! we are not qualified so to do. If it depended on us we could only express a preference for those which can count the fewest victims upon the highway, and these would no doubt be the very ones which the connoisseur would least esteem.

As an affair of international competition the Exposition ought to enable us to classify the nations according to their respective merits. But these tests are never decisive. The competitors do not enter the lists with the same zest, nor make the same degree of effort. There are two, certainly, who have omitted nothing which could conduce to setting their swift advancement in the best possible light. Germany, we are told, was resolved to dazzle us; and she has at least instructed. All of our compatriots who read or travel much know what prodigious economic strides our neighbor has been making, the perfection of her equipment, the opulence of those who—but lately—were so poor. The great mass of Frenchmen adhered until recently to all their old prejudices, but the last six months have removed the scales from their eyes. What competent judges say is that the German machines, though possibly inferior to the American in ingenuity, are superior to

all others in the extent and precision of their working power. In the production of artistic objects, of things requiring taste and a feeling for beauty, we have no need to regard our neighbors as formidable rivals. But in the experiments and utilizations of applied science, in extensive industries and manufactures, and in short, in every branch of trade, we find them occupying a foremost place. Here German activity has already found its reward in wealth, and it is a methodical and thoroughly disciplined activity, everywhere subordinated to a general plan and a higher direction. The ruling will has made itself felt, even in the unexpected rush to our great fair of guests who will at least carry away the memory of a courteous welcome. The late international reunion might almost be described as a German Exhibition. In the Champ de Mars, and along the banks of the Seine, there were none but Germans to be seen, there was no language to be heard but theirs. A rumor circulated that they had made a bid for supplying the Exposition with the power and the light still requisite for its belated arrangements. There are *symbolistes* even in business; and if the contract had actually been drawn up, they would surely have recoiled from the formidable symbolism of the simple announcement—Paris gets its light and power from Germany.

We have also signalized the accession of a new nation to the rank of a great, nay, of a very great Power. Unlike the Germans, the Japanese first attracted us by their artistic superiority. We fancied that we knew all about it; but they have now revealed to us its high antiquity, and the splendid development it had attained in the hands of old masters who simply confound us by the freedom and the verity of their art. The heirs of these men have nobly preserved their traditions. As weavers they are beyond comparison;

for they can inform a web with all the poetry of nature. And these little artists have also shown themselves the most practical and enterprising of men in those more prosaic crafts whose object is to seize and utilize the riches of nature. As farmers, traders, machinists and marines they were to be met with in every section of the Fair, and they excelled in all. They have had the chance to exhibit themselves completely;—I mean, to display their military and political manliness as well as their commercial and artistic aptitudes. At the very moment when they were charming all Europe at Paris, the Japanese were saving Europe in China from a great danger and a great disgrace. Their troops won the admiration of ours by their rare qualities of discipline, valor and intelligence. Up to that time, it had been an unsolved problem, whether the hasty imposition of our civilization would bear durable fruit among the Japanese. The year 1900 answered the question—at least provisionally. In the arts alike of war and of peace, as well as in every department of the great competition for livelihood, the Empire of the Rising Sun has shown itself in a position to challenge, and in a fair way soon to equal, the greatest and the strongest nations of the West. The young champion begins the new century well!

From the example thus afforded, we pass to our conclusions. They would be as tedious in the drawing as a day without a meal, if we were merely playing the petty game of endeavoring to find the entire estate of the century that is gone in the bequest of the Exposition. It would be a dangerous attempt and might result badly for the deceased. Some malicious old gentleman or other would be sure to observe that the century had come in under a triumphal arch to the tune of exultant pœans, and that it was going out

through the far less epic arch of the Salamander. We have, moreover, the best of reasons for not pushing our symbolism too far. We forget that the synthesis of a century was attempted in 1889, when also the Exhibition called itself centennial. That of last summer was, in fact, but a repetition which could neither alter nor shed any new light upon the aspect of the nonogenarian so earnestly pondered eleven years ago. We endeavored, at that time, not merely to define the characteristic features of the nineteenth century but to formulate its philosophy. In view of a display which has not suggested the slightest modification of our previous judgment, we can but repeat ourselves. Nothing has occurred to modify the opinion then expressed concerning the achievements and the errors of the old century.

We may admit, if you insist upon it, that the photographic proof struck off in 1900 accentuates, at certain points, the features with which we are all familiar. Symmetry—that word which was formerly so common, and which is passing out of use with the idea that it once expressed, in days when a work of art, or a book, or a festival, or an assemblage of buildings was valued according to the success with which all the different parts were subordinated to one central thought—symmetry, I say, is absent more and more. Individual attempts are multiplied—interesting and intelligent attempts, beautiful sometimes, often very useful—but they are totally unconnected with one another, and the whole is incoherent and anarchic.

Honestly now, is not this the impression which you received from our Exposition? Here is another strongly marked feature. Folk from the uttermost ends of the earth flocked to our Babel, and mingled in the Rue des Nations, where, nevertheless, every pavilion aimed at preserving intact the

ethnic peculiarities of race and country. Is not this very contradiction between a cosmopolitanism which accepts everything, and a nationalism becoming every day more jealous and uncompromising, more determined to maintain or to restore complete integrity of breed, language, laws and traditions—one of the biggest of the unknown quantities in the problem which our age is bequeathing to its successor? How, and after what conflicts, will the two antagonistic instincts be reconciled? He would be a bold man who should venture to predict.

Let us return to the lesson afforded by the Japanese. We said just now that theirs was a really integral exhibit. Our own, despite appearances, can never be more than partial if localized in Paris. Our monster show has brought out very clearly some of the conditions of our national vitality, but it had nothing to tell us concerning the most essential. We are like candidates who have stood our examination in some topics of minor importance, and the examiner suspends his judgment; but there might be a bitter awakening in store for the poor child were he to fancy that he had finally passed!

Interested flatterers—our masters themselves to begin with—have loaded us with compliments, which threaten to beguile and deceive the strong common-sense of our people. It is intimated that, by the very fact of having had an Exposition, we rank as the foremost people upon earth, and, on all sides, we hear of naught save the glory, the greatness, the strength, of which this miraculous display is the sure sign and sufficient guarantee. Such talk is dangerous, both in what it says and what it does not say. One of our statesmen was rather cruelly criticized, not long since, for saying in the course of a plea for the builder of the great Tower, that he had "given us the alms of a little glory." The hyperbole

was perhaps excusable in the mouth of an advocate at the Palais, but it would be very much out of place in an official report. Yet what else has been said for the last six months in the dithyrambs perpetually repeated and accompanied by higher and higher bids? The least disadvantage of these exaggerations is that they cause the foreigner to smile. They may well talk of our insupportable vanity; the least ill-disposed of them would rejoice to see us hypnotized by so fatal a delusion. We can assure the outsider that it is one which all Frenchmen do not share. We are most happy to have shown our visitors that there is good work in France, no less than good taste, and good grace and courtesy at their service. But we understand perfectly that more than this is required of us—other efforts, other deeds, further proofs of energy—if we are to recover the old precedence which is now disputed. And of this we are bound to convince our fellow-citizens.

An Exposition affords information concerning the capacity of a country for labor, concerning the quality of labor and the bent of the national genius. These are all very good things. The virtues thus attested are among the most honorable of all, and the most essential to the moral health of any people. But no Exposition can properly illustrate the highest scientific attainment of a nation or its purely intellectual creations. The lyric flight of a Victor Hugo cannot be shown, nor the intuition of a Pasteur in his laboratory, nor even the thought of a Taine before his desk. A very few initiated persons will read, in the cold figures of statistical reports, the miracles daily wrought by charity; but what can never be seen in "the grand assizes of Labor and Peace" are the aptitudes and virtues which constitute the protection of labor and insure the continuance of peace—the heroism of the soldier, the

determination of the statesman, the vital and unrelenting action of all those who subserve the interests of their country. We must not suffer our citizens to rest in the belief that their country is great enough if they have done a good day's work.

Tell them rather that a nation's greatness is made up of elements more numerous, more complex, and sometimes ruder. In the opinion of Europe, the true Exposition, the one that will count in history, is "on" just now in China. The strength of all the great Powers is there being put forth, and their relative influence determined. No one doubts that our soldiers will sustain the test with honor; one would like to feel sure that those who direct our politics will acquit themselves equally well. It will be all the greater credit to them if they do, because the Exposition was a heavy load to carry; it is always the most serious objection to these momentous functions that they hamper for a long time a country's freedom of action and divert men's minds from her essential interests. Our enemies understand this perfectly, and so do our friends. At the very beginning of the Chinese troubles a Russian journal, and one of those most consistently friendly to ourselves, began a regretful editorial as follows:—

"France is passing through that strange period which may be called, in her case, the period of *Expositional trance*. For more than a year now all interests, all enterprises, all governmental life and political action have been subordinated to the single consideration: 'Will such and such things affect the Exposition unfavorably?'"

Let us hope that the state of torpor here described will not have prejudiced our foreign policy. Were it to do so, we should indeed have paid too dear for the incidental benefits of the Exposition. Infinitely too dear if the good sense of the public were to be

drugged by a false idea, and our people should lend a too willing ear to the beguiling voices of those who claim that it is the greatest of all honors to have entertained the universe in a bonded warehouse. Were that mean conception of national greatness once to find its way into our hearts, displacing more manly aspirations, we might hold decennial exhibitions to our heart's content; cram them with furniture and gems, restaurants and foreign exhibits;

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build palaces for the "staff" served by only too many seductive attendants, and give Babylonian banquets therein—the people who, if not rudely awakened by some salutary shock, should prefer no better claim than this to the primacy of the nations, would be in imminent danger of presenting to pleasure-seeking, foreign guests, at the Jubilee Exposition of the year 2000, only a colossal mirror reflecting its own decadence.

Eugène-Melchior de Vogüé.

IN THE HEART OF KALAMANTAN.

Seated on the ground, his back resting against the wall of the stockade, his crooked knees supporting his elbows, his palms lying flat, one against either cheek, he stared moodily at the sunset. His figure was thin and wasted; the color of his skin was sallow and opaque; premature lines had furrowed themselves upon a face which should have been that of a man in his first youth. Even now that the glory in the western sky furnished beauty enough to fill the sight of any man, his eyes were restless and shift. Every minute or so he recalled his gaze from the distant horizon and threw anxious, uneasy glances about him, as though he dreaded the approach of some enemy, as though threatened by some ever-present danger. Perhaps it was the same feeling of insecurity which had caused him to seat himself with the only solid structure in sight protecting his back from possible assault.

The little block-house surrounded by its wooden palisade, above which the high-pitched palm-leaf roof rose skywards in a dust-colored pyramid, stood in the centre of a wide, flat valley. On every side for a distance of four or

five miles the ground stretched to the foothill in a series of low, sweeping undulations, the whole smothered completely by a waste of coarse, rank grass. The squalid Mûrut villages—each consisting of a single long barrack divided into narrow dwellings all opening out on to a common veranda—nestled in the hollows, and were seen so indistinctly between the grass tufts on the higher ground that they did nothing towards breaking the flatness of the plain or relieving its aching monotony. Fencing the valley in a seemingly endless chain without break or outlet, ranges of vast mountains rose abruptly from its edge, those on the north clustering about the feet of a giant peak some 11,000 feet in height, those to the south, east and west sloping upwards to lesser summits 3,000 or 4,000 feet above sea-level. Once long ago in the dim recesses of an unrecorded past, the valley had been a lake, hidden here from the eyes of men in the heart of many mountains; now the waters had subsided, giving place to a race of unclean men, who squatted like foul parasitic growths on the rich alluvial soil; but to the solitary white

man the loneliness of the place could not have been more intense had the valley retained from the beginning its prehistoric aspect.

That ring of tumbled hilltops, hemming him in on every side, had for him a terrible fascination—the fascination of fear. When first he came to this place it had taken him many days of heart-breaking toil to scramble up the slopes by means of the precipitous native paths, and two more to slip and slide down into the valley in which he was to be stationed. Even now the memory of that tramp was a nightmare which set all his limbs aching; he recalled the hours spent in climbing, climbing, climbing up that seemingly interminable path, the agony of looking ahead and seeing the slim line of track stretching heavenwards in unbroken ascent; the cramp occasioned in his feet by walking for miles along the shelving slopes of hillsides, by struggling over smooth, round boulders in the beds of streams; the giddiness which turned him sick as he tight-rope along a ridge from which the ground fell away in sheer pitches for hundreds of feet on either hand; the falls which, as he descended, shook him from head to foot, covering him with bruises; the heat, the sweat, the toil, the insufferable sense of exhaustion and fatigue. At the time he had told himself that if he were to fall sick he would have no alternative but to die where he was; that he could never return over that vast barrier of mountains; and the thought had been ever present to his mind since then, had grown upon him as he brooded over it, fretting his nerves, working upon his imagination, filling him with a sickening fear, till at last the valley had become to him a prison-house, the mountains rows of inexorable warders shutting him off from life, from human beings, from all the civilized world.

He was that unusual thing, a very

sensitive and imaginative Englishman. Most of the boys of our race, whom Fate chucks headlong into distant, God-forgotten crannies, there to teach savage folk the virtues which they instinctively dislike, and to wean them from the vices which they naturally love, have certain sterling qualities which stand them in good stead. They may not be brilliant men at their books; they may have been ploughed and plucked until they are furrowed and bare; but they are usually endowed with a perfect, an almost sublime self-confidence, an unquestioning sense of their own superiority of race, which enables them to rule men of a lesser breed with a calm strength which has a force that is more than Medic, an utter fearlessness which is almost stupid in its complete contempt of danger—its inability to realize that such a thing exists—and above all, a sound common-sense which is worth all the 'ologies. Such men as these go into the wild corners of the world—barren places in an intellectual sense, where no water is—and live there, or die there, as the case may be, with an absolute light-heartedness, barely realizing that their fate is harder than that of their fellows, and becoming so absorbed by the interest of their task that for a space all other created things sink into utter insignificance. Boys who live the lives of dogs, alone and unfriended among a savage race, will speak to you with enthusiasm of the charms of their impossible "district," will compare most unfavorably with it the little steaming towns of the East, where white men strive to cheat themselves into forgetting that their exile is yet unended; and it is only those of us who have passed through a similar experience who can detect the sanity underlying this apparent mania.

But now and again it happens that those who select men for these thankless billets make what the Americans

call "a bad break." The average English boy, as I have said, has an inbred aptitude for this special class of work, and this leads people to forget that there are exceptions to this, as to every rule. Gervase Fornier, the solitary white man now seated alone, gazing at the setting sun, was one of these exceptions. His relatives were poor, and it was necessary that the boy should work for his living, but he had been signally unfortunate in his attempts to satisfy the examiners at Burlington House as to his intellectual fitness for some branch of the public service. He was by no means lacking in brains, and possessed some culture both literary and artistic; but his acquirements were not of that solid order which commands the respect, and is rewarded by the marks, of the Civil Service Examination Board. Perhaps he wasted too much of his time, which should have been devoted to cramming, in reading books not in the curriculum, and more in writing little stories, which his mother pronounced to be charming and quite as good as De Quincey, and the editors, to whom they were submitted, declined to use with a quite wonderful unanimity. At last old Mr. Fornier, who did not share his wife's admiration for their son, said roundly that he had wasted money enough upon Gervase's education, and the opportunity occurring about that time shipped him off to Kalamantan, in the service of which State his influence had secured the boy a nomination.

Gervase felt the picturesqueness of his exile acutely, and wrote some wishy-washy verse upon the subject between intervals of sea-sickness, deck-dances and flirtations; but the little tropical town in which he was first stationed took a great deal of the gilding off the situation. There was a good deal of office work to be done, the Malay language to be studied, and a hard-

bit gang of short-tempered senior officers to be satisfied, who proved to be even less amenable than the Civil Service Commissioners themselves. Gervase suffered pangs of home-sickness. His pride sustained a severe shock when he made the discovery that to those about him there was nothing picturesque or unusual in the fact of his enforced banishment—that he was merely one of an unconsidered pack of boys who were valued solely for the amount of work which they were able to get through in a given time. He was desperately miserable, and he would have given up the struggle very willingly, but his father, who distrusted the young man's perseverance, kept him so short of money, over and above the pittance which he earned, that he could not even save enough to pay the cost of his return passage to Europe, even if he had been able to summon the courage necessary for an interview with his irate parent. Long before the death of a brother officer led to Gervase being sent up-country into the district which is the heart of Kalamantan, the youngster had watched every atom of the expected romance vanish from his life of exile. Everything was prosaic, commonplace, squalid, ugly, uninteresting; but it was not until he had reached his station in the interior that the full measure of his misery was made plain to him.

"Are you going to send young Fornier to succeed Bush?" the headquarters Resident had asked his chief.

"Yes," said the latter grimly.

"He won't do any good there."

"So far as I know there isn't any good to be done."

"He is not the cut of youngster for an up-country station to my thinking."

"He is not the cut of youngster for any station. In the interior there is nothing to be done, and Fornier, if I know him, will do it."

The other laughed. "Still, I cannot help thinking that it will prove a failure. I doubt whether he has either the pluck or the stamina necessary for the job."

The chief stretched himself elaborately, and spoke through a half-stifled yawn. "I'm inclined to agree with you," he said; "but it is about the only chance I can see of making a man of the fellow—an off-chance, I admit, but it's fair to give it to him."

The chief was as hard as well as a strong man, and in the years that were done he had himself gone through the searching ordeal of long solitary exile among folk of an alien race, had come through it triumphantly, with a great reputation for skill and nerve in the management of turbulent tribes, and was now wont to speak lovingly of his curious experiences, comparing unfavorably the office-pent but comfort-laden present with the freedom of the rough, adventurous, peril-beset past. He was of all men the one most ill-calculated to understand what a similar trial would hold for a man like Gervase Fournier, or to appreciate the effects which it would be likely to produce upon his sensitive, imaginative temperament.

From the beginning of his sojourn in the heart of Kalamantan, the horror of the place had gripped the boy. It was not only the utter loneliness which those ramparts of blue mountains emphasized, not only the sense of awful isolation, of entire self-dependence, cut off from human aid, which numbed and paralyzed him, it was the looks, the habits, the savagery of the wild creatures by whom he was surrounded that filled him with disgust, with unconquerable revulsion, with ungovernable fear. They were filthy Mûruts, one of the lowest races of our human stock, who ground their teeth to the gums, plucked out their eyebrows and eyelashes, thus giving to their faces an

air of deformity, and parted their frowzy locks in the middle after twisting their long hair into dirty chignons, so that every man among them appeared to belong to some infinitely degraded branch of the female sex. For the most part they wore no clothing save a foul loin-clout; but occasionally they went abroad dressed in grotesque coats, sleeveless, tightly-fitting, and ornamented with incongruous tails, long like those of the Pied Piper, cut after the fashion of the evening garments of civilized men. They were lazy, improvident and abominable in their habits; they converted their annual crop of rice into atrocious native liquor, of which men, women and little children drank to intoxication with open shamelessness, lying about in bestial attitudes until they had partially recovered their sobriety, when they would crawl back to the jars to suck up more drink through the bamboo pipes until they again lapsed into a state of unconsciousness. For the greater part of the year they starved; for not only the rice but the tapioca and the jungle-roots were all put to the same purpose, and there was always a stock of liquor to draw upon, even when good food had not been tasted for many hours. But though these things filled young Fournier with disgust, they would not of themselves have been sufficient to cause him fear. The Mûruts often waxed riotous in their cups, and the throbbing of the drums from a village where a drinking-bout was in progress pulsed across the valley to his stockade, telling him of the savagery so near at hand, and setting his over-quick imagination to work picturing awful things which might befall. But he had his reasons for these fears.

One day, about a month after his arrival in the valley, he had visited one of the villages, and had taken his seat in the long veranda, which was the

common room of all the dwellings. A vast collection of earthenware jars, the only valuables of the Mûruts, and at that time their only currency, flanked the edge of the veranda, and the naked folk squatted around in grotesque attitudes without regard to courtesy or respect such as the Malayan peoples use. The place was stuffy and dark, filled with the horrible odor of the Mûruts, mingled with that of the lean swine in the ill-kept sties below the building. Coming suddenly out of the burning sun-glare of the noontide into the gloom of the place, it was some time before Gervase's eyes could see anything distinctly; but at length, looking upwards, he caught sight of certain objects which made his heart stand still. They were round in shape and blackened with soot, and were suspended from a beam in a long line, draped with the greasy leaves called *daun silat*, which extended from one end of the veranda to the other; and they had great, deep, cavernous eyes, which glared at the boy above mouths which grinned with a horrible unchanging merriment. They were human skulls, and as he looked at them, the whole row seemed to have fixed its sightless eye-sockets upon him in awful invitation; those jaws which had been clenched in the agony of a violent death, to be laughing in concert at the doom which in his turn awaited him. Gervase fancied that he could almost hear the sound of that ghoulisn merriment, of that still chorus that the voices of the dead had spoken aloud in prophecy of his own doom. Hurriedly he leapt to his feet and pushed his way through the Mûruts out into the open air, and then stumbled back to his stockade sick with horror at what he had seen.

And the memory haunted him. Involuntarily he pictured to himself the manner of the unforeseen death, which had robbed each one of those grinning

skulls of the life that had animated it; in his dreams he was present at fifty hideous murders; twenty times a-day the head-hunters, in fancy, were upon him; a stir caused by a lizard in the grass set his heart beating; every chance noise left him faint and sweating; the drums of the drunken folk in the valley spoke a sure message, and in his soul he cowered at their beat. His Dyak policemen told him blood-curdling tales with the light-hearted brutality of their kind—tales of their own head-hunting traditions, and stories of the manner in which the Mûruts had obtained fresh trophies by stealing upon unarmed people while they sowed their crops, upon mothers tending their little ones, upon strayed children, decrepit old men, or upon sleeping warriors. Soon Gervase, still tortured by that uneasy imagination of his, began to fear the Dyaks as much as the Mûruts. They had the tradition of head-hunting behind them; the longing for it, for aught he knew, still lurked in their blood. Might it not break out afresh some day? Yet these men were his only guard, his only protectors; he shared his stockade with them; he felt himself to be entirely at their mercy!

If Gervase had known a little more, and had made a more sparing use of that torturing imagination of his, he might have been saved much mental agony. Most of the heads adorning the Mûrut huts in his valley were the trophies of almost prehistoric times. For some years the ancient practice had been abandoned by the people, who stood in considerable awe of their white rulers; and even the blood-stained records of Kalamantan of an earlier date told of few European victims sacrificed to the savage custom. Drunken or sober, the Mûruts around him did not so much as dream of seeking the head of their district officer, though the young braves might secretly covet it,

and the Dyaks were as loyal and good-hearted a set of little people as a man might wish to be befriended by when in a tight place. In reality, had he but known it, Gervase was as safe in the heart of Kalamantan as in the gut of Piccadilly—safer, indeed, for in this distant valley men ran no chance of being obliterated by hurrying hansom, reckless cyclist, or awkward motor-car. But the boy was alone, isolated, cut off from his fellows, and the dreary monotony of his days fretted his nerves to excruciation, making him a more easy prey to fear than he himself would have deemed possible six months before. Reading his history, you may say, perhaps, that the boy was of no account; that he was that abomination of the Englishman—a “funkstick.” But transfer yourself for a moment from your own secure and comfortable surroundings; go forth in spirit into the heart of Kalamantan; let its loneliness, its savagery, the horror of its people, enter into your soul, and see if thereafter you are equally ready to condemn Gervase Fornier, the boy of sensitive temperament, on whose excitable imagination his incongruous environment exercised so disastrous an effect. And remember also that where danger is concerned, and fear aroused, it matters less whether the peril be real than whether he who suffers believes in the reality of its existence.

As Gervase sat now, his back protected from possible attack by the wall of his stockade, he gazed outward at the western line of mountains. Above the hill-tops the sunset glow was firing the heavens with a blaze of wonderful colors—oranges, crimsons and reds, great wide washes of pink, splashes of yellow, flecks of gorgeous tints for which men have no *rich and warm* with the luxuriant beauty of the tropics. Higher yet in a broad expanse pure and stainless, and here and there slashing the brighter hues with slim

inlets, the sky showed an ethereal azure, intensifying the magnificence of the more pronounced colors. Against it the tumbled heaps of mountain stood out prominently, seemingly close at hand, tinged a deep clear cobalt of a tint so vivid, yet so even and regular, that the hills had the air of having been dyed in some giant's vat. At the feet of the range, and in the near foreground, the crude greens of grass and shrub gave off their color with a brightness almost dazzling, in strange contrast to the intense blueness of the hills—the glory and the tenderness in the sky, the deep tint of the mountains and the vivid verdure of the valley together making a blending of brilliant hues which intoxicated with its splendor.

Gervase, leaning slightly forward, drank in the beauty with a feverish eagerness which grudged each second of the transient spectacle. He was by nature wedded to the soft and lovely things of life—to tender lights, sweet sounds, dainty garments, luxurious furniture, to all the concomitants of an advanced and fastidious civilization. His appreciation of beauty amounted to a passion, and here, in the heart of Kalamantan, Nature daily fed his craving during the evening hour. But the six o'clock sunset—in these lands the sun goes to bed with exemplary regularity—had of late held for Gervase yet another solace more precious than all. From the door of the stockade a line of slim posts staggered off to the skyline, leaning this way and that, like the members of a drunken procession. They were crowned with white insulators, connected together by a thin wire, and at six o'clock in the evening the Morse hours were over, and the telephone in the stockade put Gervase in communication with his only European neighbor, a district officer who had his station over the mountains some sixty miles away. The track between the two

places was villainous, and climbed up the sides of the hills as a fly crawls up a pane of glass, and it took a strong man six days to cover the distance on foot.

Now, however, the wisdom of the ages has found a means of annihilating space, and every evening Gervase sought comfort and companionship by conversing with his distant countryman whose face he had never seen.

Hardly had the glow died down in the western sky than he dragged himself to his feet, and entering his bedroom rang up the one station with which he was connected by wire.

"Are you there, Burnaby?"

An answer came back in Malay.

"Where is the Tûan?" Gervase asked in the vernacular.

"He is not here," replied the native. "There is trouble in the upper country, and the Tûan left this place this morning. The Mûruts of the interior are on the war path, village striving with village, each seeking the heads of their fellows, and the Tûan hath gone forth to punish. The villages will be sad in their livers, and poorer by much mulcting before he returns!" And a gurgling laugh rippled along the wire. Burnaby was a man who ruled the more turbulent natives of the far interior with an iron hand, and his people thought all the world of him.

"When will he return?" Gervase asked anxiously. The disappointment of not finding his friend was keen; the rumor of trouble gave him an unpleasant shock. If the Mûruts had broken out there, why should they not do the like in his own valley? He did not realize that there are Mûruts and Mûruts, that the men of the far interior still try spasmodically to keep up the time-honored customs which have been effectually stamped out in more accessible places, and that an outbreak of the kind among them could not con-

ceivably affect his own peaceable and intoxicated tribesmen.

"When will Tûan Bambi return?" repeated the Voice. "Allah and the Tûan alone know! When the Tûan goeth forth to speak with evil folk and teach to them lessons, he is wont to be absent until the work is accomplished—it may be days, or weeks, or even months. Till the villagers sit down and bow their heads, paying heavy fines, Tûan Bambi will not return. I am moved with pity when I think of those so foolish people!" And the Voice laughed again.

Gervase racked his brains for something more to say. He was loth to sever himself at once from the only station in his neighborhood. The Voice through the telephone seemed to him to afford a sense of protection, of companionship, to make his isolation less complete, less dreary. For some minutes he asked pointless questions and received wearied answers from the Voice, but at last the latter lost patience, and asking to be excused that it might depart to eat rice, abruptly ceased the conversation by ringing off the telephone.

With a heavy heart Gervase turned away, and sat down at a rickety table upon which his unappetizing meal was spread. Bad food, vilely cooked, is one of the delights of a very distant station in Kalamantan. No self-respecting cook can be induced to take up his abode in such a place, and the result is much discomfort and a fair amount of indigestion. The meal over, Gervase smoked a cigar on his veranda, reading for the hundredth time one of his few books—a dearth of literature is another of the exile's crosses—and then went to bed. But, as was his wont, he slept ill. All through the night his imagination played him countless tricks. He dreamed of horrors and woke with a start, sweating and panting, to lie in open-eyed wretchedness, listening with

wildly-beating heart to every chance sound within the stockade. The drums in the valley and the drunken yells of the Mûruts came to his ears, and he wondered whether they were making ready to join their fellows of Burnaby's district in a head-hunt. The stealthy footfall of some one moving about the stockade made him sit up grasping his pistol, and at other times the very stillness of the night, given over wholly to bird and insect, filled him with unreasoning dread. Before the dawn he fell into a heavy sleep, from which he awoke oppressed by a vague sense of misfortune besetting him. For a few minutes he lay groping in his mind for the cause of this new weight upon his spirits, and then with a pang he remembered that Burnaby was absent from the other end of the telephone, that there was trouble over the mountains, and that his fearful presentiments of evil were beginning to assume more definite shape, to threaten him with a more concrete peril. But the added feeling of isolation, which Burnaby's departure occasioned, put the crown upon his misery. He had learned of late to lean upon this man whom he had never seen, who was known to him only as a voice made unmusical by the twang and echo of the wire. At times he had almost ceased to remember the distance which separated him from his invisible companion, and he had become accustomed to talk of his fears and his sufferings with a frankness which he could never have used to one into whose eyes he was looking while he unburdened himself of his humiliating confessions. And Burnaby had been very good to him; he had tried to hearten up the youngster, giving him comfort and advice, and seeking to reassure him as to the safety of his position by relating to him incidents illustrative of the lack of courage of the Mûruts, drawn from his own pro-

found experiences. He had not succeeded, for his own stolid self-confidence and pluck made it difficult for him to realize the state of Gervase's mind, and the measure of his sufferings; but, none the less, that voice from out the void had been Fornier's salvation, had saved him from madness, perhaps from worse, and now that it was suddenly taken away without a moment's warning, the loss was crushing.

Gervase Fornier never knew clearly how he fought through the week that followed. The harvest had just been reaped, and the crop had been a fat one, wherefore the Mûruts of the valley enjoyed themselves excessively after their fashion. That is to say, the villages feasted one another by day and by night, each setting before its squalid guests meat which had been kept in the hollow of a bamboo until it had liquefied, inviting them to suck up fiery native spirits through slim pipes which the hosts pushed down with shaking hands into the deepest recesses of the liquor-jars, where the most intoxicating portions of the beverage lurk, while men, women and little children lay pell-mell about the hut verandas, vomiting, sleeping off the fumes, singing and shouting discordantly, and waking from their drunken torpors to suck up more and more draughts of the poisonous stuff. This meant that the valley was turned for a time into a hideous pandemonium, that the shouts and yells of the drunken savages were heard almost incessantly, and that the throb of their drums, which seemed ever inciting the people to outrage and fresh excesses, beat and pulsed wildly from every quarter. The noise fretted Gervase's jangled nerves; some of his Dyaks sneaked off to the villages and returned gloriously inconsequent and merrily pugnacious. Gervase, who only knew Malay, began to think that he overheard portions of the Dyaks' conversation—

carried on, of course, in their own dialect—and fancied that a plot was being laid against him by the only folk to whom he could look for help or protection. His fears now, as always, were wholly imaginary, but they were none the less real to him for that, and since Burnaby was absent he had no one to whom to turn for comfort or advice, and he brooded over his troubles to a degree which threatened his sanity. He would have thrown up the fight and have made tracks for the coast, but he could not make up his mind to take a step which would mean disgrace, for in his heart he knew that no one would attach importance to the vague signs of danger which were sufficiently convincing to him. Things look so different when seen from different places. He knew what he would have thought six months earlier of the conduct of any one who had been driven from his post by such intangible fears, and were he to give way his fellows would judge him no less harshly. He had enough pride to dread such a verdict being passed upon himself, and unreasoningly he told himself that all would be well when Burnaby returned to Bânat. Every evening at sundown he went to the telephone and asked for news of his friend, but always the same Voice answered his inquiries in Malay. He learned to hate the tones of that voice, to loathe the chuckling laugh with which it mocked his disappointment, and dally with a groan he rang off the telephone, and resigned himself to yet another night of searching anxiety and increasing apprehension. What if Burnaby should never return? The question came to him with haunting insistence. It had no answer. Only a blank, an impenetrable gloom of blackest night, lay beyond, out of which the grim spectre of madness grinned at him with an awful foreknowledge of the future, just as something else had done, . . . what was it? . . . Ah! he

knew; those terrible things which had glared at him from the beam in the Mûrut huts.

The telephone bell rang out sharply, breaking the silence of the sleeping stockade. It was nine o'clock at night and the Dyak policemen were slumbering heavily. From the valley the shouts and the pulsing of the drums still sounded, but Gervase Fornier was in bed. Nevertheless he was across the floor and at the mouth of the instrument before the tinkle of the bell had ceased, and his voice trembled with excitement as he called down the wire, "Is that you, Burnaby?" and when the answer came, "Thank God!" It was a prayer of thankfulness, spontaneous and from the heart, but it sounded like a sob.

"What's the matter with *you*?" asked the Voice. It sounded strangely thin and faint. Perhaps the batteries needed renewing.

"Oh, I've had an awful time, Burnaby! All the Mûruts are on the drink, and the valley fairly reeks with the stink of their filthy food and the fumes of their liquor. I feel sure a row is brewing, and, Burnaby, the Dyaks are drinking too. I don't know what to do with them."

"Knock their heads together," said the Voice.

"But really, Burnaby, what ought I to do?"

"I should not fuss about it if I were you. Give them a telling off when they are sober, and a little pack-drill to keep 'em so; but we'll talk about it to-morrow. I'm too dog-tired to talk any more now. Good night!"

Next evening when the Morse hours were over, the conversation was resumed.

"Tell me about your own doings," said Gervase.

"I got word that there was trouble in the interior, about twenty miles

from here; so I started off at a moment's notice with half-a-dozen of my fellows—Dyaks, you know—and a few Mûruts for guides and bearers. We had a tremendous tramp of it, all up hill and down dale, villainous country to march through, and impossible to fight in if these jungle-folk knew their business, which they don't. I got to one village and found all the roof-trees hung with new bunches of *daun silat*, and a rotting skull, freshly boiled, being seasoned at the top of a split pole, in a kind of basket they call a *serûwak*. All the villagers were drunk with new wine, like those chaps in the Bible, and I collared the lot of them before they had got over their "Monday heads." They pointed out the popular hero who had taken the head—it belonged to a stray female whom he had caught bathing—so I took him along with me, and fined the village as many jars as they could carry, and sent them back to Bânat to lodge them in my house here against my return. They went like lambs."

There was a strange weakness in the tones of Burnaby's voice which struck Gervase.

"Can you hear me distinctly?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Your voice sounds so faint."

"Does it?"

"Do you think there is anything wrong with the battery?"

"Perhaps; but I would not bother about it, if I were you. You can hear me well enough to understand, can't you?"

"Yes—go on with your story. It's wonderful to me the way you manage these savages."

"There isn't such a thing as a savage in the world. It's merely a question of a difference of prejudice and a divergence, more or less material, in the point of view. If you could see things with a Mûrut's eyes, you would

understand that a life is a life, and therefore that a head is a head, and that the sex or the size of a creature matters not at all, provided that it is animated with the one and stands possessed of the other. Also, all sane persons who love whole skins naturally prefer attacking something that won't fight to tackling something that will.

"Our dislike of the practice of killing women and children is a prejudice of quite recent growth, and our disapproval of alcoholism is more modern still. It was not even shared by our grandfathers! Besides, if your life was bounded by a little district in the heart of Kalamantan, with no ambition, no prospects, and no moral sense—which itself is a thing of recent growth as anthropologists reckon time—you would very likely take to drink yourself. Better men than you or I have done so in similar circumstances. As for the putrid meat you are always complaining of, that, too, is only a question of degree and of personal taste. Don't we white men eat high game and venison? Don't we devour cheese that sits up and joins in the conversation? A fine old Gorgonzola would probably sicken a Mûrut every bit as much as a Mûrut's liquid meat offends your fastidiousness. As for personal cleanliness, why, even the upper classes never washed a hundred years ago, and many of the lower classes never so much as look at a tub, even to the present day. When you go into the thing you will find that we haven't such a great pull over the Mûruts even now when we are so proud of our civilization. We are all savages together, if you will use the word, and we shall only transmute and never succeed in really eradicating any of our primordial instincts to the end of the chapter."

"What a tirade! But I prefer our form of savagery, all the same. But

tell me some more about your doings up-country."

"There isn't much to tell. Word that I was on the path had reached the next village in advance, and I had a little trouble there. They had three heads seasoning in the *serawaks*, and a *bângun* was in progress, specially arranged, I imagine, to show me that they were keeping their tails up."

"What in the wide world is a *bângun*?" asked Gervase.

"It is one of the cheerful practices of the wild Mûruts, which used once to be very general, but is now dying out, together with other old customs. I'm pretty broad-minded, but I am bound to own that I disapprove of a *bângun*, and my people know that it is the one thing that riles me past bearing."

"But what is it?"

"It's a devil-dance of a peculiar kind which combines sport with utility. It provides safe sport such as the Mûruts love, and it is useful because it establishes something like the penny-post between this world and the next. The letters transmitted are never answered, of course, but then in my experience that is the fate of the majority of the letters we send to people in this world, and one can hardly expect the dead, who doubtless have their own affairs to look after, to prove better correspondents than the living."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about a *bângun*. The Mûruts get hold of some aged or decrepit person, generally a cripple or a woman, and hang them up in a cage and torture them. They try to keep them alive as long as they can, but as everybody present is gloriously drunk, and as men, women and children are all equally anxious to prick and stab them with their knives and spears, charging them the while with messages to their dead relatives, the victims of the *bângun* are wont to be used up rather quickly. At every prick and stab the

assallant cries out, 'Give my compliments to the shade of my father, or aunt, or sister, or cousin, as the case may be, when you get to the top of Kina-Balu, and this wound which I inflict is the token you shall bear them!' You know the Mûruts think that when they die their spirit goes to the peaks of the great mountain, and personally I am inclined to place credence in the theory. I doubt very much whether Satan would give a Mûrut a free pass into *his* domain, and no matter how many houses there may be in heaven, it would be no place for me if the Mûruts live in any of them! Well, when I got to Chenchâdu—the village I was telling you of—they were having the very deuce of a *bângun*, the victim being an old crippled hag, bent double with years and deformity, and bleeding in fifty places. I rushed the place and saved the old thing; but the Mûruts were pot-valiant, and we had to kill a few of them before we got the creature away. She showed no particular enthusiasm at her deliverance, and sat in a corner of the hut moping and mowing at us like a lost soul. I fancy the *bângun* had over-excited her, and that she was not quite clear as to whether or no she had arrived at Kina-Balu prematurely. Still, I'm glad we saved her, and a good few of the men of the village will now be able to deliver their messages to their dead relatives in person, which will have a good moral effect, I hope."

Gervase was aghast at what he had heard, and the apparent coolness of the Voice, in spite of its faint, far-away sound, in a manner intensified the horror. "What an awful experience!" he said. "Were any of your men hurt?"

"One killed and two or three of us wounded. I got a scratch with a spear myself—nothing to worry about, but it has given me a little fever, so I don't think that I will talk much more to-night. We gave the village a lesson it

won't forget in a hurry. To-morrow you must tell me how you have been getting on. Keep your pecker up. Good night."

Next evening the conversation of the two men who had never looked into one another's faces and yet were friends, each having caught more than a passing glimpse of the other's soul, began again at the usual hour.

"How is your wound to-night?" asked Gervase.

"Oh, it's nothing much, thank you. I have not even reported myself sick."

Gervase heaved a great sigh of relief. During the last few hours he had been torturing himself with the fear that Burnaby might be invalidated to the coast, in which case he Gervase would experience once more that soul-searching solitude which had well-nigh proved too much for him during his friend's short absence in the interior. He could not stifle an exclamation of thankfulness and satisfaction which the wire repeated faithfully to the white man at the other end sixty miles away.

"What are you thanking God for, Fornier? The slightness of my wound or my failure to report it?" and the Voice laughed rather hysterically.

"Oh, Burnaby, what a cur I am!" cried Gervase impulsively. He had formed the habit of speaking with a strange openness to this invisible friend. "I'm a selfish brute, and I think of myself always and of no one else besides! There are you at the other end wounded, and in pain, in bad pain, I dare say, although you make so little of it, and here am I thinking only of my own dread of being left alone." For a moment he had a passing thought of volunteering to tramp across the Bânat to tend Burnaby in his sickness. A few months earlier he would have made the suggestion, but now his nerves had been jangled to such an extent by his perpetual apprehen-

sions, that he dared not attempt an enterprise which he regarded as so beset with peril. The way led through wild Mûrut country such as he had never yet visited—country which Burnaby could traverse with safety, but then Burnaby's influence, he told himself, was a thing apart. It took but a second for these ideas to jostle one another in his mind, and before he had finally arrived at a resolution Burnaby spoke again.

"Don't you fret about me, young 'un," he said. "I'm all right. But why in the world don't you clear out? You'll never do any good where you are—you ain't cut out for it."

"I wish I could, but I can't. You have been good to me, and I have told you all I feel, and you have never laughed at me about it, but no one else would understand. Everybody would think that it was just sheer unreasoning funk; they would point the finger of scorn at me forever after. I couldn't stand that unless the misery of the life here had driven me quite off my head, and it won't do that while you're at Bânat. If you had to go . . . Well, God only knows what would happen to me then!"

"Well, I'm not going anyhow. Haven't I told you that I haven't even reported myself sick?"

"Yes; . . . but, Burnaby . . . I hope, . . . I hope you'll go if you think you ought to. . . . I . . . I trust you won't let any . . . any consideration for me . . . keep you, . . . don't you know?" Even to his own ears the halting words rang false, and he cursed himself for a cur. The thin, quavering laugh—so unlike any sound that usually came from Burnaby's lips—dribbled along the wire.

"Don't be afraid, I won't leave you. But tell me how you have been getting on. I had rather listen than talk this evening. Is the heart of Kalamantan still giving you jim-jams?"

"It's awful, Burnaby, awful. Don't laugh at me! Those walls of mountain shutting me in take the heart out of me—they seem to choke me, to cut me off from the living. I'm damned before my time. All day long I look at them ringing me round pitilessly, with that glaring green plain dancing under the heat-haze, and the little spurs of hill running into it as though they were poking mocking fingers at me in derision! Don't you feel it, too?"

"Can't say I do. I take the world as God made it, and the natives as the devil made them. It's the easier way. But I think I can understand, and I wish to heaven I could help you! Can't you pull yourself together and buck up a bit? Your trouble is all imaginary, if you could only bring yourself to believe it."

"That's what the Christian scientists say of pain, but the pain is there none the less. The thing is so real to me that half the time I have to hold on with both hands to save myself from screaming!"

Far into the night Gervase Fornier sat pouring out his thoughts and feelings to his friend, and words of encouragement and comfort filtered through the wire from Burnaby. It was an unspeakable relief to the overwrought youngster to be able to put his trouble into words. The mental agony from which he suffered filled every cranny of his mind, haunted him by day and by night, was fast winning upon him a grip like that of a monomania. He no longer reasoned about it. It was an *idée fixe*, a tangible fact, unquestioned, insistent, overwhelming. As he spoke of it at length, it shook him with an irresistible tremor as a terrier shakes a rat.

At the other end of the wire a gaunt man of a livid paleness, the effect of which was heightened by a patch of hectic color on either cheek, lay in a long chair with the telephone instru-

ment fixed convenient to his reach, listening to the confessions of the youngster whom from his heart he pitied. A bamboo spear which had been thrust through his thigh had left a festering wound, which was clumsily swathed in stained bandages. He was racked with fever, which parched his skin, making it rough and fiery hot; his eye shone with an unnatural brightness. It was the fourth day since that on which he had received his wound, and he was spent and weak; but sleep was far from him, and he was possessed by a vague, inconsequent idea that his first duty was towards young Fornier, the man whom he had never seen, whom he but partially understood, whom he had begun by despising and ended by loving after a fashion which even to himself he owned to be inexplicable. His feeling for the boy was of the kind which not infrequently animates a strong nature when it is brought into close contact with one which needs its support. Pity and contempt were strangely blended; he had at first been interested by a personality so unlike his own, had encouraged the confidences which had opened to him a sight of the other's soul; and now he had learned to feel in a measure responsible for Gervase, though the latter was bound to him by no recognizable tie. He had of late even tried to make excuses for Fornier, had sought to convince himself against his better judgment that there was grit at the bottom of the other's character if it could only be brought to the light, and in this connection he had welcomed the boy's explanation of the dread of contempt which kept him at his post in spite of his fears, and the half-hearted efforts which Fornier had made to urge him to report himself sick. A long river joined Bānat to the east coast, and by its means Burnaby could make his way without much difficulty to the haunts of civilized men. Fornier knew

this, and his friend taught himself to believe that in making the suggestion that he should avail himself of the means of retreat open to him, the youngster had performed an act of something not unlike heroism. And perhaps Burnaby was right.

Right or wrong, however, the fact that the suggestion had been made only served to confirm the sick man in his resolution not to desert the panic-stricken boy. He was a lonely man whom Fate had exiled while yet young to a God-forgotten corner of the world, where for years he had lived apart from folk of his own race and color. Like many who are endowed with big natures, Burnaby had great potentialities of affection, but his life had been of a kind which pent up these possibilities within his heart, and now, when the presence of a weaker spirit had let loose the flood-gates, the love which surpasseth the love of woman—an emotion as unaccountable, as illogical and as inconsequent as ever was the love of a man for a maid—bound him to the boy, whose face he did not even know by sight, with a protecting sympathy which bodily suffering itself was powerless to weaken.

Each night the telephone bore words of comfort from Burnaby to Gervase, and the latter hung upon them more eagerly than ever before. Hitherto Burnaby had always seemed a little hard in his intercourse with the younger man. He had jested about his fears, had shown so brave a front himself that the other was often humiliated by the contrast which his own pusillanimity presented to his friend's cool and effortless courage, and at times Gervase felt that Burnaby almost lost patience with him, with his unchanging melancholy and lack of self-confidence. But now, of a sudden, a softer element seemed to have entered into this unusual intercourse. Burnaby

abandoned the harsh, almost brutal tone which he had been accustomed to use, which he had hoped, perhaps, would help to stiffen the other's feebleness, and in this gentler mood he spoke of himself and of his own feelings and griefs as he had never done before. In words which rang true, albeit they were curt and shy, he told Gervase of the only romance which had entered into his loveless life, of the boy-and-girl engagement which had never been able to win parental approval, that had made the first days of his exile so bitter to him. Every man east of Suez who is doomed to a lonely life cherishes somewhere at the back of his heart, the memory of a girl at home, often blurred by time, often buried deeply beneath the sods which years of an ugly life have dumped down upon its grave, but lurking there none the less, and rising ever and anon to haunt and torture like a mocking wraith of a dear one dead. Few men amongst us speak of these things, though each of us knows by introspection the existence of his fellows' secret, and men like Burnaby—men with strong, deep natures—are more reticent than any. But now, weakened by illness and loss of blood, and suffering from the semi-delirium of fever, the long habit of silence and self-repression dropped from him, and Gervase Fournier, the man of strong imagination, well able to picture visions unseen but conjured into being by a chance word, sat at the other end of the telephone, and listened with eager sympathy to his friend's most sacred confidences, as they came to him whispered over miles and miles of forest, mountain and plain.

The simple story, so roughly phrased, so deeply felt, awakened memories in Gervase also, and the mere interchange of confidences so intimate drew the two men together, making each conscious of a nearer tie, a stronger sentiment of affection each for each than

they had hitherto been aware of. As he listened Gervase thought with a sort of wonder of the courage and endurance of this man who, during all the months that he had known him, had always been the same brave, cheering, confidence-creating friend, never melancholy, never dispirited, seemingly never cast down by failure, or driven half-mad by exile and solitude, who yet had cherished all the while the memory of a sorrow which to him was as real, as poignant as it had been in the days when it was freshly come upon him.

What a man Burnaby was! What a born leader! One whom men would follow living, would die for, perhaps, to save him from the death-agony! The shallowness, the futility of his own character smote him by its contrast. For a space Gervase's hatred of himself filled him with shame, goaded him to fight against his weakness, his fears.

Next day Gervase went about his stockade with a new air of confidence, gave his orders sharply and imperatively, and was surprised to see them obeyed at the jump. He was trying to be more like Burnaby.

The next evening the telephone was rung on as usual.

"I'm not going to talk much to-night," said Burnaby.

"Won't you give us a tune?"

"I'll try."

Presently the nasal tones of an accordion came twanging over the wire, and Gervase sat listening with a full heart. The instrument was a good one of its kind, but accordions are not the most musical things in the world, and you or I would not have listened to the discordant sounds for many seconds. But up here in the heart of Kalamantan it was different. Even an accordion can speak a message of melody to ears that have not hearkened to European music for months which

seem like years; and as the old tunes—"the tunes that make you choke and blow your nose"—came sobbing over the wire, they conjured up dead days, careless, sunny, happy, well-beloved, with a vividness like that produced by the half-laded scent we light upon by chance.

It had a weird effect, this music from afar, speaking to the lonely youngster in the wilderness which was his prison-house, but the weirdness would have been intensified could any mortal eye have beheld the musician. He was stretched upon a rude bed which had been dragged to the mouth of the telephone, and was clothed only in a loose jacket, and the wide, native waist-skirt we call a *sàrong*. In the few days which had elapsed since last we saw him, his whole face seemed to have fallen inwards. There were great hollows about his temples, deep caverns beneath his prominent cheek-bones; his eyes, burning with fever, looked out of sockets which were like wells; his forehead and brow were bossy with bony excrescences; his chin was covered with a stubble of unshaved hair; the hands which held the accordion were mere bunches of bones bound together by tangles of vein and sinew; his arms and legs were wasted till they had the appearance of slim sticks, brittle and sharp, with unsightly swollen lumps where the joints bulged beneath the taut skin. His eyes were terrible to look upon, filled with an unnatural brightness, restlessly roaming about the squalid room as though seeking some means of escape from present suffering, glaring from out their deeply sunken pits like wild things caged and fierce. He played with palpable effort, panting a little with the exertion, and still the old tunes wailed and sobbed, bearing their message of consolation to Gervase sixty miles away. Suddenly in the middle of a bar the instrument fell from Burnaby's

hands and slipped on to the floor with a discordant clash.

"I won't play any more to-night, . . . I'm . . . not in the . . . vein," he panted down the telephone. "I'm sorry, . . . old . . . man. Keep your . . . pecker . . . up. Good . . . night, and . . . God bless you!" And the telephone was rung off. "I shall have to leave the poor little beggar alone after all!" Burnaby said to himself as he lay limply on his pillows. "God help him! I've stayed with him as long as I could, anyhow!"

An hour later the telephone bell in Gervase's room tinkled through the stillness. He leaped out of bed and ran to it at once.

"Is that you, Burnaby?"

An answer came back in Malay, the speaker's voice tripping and stumbling with excitement.

"Ya Allah, Tūan," it cried. "Our Tūan is dead!"

Fornier reeled back against the wall as though a crushing blow had smitten him between the eyes. Burnaby dead! He could not believe it. Why, he had spoken of his wound as a scratch. He had not even reported himself sick! It was only a few moments ago that he had been speaking, playing the accordion! Why had he concealed the fact of his illness? And then Gervase was shaken by a great tremor. In an instant the conviction was borne in upon him irresistibly that Burnaby had done this thing, had sacrificed his life, to save him from solitude, from the companionship of his own paltry fears. The splendor of his friend's self-denial, of the strength which had made it possible for him to do so noble a deed, dazzled the youngster's mental vision, robbing him for a space of the power of thought, and then his mind regained its balance, and he loathed himself. This had been done for him—for him! A creature so abject, so worthless, so

weak, that the other had feared to leave him alone lest he should lose his reason, and had offered up his own life as a sacrifice in a vain attempt to aid him! The bare thought turned him physically sick, made him long to blot himself out of the universe as a thing of infinite defilement, whose continued existence besmirched the surface of a clean world, made him desire from the bottom of his being to do anything, anything, no matter how desperate, that might be in a measure an expiation, an atonement for what he felt was a crime of his committing!

In the past he had often pictured what would be his sensations were Burnaby to die and leave him, but his fancy had never painted anything like this. His fears had then been all for himself—fear of the infinite loneliness, of the ghastly folk whose villages pent him in, of the life which oppressed him so sorely with its weight of misery. But now all these things were forgotten, or rather had sunk into complete insignificance. What cared he for isolation? What mattered the risk of death at the hands of squalid savages, now that Burnaby had died for him and in so doing had brought home to him the full measure of his own wretched weakness and lack of courage? Why should he any longer dread death now that he had seen his own soul in all its nakedness, and had learned to fear life while the memory clung to him? And Burnaby! . . . Burnaby! What a friend he had been, what a man, what a tower of strength! Little memories of the dead man's kindness and patience came to his mind and set the apple lumping in his throat, and the hard tears gathering to his eyes. Only an instant was needed for all these emotions to rush in tumult through his mind, and a second later he became aware that the voice at the other end of the telephone was still speaking to him.

"What is that you say?" Gervase cried.

"We folk are sore afraid," answered the Voice. "The wild Mûruts of the interior will surely get word of the death of the Tûan, and since they feared him greatly, they will of a certainty try to obtain portions of his body from which to fashion their magic medicines. We be few and these accursed Mûruts be many; moreover, we no longer have the Tûan with us to keep them in awe. The villages be sore at heart, the matter of the mulcting and the hangings being an open wound between us now that the Tûan be dead, and they will certainly raid us. Hath the Tûan any order?"

Then Gervase Fornier's new-found manhood came to his aid. His words rang adown the wire firm and imperative, and the Malay, recognizing the tone of the master, listened humbly, and never so much as dreamed of disobeying.

"Bury the body within the walls of the block-house, and keep watch and ward over the grave both by day and by night, until I come. I will start with the dawn and in six days I shall be with you. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Tûan."

"And hark ye, I'll have the skin off the back of any man amongst ye who sleeps on his post, and the life of one and all if aught of ill befalleth Tûan Bambi's body ere I arrive. Do you hear?"

"Yes, Tûan."

"It is well. Then do my bidding and fail not, as ye value whole skins."

"Yes, Tûan," and the telephone was rung off.

His resolution to cross the dangerous zone of wild Mûrut country had been taken in a moment, but Gervase never faltered. His belief in the danger of such a journey was as firm as of old, but his whole attitude towards peril had undergone a change. What cared

he now if his end came to him in an ugly guise, so that he died in an attempt to serve the man who had been faithful to him even unto death?

At dawn, accompanied by ten Dyaks, Gervase Fornier set out upon his march. His way led eastwards, and the barrier of mountains, crowned by a pale glory of the faint pinks and yellows of a tropical sunrise, stood out prominently before him like a vast host of gigantic enemies calmly awaiting his assault. All day he plodded doggedly onwards across the glaring plain, the sun beating down pitilessly from a cloudless sky, scorching his arms and neck and face, blistering his back even through his flannel shirt, and making his eyes swim and ache. At sundown he camped at the foot of the mountains in a Mûrut village, and slept the sleep of exhaustion, which is sounder than the slumber of the just, in spite of the rows of blackened skulls which grinned at him, winking in the dim torchlight from the beams overhead. The hideous trophies bore to him their threatening message, no less surely than of old, but it was a message which had lost its meaning. Since Burnaby had died for him life was a more awful thing than death.

The next day he began the ascent of the mountains. The track ran through the foothills, climbing, as is the habit of native-made paths, up to the top of every summit, and then dropping sheer down in a headlong pitch to the hot, moist valley below. It was like crawling up and down a switchback unaided by momentum in the descents or by gathered impetus on the upward grades. In many places the grass under foot was sun-dried till it was as slippery as ice; in others rude steps which had been hacked in the hillside to aid the climber had been washed away by the rains of the last wet season, and Gervase found himself confronted by a blank slope of landslip up

which he had to fight every inch of his way, clinging to the bare earth with hands and feet, now sliding back half-a-dozen paces, his shoes filled with gravel, now clinging to the sheer surface panting for breath, now creeping slowly forward again. Then would come a mile or two of track running along the slope of a larger hill, and Gervase would be forced to walk on the side of his feet in order to maintain his equilibrium, until every muscle was racked with cramp.

But this day's march and that which followed it were ease and comfort exemplified when compared with the ascent of the big mountains which lay beyond the foothills. Here for an hour at a time the track would run steadily skywards at a grade of one foot ascended in every three feet of distance traversed, the climbers using the knotted roots of trees and shrubs as a rude staircase, up which they mounted painfully. Gervase could feel his heart beating against his ribs like a sledge hammer, and every now and then it would leap up into his gullet, turning him sick and faint. The Dyaks trailed after him panting loudly, and the Mûrut bearers, bent double beneath their loads, whistled shrilly through their noses, which is the fashion of gasping for breath employed by these strange people. At times the task seemed impossible of accomplishment, the track endless, the pitiless ascent an eternal punishment inflicted for unforgivable sin. Heat, thirst, exhaustion, the painful drawing of breath which came unready, the Sisyphus-like effort of propelling a dead weight up a mountain-side to no apparent end, combined to torture Gervase Fornier; but still he struggled on from daybreak to sundown, giving no rest to himself or to his followers, doggedly bearing everything for the sake of the love and duty which he owed to his dead friend. And at every turn of the way, when most

spent with exhaustion, when most nearly heart-broken by continuous efforts, the memory of Burnaby nerved and encouraged him afresh. A little plied water-wagtail flitted on ahead of Gervase as he climbed the mountain-side, alighting here and there with its tail seesawing restlessly, skimming on again for a short distance with a flirt of tiny feathers looking back at the laboring travellers, waiting for them, and seeming to encourage them to fresh exertions. In Gervase's overwrought mind the notion awoke that this bird was in a manner the incarnation of his friend. Dimly he was aware that the idea was incongruous, absurd; but none the less the conceit pleased him, made him feel less lonely, and once he even spoke aloud to the little flitting thing, half-deceiving himself into the belief that Burnaby could hear him. Over-exertion in a tropical land reacts upon the mind, and saner men than Fornier have cherished notions quite as wild when their bodies have been overtaxed.

It was not until late in the afternoon of the fifth day that the little band of wayfarers found themselves approaching Bânat through a wilderness of virgin forest. They had covered the distance in a day less than they had expected, and the wild Mûruts of the villages through which they had passed had not attempted to do them any injury. None the less the Dyaks had reported to Fornier that there were rumors of trouble current among the people, that men said that a band of wild folk from the interior had gone upon the war-path and were meditating an attack upon the stockade, which was no longer rendered an object of fear to them by the presence of the man they had so long been accustomed to respect and dread. At any earlier period of his existence such news would have thrilled him with horror and fear. Now it thrilled him indeed, but merely with

excitement, and a kind of wild joy because the chance was to be offered to him of doing something for Burnaby, of carrying on the dead man's work, of saving all that was left of him from desecration and insult. Once or twice when a couple of naked Mûruts slipped noiselessly out of the forest close at his elbow, his heart stood still, but his hand flew to his revolver, and he knew that he had no thought save of fighting manfully. This strengthened his newborn self-confidence, making him feel as though he at last had found a foothold upon something solid in his nature, and the triumph over his weakness warmed him with a curious sensation of pleasure. Burnaby would not think so badly of him if he could see him now; and, who knows, perhaps the dead can fathom the working of the minds of those they have left behind. The notion nerved him afresh and he stepped forward confidently as he neared the dangerous zone about the stockade.

Bânat itself stands in a little opening in the forest on the banks of a big river, but the track which Gervase was following leads thither through half-a-dozen smaller clearings encircled by jungle. It was into the least of one of these open spaces that Gervase Fornier came suddenly as the sun was sinking, the jungle throwing long shadows across the rank grass, the slanting rays from the west gilding the white stems and trunks which fenced the clearing on its eastern side. In a moment he was aware of a crowd of squalid creatures leaping to their feet, their naked brown bodies flecked by sunlight, their eyes glinting through tangles of frowzy hair, their limbs thrown this way and that in grotesque attitudes. Then of a sudden half-a-dozen explosions sounded in Gervase's ear, half-a-dozen little puffs of smoke leaped out from the mob of savage creatures and hung immovable

in the still air, wild war-whoops echoed through the forest. Before he had had time to forecast risks or imagine dangers, long before he had had time to feel afraid, before, in fact, he was aware of what he was doing, Gervase Fornier had rushed forward headlong into the crowd of Mûruts, his six-shooter spitting like a wild-cat. He saw first one savage face, distorted with excitement, and then another, break up in a sort of splash as of a puddle into which a stone is cast violently; he fired at a brown back making for the forest in panic-stricken flight, and two arms were thrown heavenwards as the figure pitched forward limply and lay still; he saw his Dyaks with their long knives out dealing awful deaths on all sides of him; and then, as suddenly as its peace had been broken, silence fell upon the clearing once more, and he was standing there, throbbing with a wild excitement, panting loudly, a smoking revolver in his hand. And, with a kind of dazed wonder, he told himself that he had felt no fear; that he had not even had a thought of serving Burnaby by attacking the Mûruts who had fired upon him, that he had acted as he had done from sheer instinct, and that he had been conscious only of a furious rage against the enemy which had held him like a possession. Marred bodies lay around him sprawling grotesquely among the rank growths, and from three of these he had torn the souls with his own hand, fighting for his life with an intoxication of joy in his heart such as he had never experienced before. And in a moment it flashed upon his mind that never again would it be possible for him to feel afraid of Mûruts or of any other natives. The conscious superiority of the white races over the brown had come to him suddenly with absolute conviction—had come to stay. Gervase Fornier's new-born manhood had been baptized in blood.

The Dyaks, wild with excitement, were gathered in a mob talking and laughing, making a hum as of disturbed bees in a hive. As Gervase stood there one of them spoke to him in Malay.

"Ah, Tuan," he said, "in very truth thou art a brave man. I was filled with fear when I beheld thee rush headlong into the mob of Mûrut men, and I had no choice but to follow. Even Tuan Bambi fought not in such wise. We folk love well to follow such a man as thou art!"

And the recognition by the brown man of the one virtue which all folk prized more than aught else thrilled Gervase Fornier strangely, and sent the blood pulsing through his veins and flushing his cheek.

How Gervase Fornier started the next day upon a raid into the interior, whence the Mûruts who had attacked him had come; how he returned after many days accompanied by 300 cowed natives bending under the loads of jars which represented the fines inflicted upon them for their attempt to break the Government's peace; how he kept them with him until each man among them had carried up a hundred large stones from the river-bed and piled them on the grave where Burnaby's bones were laid to rest; how that huge pyramid which was the surest protection against insult that could be afforded to the dead, became in time the centre round which clustered half the superstitions of the valley—are not these things written in the records of Kalamantan, and in the memory of

certain Mûruts, now most orderly and exemplary members of society, who fear with a great fear, and, drunk or sober, swear by the very toe-nails of "Tuan Fornieh"?

Later the second in command came up-country to Bânat to inquire into recent events, and returned to the capital to make his report in person to the chief.

"You can't do better than let young Fornier have sole charge up there," he said. "He has got a grip on the people which is worth all the science of government in the world, and I doubt whether we shall have any trouble there for ages. I can't understand it. The boy is completely changed. The work has made a man of him."

"Didn't I tell you that it was the only chance of making anything of him?" said the chief. He liked to cultivate a reputation for infallibility, though his grounds for it were not more sure than those of his neighbors. "You see I was right. The heart of Kalamantan has turned a waster into a good officer!"

But to my thinking the heart of Kalamantan would have been powerless to do anything had it not been for the heart of poor Tom Burnaby, by whose rude grave Gervase Fornier sits evening after evening, careless of an unprotected back, talking silently to the dead as though he still lived, and telling to him again and again the story of his gratitude.

The heart of Kalamantan can have no solitude for him while his friend lies so near at hand.

Hugh Clifford.

A VISIT TO THE BOER PRISONERS AT ST. HELENA.

There is a natural interest felt in England with regard to the Boer prisoners now at the end of a hard-fought war. It may, therefore, be worth while to put down a very few of my experiences in a month's visit to St. Helena. But in the first place I must guard against possible misconception. I know there are two sides to the war: I know that there have been English prisoners too, and sorrow and hardship in English homes, many long separations and many final ones. It must not be supposed that I forget these things, even if I speak of Deadwood Camp. My purpose just now is simply to tell a few incidents which I saw for myself, and of which I speak only because they came within my personal knowledge.

I was, of course, warned by my wiser friends against the Quixotic idea of going to St. Helena to visit the Boer prisoners. In the midst of an exasperated war what kind of welcome would they give to a stranger from the enemy's country? How could I rid my coming of an air of officious interference, or what reasonable apology could I bring for intruding where my presence might be resented and my purpose repudiated? A rude and rough people, they might be expected, I was told, to meet a woman with insulting words, even if veiled in the obscurity of a foreign tongue, and I was warned against entering the camp alone.

However, I was anxious to form for myself a clearer impression of the Boers than I could gain from the public press. By the courtesy of the Secretary of State for War I was given permission to visit the camp at St. Helena. I landed on the 16th of September; the officers in command of the troops and the camp, Colonel Leefe and Col-

onel Evans, interpreted Lord Lansdowne's permission with a chivalrous generosity, and allowed me a freedom of intercourse with the prisoners for which I owe them my warmest thanks; and added to all other benefits a ready hospitality. My visit might have been a very different one but for their kindness.

But the difficulties of St. Helena are great enough even when man does not step in to aggravate them. I had heard much of the island—that is of its romantic and picturesque side. What a dark and gloomy emotion fell on me as I saw that colossal slag-heap! For make a slag-heap a thousand times bigger, you do but magnify a thousand times its dreariness and grime. It is true that the hills on either side of Jamestown, the seaport and capital, show the island in its worst colors. Narrow clefts have been cut by streams falling from heights, and on either side of these valleys walls of burnt-out rock rise for two thousand feet or so—dingy brown, a gaunt waste of formless protuberances and gaping holes. All seems as it were crumbling to hopeless ruin. You scarcely dare to walk under those threatening walls; if the cannon of the fort that crowns the heights were fired you feel that the mountain must surely totter on its loose foundations and fall again to chaos.

Once on a time merciful forests covered the less precipitous slopes, but the cutting down of these long ago has left all bare to wind and rain, till the covering soil has been washed from the waste of grit and stone. Even under the ceaseless mists of the rainy season no plants find shelter amid those dead and barren cinders, save where the desolation is made more dreary by shabby reaches of horrible gray cactus,

here and there enlivened, if it can be called enlivened, with the green of spiked aloe leaves, crude and repelling. Occasionally at evening the clouds would gather in dark blue masses and cling round the hill-sides, suggesting a hidden beauty behind them. But the clouds would lift again.

I was shown, indeed, better things than this—valleys and hills where a scanty grass covered the slopes, beds of arum lilies flowering along the watercourses, and the beautiful plantations round Government House. I saw the great cliffs rising from the sea, the astonishing circuit of the old shattered crater of an extinct volcano, the striking views where the fundamental rock, stripped of its more friable covering, stands out in strange weird forms, and where cascades fall hundreds of feet over the black precipices. Unfortunately I was unable to get to the most beautiful region, to the highest peaks where the old vegetation still flourishes and great ferns and the cabbage-tree (which in the lower grounds is sad enough to look on) shelter the indigenous society of the island, the wire-bird and the ancient snails. I was unfortunate. The weather was misty and gloomy. There was no bright sun. The sea was gray. And my journey to Deadwood Camp took me up hill-sides that deepened from day to day the melancholy of my first impression. Nothing there but stones and patches of cactus, withered, yellow and old. In some more sheltered spots a few trees still struggle desperately against annihilation; trees snapped off short by the wind, while some lower branch, bending round and about to find shelter, apes the part of the main trunk; trees bent double till the topmost bough enters the earth and forms a dry, barren arch; trees that literally crawl along the ground for safety. In the rare spots where there is half an acre or so level ground, a shanty rises

with a roof of corrugated iron, a little verandah, perhaps, and a patch of bananas—all lying under the same ceaseless wind, all in the same stage of obscure and shabby forlornness. What a sordid Nature, tattered and battered, ignoble, dingy, vulgar and unashamed! Everthing is foreign, dejected, incongruous. The Kaffir thorn, the African palm, the Indian banyan, the Scotch fir, the Port Jackson willow, are not at home, but transported as it were to a friendless inn. The beautiful cardinal bird, whose scarlet plumage flames among the cactus and the tormented thorn, looks incredibly homeless and strayed, like a parouquet escaped in the London streets. You already see its natural doom—to be snared and sold to the man-of-war lying in the harbor.

And the very people—what are they? Descendants of the Chinese, French settlers before the Revolution, West Africans, Malays, Welshmen, men of Lancashire, varied cargoes of negroes landed from slave ships; and to these add sailors of an English man-of-war, a West Indian regiment, a body of artillery, the Gloucestershire Militia, a company of Cape Boys as mule-drivers and Boer prisoners of war. Portuguese coins are dug up, and plaques of Dutch delft with Bible stories on them. Relics of Napoleon are multiplied. Over that melancholy cinder fortress seems still to hang the shadow of its first human inhabitant, flung there with every limb and feature mutilated, and a few slaves to fulfil for him the functions for which he had no longer hands or feet.

My first visit to Deadwood Camp made me reflect on the wisdom of my friends. Five miles of hill and broken roads took two hours in going and as much in coming again, for neither up nor down those steeps could the horse get beyond a walk. The guide led me through the tents of the English soldiers, with the butchery and bakery,

the wood-piles and store-heaps, to the Boer camp beyond, enclosed by a circle of sentry-boxes and a double ring of barbed wire. On through the rows of tents we went to the tin village which the Boers (finding twelve men in a tent somewhat crowded) have built for themselves of aloë sticks and biscuit tins, with their dark blankets over all to keep out the heat and cold. Irregular streets of these tin cabins lie one behind the other, some small enough for a man to creep into and sleep, others higher and holding three or four; a miniature restaurant, a ginger-beer palace, a windmill where an ingenious vane of tin and sticks turns a rude lathe for the wood-carver inside; and tiny workshops where men are carving with pen-knives wood from camp packing-cases, meat-bones, cow-horns or sticks, and show with just pride models of cannons and Cape wagons, carved boxes and bone ornaments. A French mining engineer has engraved a die with an old sharpened file and a block of steel, and struck copper medals. Illuminators and artists in black and white have patiently defied the great difficulties of their position.

In the streets other artists are at work over stoves they have made of oil-tins pierced with holes, where, through the fumes of wood fires, beef may be seen stewing and flat cakes of flour and water tossed out. The towering crowd of men (I began to wonder if the peasant warriors among them did not count 6 feet 3 inches for their average height) drifted after me or looked on at a distance, with a superficial curiosity mitigated by indifference. The numbers of that crowd, the foreign speech, the foreign look, filled me with a genuine dismay. I scarcely knew how to introduce myself, and through an interpreter, who saw in me a highly unnecessary intruder and in the crowd a race of rebels and criminals, to tell

them why I had come. I thought again my friends were wise.

As I look back I am filled with wonder at the rapid way in which all difficulties disappeared before the courtesy and consideration of the Boers themselves. They received me with the utmost politeness and good breeding, and in all my intercourse with the farmers, I found the simple and dignified courtesy of a self-respecting people.

I am aware that there is as great a variety of characters among the Boers as among any other people. "The camp is like a town," one said to me, "with every profession represented in it, even down to the thief's trade." There is a rough element recruited, I was told, from Johannesburg. But the foreign prisoners were generally contemptuous of the Boer's want of vivacity in making trouble, and claimed for themselves most of the breaches of discipline. "If it had been a camp of Europeans!" they exclaimed. "Perhaps the Boers are quiet; perhaps they are thinking of their families; perhaps it is superstition." "I have seen some things I did not like," an excellent German said, "but how I could have lived under these conditions for a year among 2,000 Europeans I dare not imagine. On the whole there is little to complain of here." It is very evident that to strong men, used to walk ten or twenty miles a day, confinement to the camp is a severe trial; the deep inward brooding which I saw it produce in certain temperaments is less obvious to a casual onlooker than fits of excitement or revolt, but it is not less serious in its final results.

Even if we allow for all the drawbacks of seeing men only under the artificial conditions of camp life, St. Helena is not a bad place for learning something of the Boers. About 2,500 men are now collected there of every profession in the Transvaal. I have

spoken with war officers and commissariat officers, with magistrates, members of the Raad, and officials of various degrees in Pretoria; with men employed in different capacities in Johannesburg mines, and the wandering Jack-of-all-trades of the towns; with land surveyors of the north and west, and men in good mercantile business; with farmers of all sorts, rich and poor, incomers and native-born, progressive and conservative, with men well educated and men of no learning. I knew the Hospital well. I have sat in many a tent and have been welcomed to a share of their rations. Besides all this I have talked with foreigners of many kinds, both those who have been long in the country and others who came out from Europe to join the war, and, after a brief experience of fighting, have now lived with the prisoners in close association for many months. I have heard what Germans and French, Italians, Danes and Swedes have to say, as well as men born in America, Australia or the Cape Colony.

The foreigners were men whose words deserve attention. Not one of them, it must be remembered, was a mercenary. Not one had been a paid soldier. A few had gone out to see war or for the love of adventure, but they all believed just as their countrymen in Europe believed, that they were fighting on the side of freedom and justice. Detached as they were, their criticism was absolutely free and frank. They saw faults and blunders, but their main opinion never changed. They might quarrel with the conduct of the war, not with its purpose. The one who had, perhaps, the least personal sympathy with the Boer temperament, and who had suffered a year's imprisonment for what he considered their humiliating failure to carry out a simple enterprise where any trained troops under a skilled officer must have tri-

umphed, told me that, in spite of all, he would willingly go back to fight for a people with so superb a passion for freedom and so devoted a love of country.

Other foreigners had lived long in the Transvaal, and had generally become burghers. It was strange, outside the circuit of barbed wire, to hear these men all lightly classed together as mercenaries bribed by Transvaal pay, or described as the scum of European peoples tempted by the love of loot. Their profit has been scanty indeed. They hold none of the delusions current elsewhere as to the influence of foreigners among the Boers. If we may judge of sincerity by the sacrifices men will make, they had given proof enough. All had risked in the cause of the Boers their whole possessions and their life. One had a son of fourteen prisoner in the camp, and a boy of thirteen still at the front. "My business is ruined," another said to me. "I have lost everything. I am a prisoner. But till now I do not regret that I was on the side of the Boers. I was fighting against injustice. Even to-day, when I see the fight is hopeless, I still feel I could not do other than what I have done."

Racial partialities must always be taken into account in measuring the value of foreign opinion of the Boer. The French and Italians, for example, do not speak his language, and cannot get very near him. He is, indeed a sore cross to them. They do not like him and cannot help respecting him. He has not fire and dash enough for them, and they hate his form of religion. But that is the worst of their tale; that under feeble leaders he shrinks from attack and that he has no passion for romantic adventure; that he gives his gaolers no trouble to speak of; that his camp is made hideous morning and evening when every tent group starts its own favorite psalms all at

the same time, and the air rings with the discord; that he believes every word in the Bible; and that he complains occasionally that his defeat was a punishment for the unbelief of his Latin allies. But this said, they have no more harm to tell. "Their greatest fault," said one, "and yet perhaps it is not a fault, is that the Boer comes first with them, and every one else a long way after."

On the other hand, the Germans seem to understand the Boer very well, having known the same type of peasantry at home; reticent, wary, diplomatic, made distrustful by his ignorance of business methods. They do not need to go about for so many explanations of him as the Englishman, but read the story far more simply for themselves. They reserve their own educated scepticisms. They object to psalm-singing that begins at 3 A.M. But they understand the Boer warfare better; the long pertinacity of his valor pleases them more than the more showy French "fire of straw, which has to be used on the moment;" they admire his refusal to waste life with so desperate a task before him, his steadiness in reserving his fire, and his marvellous contempt of suffering. I spoke to a German of some tale of suffering. "Ah, that does not matter," he said, "they can bear hardship; but kindness is the thing they need. For they are a kind people." On one point they were all agreed: "You can lead the Boer by friendship. You can never drive him." The Germans realize, too, his quite extraordinary qualities as a pioneer in settling waste lands, and the use which might be made of this by sagacious governors.

The Boer had also, in the Scandinavians, Danes and Swedes, most loyal and understanding friends. But not more so, perhaps, than settlers of English blood gone to the Transvaal from America, the Cape Colony and else-

where. These were well-educated, upright, independent men, who could see with English eyes—as free men, and as honest as any here in England—honorable pioneers, too, of a solid friendship and union between the two peoples, whose work ought to be better understood and appreciated by those who would extend the true influence of England. Their opinion of the life they have known in the Transvaal, if by any chance it could be made known here, deserves from Englishmen the gravest consideration and respect.

I was of course fully warned that Boers brought up to be *slim*, and thinking only how to overreach their neighbor, would try in some way to out-do me, or at least deceive me with false impressions and garbled stories. In fact no such difficulty met me. They do not, as one of them said, "want to hang their opinions on their noses," but if you care to know their views they will tell you with truth and frankness. Not for many a day, in fact, have I heard in England so much freedom of speech and real liberty of discussion. Men would gather in a hospital ward or tent, and take their turn in talk with perfect independence. They would freely express opposite views, and discuss them with vivacity and good humor. In this supreme crisis every man is held free to think and act for himself. One day a party of ten farmers, all born Transvaalers and all new acquaintances of mine, came to see me. We sat in a circle in the garden, and discussed every sort of subject for two hours. Two knew English well, one knew none at all; the rest spoke a little, but not enough to understand me easily or answer comfortably. If, therefore, I asked a question my neighbor interpreted, and the party discussed it in very brief, businesslike sentences; my neighbor then summed up for me the result, while they all leaned for-

ward and listened if his version was exact. Twice he hesitated at some answer given, and explained to me that what was said was "too strong." But the general voice overruled him. "Mrs. Green wants to know the truth. What is the use of telling her anything but the truth?" If any one differed from the rest he said so, and his heresy was then discussed; and on the most important question raised, when it was found that more than one differed, they themselves put the question to each man who had to give his opinion separately (one laggard amid a burst of good-humored laughter), and then the leading one turned to me and said simply, "We have the majority." It was seven to three. In little parliaments such as this without recrimination or nicknames for those who might think differently, I was allowed to hear all opinions and judge for myself. Nor were the groups selected, save in the hospital wards by the accidents of disease, and in the camp by the humor of the passer-by.

I became convinced, too, that in the stories of the war and their personal experiences the men I met wished to give me the simple truth. No second-hand stories were brought to me or tales of common rumor. Not a man who did not refuse to speak of anything but what he himself had seen, and the accounts they gave were not elaborated, but simple and detailed. One whose story had got into a French newspaper with the colors heightened and some rumors adulterating the facts, came to ask me to take it down exactly, and give his sufferings in their unexaggerated form. In the case of the most terrible story I heard, a group of intelligent and very respectable neighbors of the man gathered and each one spoke, not to facts which they had not seen, but to the character they knew in him, of a specially honest and truthful man, whose word had always

weight in all his district. I found no blowing about of rumors to darken the character of their enemies, and any act of kindness was remembered with genuine gratitude; the name of any officer who did a deed of courtesy or consideration is not forgotten.

I asked about this question of duplicity and deceit from the land surveyors who for years have lived among them, and the merchants who had long traded over the country. Their experience, they told me, did not justify these charges—was indeed directly contrary to them. They understood the Boer's fear of being cheated through his ignorance of arithmetic, and his quaint methods of protecting himself. All agreed, however, that in the last few years the evil influence of the foreign element in the goldfields had made itself felt, and that the young men were now beginning to grow restless, looking for excitement, and hastening by any means to make money.

Naturally the old charge of a false and deceiving temper has been given new currency by tales of broken parole. Boers who have spoken to me have condemned the breaking of parole as strongly and sincerely as any Englishman could do. But they will never justify the policy which insists on an oath of neutrality and at the same time gives no protection to the farmers. "I have been with the Boer armies all down the western side of the Transvaal and Orange Free State," said one very intelligent and honorable man, "and I have seen the utterly defenceless state of these poor people." An English force sweeping over the country comes to an isolated farm where a man with a wife and three children under five years old lives three miles from his nearest neighbor. They demand his oath under threats, and leave him in return, for his sole and sorry protection, a flimsy scrap of paper such as I have seen, perhaps a

quarter the size of a sheet of notepaper, stating that he is not to be molested by any British army; and the troop marches off on its way. A month later comes a body of a thousand Boers; they recognize no oath to the enemy, and the man has again his choice between death and service with them. Boers as strong in condemnation of a broken word as the loftiest of Englishmen have seen, what the English at home have not seen, the actual situation of that unhappy farmer. They can guess what some English farmers might do in a like calamity; and they believe that where the man is to be left perfectly helpless the taking of his oath by force can only be justified by force. It is war, not morals; and the officer who gives the oath under such conditions knows its value. A young lad, pale and delicate-looking, told me how he swore neutrality. The officer ordered him to take the oath, twice threatening to shoot him if he refused, and twice he said, "I will not take it." Then Captain X. put his revolver at his head, with his finger on the trigger. "Unless you take the oath you will have to face one of these balls." "I took it then," said the boy. I leave it to men of common sense to decide the value of an oath so administered. The boy failed to keep it when the army passed and the Boers reoccupied the place.

Another charge, the charge of ingratitude, is often brought against the Boers. It belongs to the cheap, emotional politics of the day. Statesmen and moralists of a more heroic time held that the only solid ground for dealing between men or nations is sheer plain justice, and for this what honorable man would ask thanks? No certainty or dignity on either side can exist if favors and magnanimities are to be given in a fit of emotional generosity one day and withdrawn the next in a fit of emotional prudence, on the

plea that the gift is inconvenient or that the full price of gratitude is not forthcoming. I do not know what man or country would not prefer a strict and unswerving justice to the chances of shifting benevolences, with sudden drafts presented for payment in gratitude. However, be that as it may, I am convinced that the Boer, against whom this charge of ingratitude is brought, is not an ungrateful man. As a wise and by no means sympathetic observer in the camp, one of another nation, said to me, "The Boer is grateful. It is absurd to say he is not. Of course, if you give him nothing, so far as he can see, he will not be grateful; but ingratitude is not his fault. He has many, but not that."

In private relations they are undoubtedly a grateful people. I was told by men from whom I could have least expected it, that the prisoners were, I cannot, alas! say comforted, but in some sense relieved by having an opportunity to tell their sorrow. Many came to see me. An unknown man brought to the tent door the photographs of his family. Others unknown brought gifts of carvings. In one case a Boer officer came to the tent door: "A burgher wishes to give you this stick," and he vanished, nor did I ever know the name of the good burgher. Many, indeed, were the gifts and addresses of thanks which told from day to day of the gratitude and warm kindness of the Boers—the gifts, I believe, had been subscribed for among these poor men and bought from the carvers. I ought to say, perhaps, that I had carried nothing to commend myself. I brought no present. I did not buy of the camp manufacturers. I explained that I belonged to no party and was no politician, or able to do anything for them. They felt simply that one who sympathized with sorrow need be no stranger in that camp.

Commandant Wolmarans, whom English and Boers, without a single exception, respect and honor, held my hand in both of his while he begged, through the interpreter, that I would remember them, that I would always remember them in my prayers. He begged it yet again. A group of old men sat round silent and deeply moved. A gray-headed commandant whom I had often seen, but whom I had never heard speak, came forward with the only words I ever heard from him, and certainly the only words of English he knew, and shook my hand. "God bless you, Mrs. Green," he said. In my visit I made, indeed, many friends in camp—friends whom I shall long remember, and hope to meet again in a happier scene.

For Deadwood Camp is a place of sorrow. In saying this I know I am going against the general voice of St. Helena. The island is universally proud of the wholesome influence of its trade-winds, even if the camp turns into a soaking bog under winter rains, and in summer suffers actual water-famine. Five months ago miserable men were landed here; some had been imprisoned over three months in ships; fed on biscuit and bully beef, shut down from air, and only allowed one hour in twenty-four on deck; packed tightly in ships which had been used for cattle and were horribly infested with vermin, the most intolerable suffering to these men; for four months they had had no change of clothes, day or night from what they wore on the battlefield. Others had come from the horrors of Paardeberg. They had lain, over nine hundred of them, for over a week in the sultry harbor of Jamestown till the camp was ready. Broken with suffering and misery they took six hours to march the five miles to the camp and their aspect filled all who saw them with pity. There was some sickness among them at first, but

in the healthy breezes and the sunshine their strength returned; and fever has by this time practically died out. There is scarcely any illness now, save among the very old and a few cases of wounds. In the Hospital, by the wise and kind arrangement of the doctor, the sick Boers are nursed by orderlies of their own race, willing to come from the camp to minister to their compatriots.

There are important problems with regard to camp life which deserve the fullest discussion. But at the best is there no room left for tragedy and sorrow?

There is a great effort in the camp itself to preserve a vigorous and cheerful air. Sports were got up while I was there, which had an excellent effect in raising their spirits. Many of the prisoners are wonderfully industrious. They work hard at the new occupations they have discovered, of carving and the like. Some found a teacher and learned what they could of languages or arithmetic. About forty of them are allowed to work for some island people at gardening or painting. Those who are employed, however, must of course be few. The rest have to bear their burden in idleness. It was melancholy to see the boys. When I tried to take a photograph of the lads it looked like a small school. Young as they are, they look even younger than their age, and one's heart sorrows for children in such a camp. In some of the strong young men the devil's work of bitterness and despair is being carried out; for "great distress has never hitherto taught, and while the world lasts it will never teach, wise lessons to any part of mankind." Others have patience and unquenchable fortitude; their private griefs they carry with a grave reserve so far as outsiders go, which deceives, as I came to think, the unobservant looker-on. In all talk the first question is the public welfare, the

fate of their country; the rest lies next to it in God's hands. A few have broken down from grief. One, of French blood originally, was sent into a melancholy mania by the sight of a photograph of his wife and children sent to him; others were growing old men and grave. "This is a place where men grow very serious," a young man said to me; "some of them laugh no more, some have grown gray. I am glad I am not married." One or more have died of senile decay. A few others that I saw will probably follow in the same sad road; it seemed inconceivable, on any theory of war, that it should be necessary to carry as prisoners to St. Helena the group I saw newly brought in—old men over sixty-five, bowed down by paralysis and various infirmities, sitting there motionless, a sick and hopeless company, on the edge of the grave. It seemed as if they had been transported by mistake. I have read and heard, as we all have, a cheap and vulgar mockery of the Boer religious services. But no observer can go to the Sunday gatherings of the camp, and sit in the very midst of the people as I did, without seeing a sight that is not laughable, old far-seeing men "waiting still upon God," while on some, not all, but in truth on some of the younger faces (very poor men, I thought), there was an ecstasy of rapt entreaty for "a present help in time of trouble."

"How could you face war?" I said to a trembling old man of sixty-five, who had volunteered to fight. "I prayed to the Lord," he said; "I gave myself and my family to His care. And it was wonderful to see how He strengthened us. There was not a tear. One daughter carried my rifle, the other my bandoller, and my wife (she is sixty-three) carried my bag. They were all quiet; you would never have thought, I was going away. I did a soldier's duty; I did what I had to

do. It is strange, in the heat of a fight you do not care what happens. You shoot, and you do not care. How it should come that a thing like that can happen I do not know, but it does happen to a man. But, oh, it is a bitter thing to think of afterwards! When I think of what I saw all round me I shiver with horror. Believe me, I can scarcely keep the tears out of my eyes at night when I think of the sufferings I have seen. I grieve as much for the widows in England as for those of our own people. I know I am a prisoner, and must be obedient," he added. "I have my parole and can go a little way out of the camp, and sit down quietly to read. I am thankful they give me that liberty." I said a word of sympathy. "It is well," he answered gently, "that we have the Bible left."

I was often touched to see how the prisoners share the burdens of a common calamity. There is much tenderness to the old and afflicted, and gentleness and respect to those whose sacrifices were conspicuous. I remember the general anxiety that I should humor by taking his photograph a poor, shaking, deaf old man who had nine sons and sons-in-law in the war, and, coming into the camp to see some of them, had been taken prisoner of war. The whole crowd stood him up, and sat him down, stroked his gray locks, and turned his battered slouch hat up and down to see what particular cock became him best, and shouted explanations in the deaf old ears.

I have unfortunately met some men and women who can feel no compassion for any sorrows which are the just deserts, as they think, of men who have fought against England. By such a spirit as this do we hope to make Imperial rule beloved! This, however, was the feeling of those who "stood afar off." There is many a true Englishman, who has reflected on the story of his own people, who, if he himself

could see into the tents of the Boers,
must feel grief and awe that sorrow
of the quality there known should lie
under the English flag. Truly the les-
sons of tragedy may be learned there;
"to raise and afterwards to calm the
The Nineteenth Century.

passions, to purge the soul from pride,
by the examples of human miseries,
which befall the greatest—in few
words, to expel arrogance and intro-
duce compassion."

Alice Stopford Green.

NIGHTFALL.

TWO SONNETS.

I

THE EARTH

Pale, patient, with her throbbing heart at rest,
Waiting with half closed, half expectant eyes,
Till slumber's lips shall cleave in pitying wise,
Full of sweet comfort to her brows and breast,
She feels by one and one in the bright West
Fade the long trails of gold, and wavering shades
Leap from lone forests and forgotten glades,
And dance and shimmer at the moon's behest.

What change is on the fields?—the old known land
Spreads, by some goddess of the twilight planned,
A cloudy world of formless trees and flowers,
Where with cool hands the placid gardener, night,
Waters the blossoms of the pale moonlight
With quiet dews of unregarded hours.

II

THE SKY.

How far, how far, with unavailing eye
Shall the frail sight grasp night's significance,
Or pierce the trackless, terrible expanse,
The vast and awful desert of the sky?
If all the laboring world in one vast sigh
Melted and vanished from its ancient place,
Would any ripple stir the seas of Space,
Or one least echo sorrow in reply?

Oh Hand, which through a shuddering chaos hurled,
Star upon endless star and world on world,
Will thy dread sowing spring to harvest soon?

Now pregnant with the thoughts of æons past,
Through those unblossoming fields and pastures vast,
The evident face of Silence, dawns the moon.

The Argosy.

Margaret Sackville.

NOTES FROM A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

I.

The sentiment of the journey began at Genoa, or rather it may be said to have begun in France; for it was in the little French steamer, as it lay in the bay, leisuredly loading its cargo long hours after the time announced for its departure, that tedium took wing, that crowds and custom-houses, noise and dirt, and all the ills of travelling passed into the far back-ground of my consciousness, and the weary journey changed into a voyage of adventure.

The extreme unpunctuality, I believe, worked the spell, but it worked only gradually. I was as impatient for the first few hours as if I had been in the Paris express; the desirability of reaching Toulouse by the day I had calculated grew and grew in my eyes; every fixed point in my journey, though I knew them to be only matters of whim, assumed a fictitious importance; until at last as the sun dropped and the hour drew on when the evening train should start, I stormed to the captain demanding to be set on shore immediately that I might take to the railway and some day arrive at my destination. The civil alacrity with which he acceded to my request, and the promptness of his order to bring up Madame's box and bicycle (that bicycle on whose bringing out of Italy I had wasted the morning hours) gave a chill to my ardor. I added more meekly, "unless, indeed, Monsieur could assure me I should reach Marseilles next day in time for the midnight train to Toulouse;" the midday one had seemed imperative a moment before. So much Monsieur le Capitaine thought he could safely assure me, though cargo remained to be shipped, as he gave me, with the utmost politeness to understand very clearly, the

desires of a passenger were on his boat of no straw's weight in comparison with the cocks and hens or even the boxes and barrels, that travelled as uncomplaining cargo—a wholesome dose this for the self-important human being accustomed to regard all means of locomotion as made for his convenience, and failing in their final end as they fail to secure that! At once the need of getting anywhere at any definite hour or day dwindled and vanished, and I acquiesced, not unwillingly, in the captain's opinion that, since I had come on board, the best thing I could do was to remain there. "We'll dine first, and then think about starting," was his final encouragement—another, but this time a pleasant, shock to my traveller's soul, hardened to meals snatched at stations, or shaken down in a restaurant car.

I returned to the upper deck to nurse a fresh mood in the growing dusk. By the time the bell rang for dinner I was priding myself on my newly-acquired philosophy, and I prepared with an introductory remark as to the deceitfulness of shipping agents, to air it upon my neighbor at table.

"Yes," he replied with a placid smile, "they promised me I should be in time for a business appointment in London ten days ago [I put my pride in my pocket]. I've been with this vessel just three weeks," he added. The salutary discipline of playing second fiddle to the cargo had brought my neighbor to these heights of philosophy. He looked a prosaic individual enough; intellectual converse had not shortened the way for him; the only English-speaking person on board, he could use no other language save a little Turkish and modern Greek. My advent loosed what seemed to be a natural loquacity.

He had been much, he told me, among the Turks, and he himself attributed his ease of mind to intercourse with them, "I've learned to be a bit of a fatalist," he observed. "What will be, will be; and we shan't quicken the machinery by crying out." As the dinner advanced I fancied, however, that the excellence of the cooking had helped, in his case, to fix the fates and keep him on board at the successive ports; and indeed he confided that though, having paid the whole fare, he had to have the full voyage, he must have eaten his money's worth long ago. The thought gave him evident pleasure. Gladly, I think, would he have talked the night out paying the arrears of so long a silence. Having travelled much, in the East and over ground quite unknown to me, he had seen, and readily recounted many marvels, both of Nature and of Man. But as the occasion of his wanderings had been material cares (I forget or did not gather his actual business) so it was the more material aspects of these marvels that had struck him. Immensity was for him mere size, and he wondered mainly over the vast monuments of expenditure, of outlay of time and trouble, dotted over the world's surface. The borrowed comment with which I wished him good-night was new to him.

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings,"

he murmured in meditative but dubious echo.

II.

For my part I was left to no chance companionship of my own or other nationality. The best of company, most excellent of comrades, I had with me in my travelling-bag. And he, and not I,

had determined the route; he, and not I, whose inclinations indeed were quite contrary, had resolved that Arles, that Avignon, Nîmes and Carcassonne—those places of great monuments and historic fame—should all be passed on the road and left to the conscientious sightseer. "Any Cook's tourist," he said, "can give you news of Arles or Avignon"; nor, readily though he welcomed all opinion contrary to his own, did I care to dispute the point. My eyes had been satiated through the winter with the great places and elaborate works of another land, and I gladly forewent now the prospect of big sensations for his promise of opening my mind and heart to the little incidents of everyday life. And he—the Essayist, the *Sieur de Montaigne*—became himself the chief sentiment of my journey. Through all my roundabout route I was travelling to his home in the Périgord, hoping to be welcomed and received like a humbler *Mlle. de Gournay*, as an adopted great-great-granddaughter.

At Toulouse he permitted a halt. The town was familiar to him from his youth; I believe he had studied there for the law. Yet it was not of him I was thinking as the train drew up in the early morning. I had dreamt of Vanini, "bellowing," says an eye-witness, "like an ox getting slaughtered," as the executioner tore out his tongue, previous to burning him; of Calas, broken on the wheel for an imaginary crime, of the settled persecution of his whole unhappy Huguenot family. I had recalled to mind the ugly pre-eminence of Toulouse in fanaticism—how, even in our own century, she had proposed to commemorate her most blood-thirsty massacre; how in the sixteenth a Huguenot was hanged out of hand wherever caught. And my thoughts had rested finally on the Essayist's tale (touched as was his wont with the sense of human vanity) of the student of Toulouse and his faithful

servant. The valet had not better ground for his heresy than that his young master could not be wrong.

A drizzling rain was falling, and the town was still fast asleep as I arrived. It was five o'clock, but that, as my double cab-fare taught me, was still night at Toulouse, just as in Paris or in London. I had expected to find the stir of early morning at an hour when I myself had recently been breakfasting among the lilies, bathed and fragrant with the night-dew of an Italian garden. Here was none of that freshened brightness, but the dreary unwilling air of a town about to be recalled to the day's toil.

At my hotel (I had chosen it haphazard for its name, the proprietor's, which had promised me local color and lack of fellow-tourists) a drowsy porter escorted me through dismal corridors to the room furthest removed, as I demanded, from the paved street. To my request for coffee, he promised me fervently a *rrechauffée*. The word rolled out of his lips so richly that only after his back was turned did the poor meaning penetrate to my understanding. The beverage was as unpalatable in the drinking as it had been gustable in the promise; but even as I swallowed it the word reverberated in my ear, and I realized from it alone that I was truly in the Midi. What a temperament of the race, I reflected, to persist and make itself felt in such surroundings! For alas, I was in no comfortable old-world inn, but in a third-rate commercial hotel. I had avoided the tourist to fall into the arms (metaphorically, oh shade of Yorick!) of the *commis-voyageur*.

Commerce has laid its effacing hand upon Toulouse. When at length the town awoke, I left my dingy room for the broad streets; and there, wandering along the Allées Lafayette, through the Boulevard Carnot, I found myself in a sort of provincial Paris, in a town that

might have sprung of Paris wedded to Manchester. Rows of huge shops, each more *Bon Marché* than the last, long lines of tramway, trees certainly and planted squares, but as it appeared to me, not of indigenous growth, but conceded in servile imitation of the metropolis. The Sentimental Journey changed in my eyes to a Fool's Errand. Not Death but Commerce, I meditated is the great destroyer; doubtless through all the south of France I shall find local color washed out and every trace of the past obliterated.

With such sad thoughts I turned a corner, and came full on the church of St. Saturnin. If the path of the Sentimentalist be closed, it reminded me, the way of the Sightseer is still open. "St. Sernin or Saturnin," says Freeman, "is unique in its interest"—the intelligent reader may refer to his essay. I studied the exterior carefully, resolved to have something at least for my journey. It was a huge edifice recalling with its dominant air of proprietorship (as though the town belonged to it, not it to the town) the church of St. Anthony at Padua. Surely once St. Saturnin was at Toulouse *le Saint*, as St. Anthony still at Padua is *il Santo*. Now that dominating air seemed to me one of the ironies of things—the persistence, as in a dead man's face, of an habitual expression after the spirit that it expressed has fled. The town I had been wandering through boasted assuredly other saints and worshipped another god. And yet, despite my conviction that here was a mere dead bulk, the air of the building began to impose on me. If it no longer dominated, it was at least indomitable, here in the very thick of opposing forces, holding them at bay and remaining, if only as a monument, untouched by the modern spirit.

I entered reluctantly, fearing a fresh disillusion. Inside, should I find white-wash, scraped walls, the church per-

haps made a *monument national*? Behold the delusion was not in the church but in the town. All that modern air, that chief trafficking, that worship of the gods Mammon and Opinion of the World, was mere outside show. Commerce was an intruder that had taken no real foothold. Here, in the church of St. Saturnin, was the real, the ancient and, it would seem, the undying spirit of Toulouse. And it was here, not as a spirit in exile, or holding at bay victorious forces, but at home, impugnable in its stronghold, untouched and scornful of the idle clamor of the modern town. The modern spirit might go air itself upon the boulevards, aye, and take with it Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, poor spectres that could not pass the sacred threshold.

The church is one unbroken nave, of extraordinary length. The Roman vaulting is unique in structure and unique, surely, in its effect of sombre suspended awe. The moment that I entered, too, was one of suspense. A closely packed crowd of kneeling worshippers, so dense and motionless as to seem a dark raised pavement, awaited the elevation of the Host. My eye travelled over them—not one had stirred at my entrance—and rested on the high altar, so far away that the figures of the priests were pigmy and their actions indiscernible. What ceremony were they enacting, what victim sacrificing? What jealous god were they evoking? A God of War, of Pestilence and Famine—no God of Love, no Father of Humanity.

The congregation remained bent in worship long after the suspense was broken and the mass ended. But I shook off my sense of dread, and walked the length of the church to the back of the high altar. I was reading a notice that promised to the faithful a certain remission of the pains of purgatory if they would visit the relics, for which the charge was fifty cen-

times, when the verger approached with the key. I expressed my regret that I was not one of the faithful, and could not, even if I paid my sixpence, hope for that solace of my future pains. His devout air changed of a sudden, and with the urbanity of a man of the world, he assured me that the relics (like all else in this church) were unique, and offered much interest also to the tourist. I was a sightseer, I remembered, and accepted his escort. The collection, I am bound to believe, is unique. The verger's urbanity—it gave place, moreover, to his wonted, if skin-deep, devotion, as he displayed the relics and retailed their virtues—could not, however, betray me to any expression of disrespect or incredulity. I had not forgotten the fate of a certain lawyer of Toulouse, who rashly noted the likeness between the bones of St. Amador (preserved at Rocamadour) and a shoulder of mutton. The verger, for his part, felt he owed me an apology as he pointed out another object of interest, an unkind skit upon Calvin, carved preaching with an ass's head. "Madame must not take it amiss," he said, "since it was carved long ago, when party spirit ran high."

III.

I settled into my corner in the Bordeaux express with the sense of pleasant expectancy and the purpose of journeying into the past; of living, for these few hours of swift transit in the actual days of my comrade, the Essayist. Was not all this the region committed to Monluc to be pacified? Was it not here that he made his grim progress, with the two hangmen, his lacqueys, leaving bodies of Huguenots on the trees where he passed? One man hanged frightens folks more than a hundred killed, was his experience. To the Essayist, then magistrate at Bordeaux, he confided a different experi-

ence of life, an experience of the vanity and bitterness of regret after the death of his son. I remembered the deacon, whose extreme youth caused the penalty of death to be changed to a whipping; but the boy died under the alternative punishment.

Montauban, the first stopping-place, resisted even Monluc. It held out for three several sieges, and, however reduced to extremities, remained to the end a Protestant stronghold. It is now a thriving centre of commerce. Moissac, a little town that Monluc fell back on from Montauban, is sustained in the world by the excellence, I believe, of its grape-juice. Agen, where Jules-César Scaliger once wielded the sceptre of the empire of letters is distinguished now by its prunes. They have risen or dwindled, these and other more diminutive towns, not in proportion to their valor and strength under arms, but as their soil is productive or barren. Commerce, not creed, has determined their fate.

An incident of the journey opened conversation with the one other occupant of the carriage. I had taken summary stock of him at an earlier stage; a rough-hewn man he had seemed to me, brusque in address, careless and country-made in his clothes. I had set him down in my mind as a successful tradesman in some form; a certain air of self-consequence fitted not ill, I thought, with that character; he chanced besides to allude to his work-people. So, calling to mind the Essayist's advice to converse with each new acquaintance upon that in which he is conversant, I spoke presently of the trade of Toulouse. His face puckered and flushed. "Toulouse," he answered with acrimony, "was no city of commerce, a city rather of the old nobility." Surprised, I remembered one part of the town, the Delbade, I had especially noticed, and one house in particular; this time I had struck the

right vein. "Madame spoke, perhaps, of No. —, the Hotel de —?" I assented, though not sure of the fact. "It was the hotel of his grandmother, the Duchess of —." I studied his rugged face more attentively. The lines I now noted, as they pleasantly expanded, were not those of an astute and successful man of business, but rather of a knight of La Mancha. And a very Don Quixote he approved himself, as ill-adjusted to the times he lived in, as old-fashioned in views and sentiments, and as ready if need were to die for them. The fates were leading him, I believe, to fight against watering-hose in place of his prototype's wind-mills. The Republic served him for a dragon—for all dragons and giants rolled into one. Its days, he hinted, were numbered—he was going to Paris. Child-like and confiding conspirator! I might have had all his secrets for an ounce of diplomacy; but I had not the cue, and my interest, besides, was in him and not in his doings.

We walk truly, we human beings, each in our own self-made universe. To the Briton I had met on the boat the world was in the main a vast workshop; the world of this Loyalist had the King as its sun, and it was solely lit up in his eyes as it chanced to impinge on the fate of some one or other of the legitimate rulers of France. He also had travelled, he assured me, had been to England (to attend the funeral of Monseigneur—), to Monte Carlo (at the bidding of Monseigneur —). A reflex light was cast also, by sympathetic extension, on the homes or resorts of scions of other unhappy royal stocks. He knew Florence as the abode of the Countess of Albany (a strange woman's caprice, to give two successors to a husband of the blood-royal!). He was moved to real anger as his eye fell on my newspaper. The insolent push of the editor came to his mind—how, on the great day of "the late King's" fu-

neral, he had tried to gain entrance over the heads of men of good birth excluded by the smallness of space. Yet conspiracy put a check upon feeling; the editor was of the Party; "His sentiments, however, are excellent," he pulled himself up with. It distressed him that I should visit the Château of Montaigne, in the hands, he was sure, of some *parvenu*. Was there not the Château de Chambord? I was not turned from my route; but I accepted instead his advice as to an inn, a quiet hostelry, so it sounded, and highly respectable; he and his wife, and all the country nobility, put up there when they went to Bordeaux; the *cuisine* also was famous.

IV.

Here was Bordeaux. With my modest luggage on a lumbering omnibus, I followed on my bicycle in quest of this pearl of hotels. We turned up a side street—that's as it should be—but a paved one, I noted regretfully. I seemed a whole cavalcade as I drew up at the modest entrance, and the Boots hastened out to fling open the door of the omnibus with a civil air of welcome that fell strangely flat as he discovered it empty. He transferred his attentions to me, and in a twinkling—no, in a measured, quiet moment—I was conveyed to my room. The handiest of porters had unstrapped my luggage, the trimmest of maidens had brought me hot water—and I looked round on immaculate cleanliness, on daintiest furniture of the last century, on a bed—"The linen looks white and smells of lavender," quoth Venator, "and I long to lie in a pair of sheets that smells so." Even so longed I, though the scent was not that of lavender, but of the luscious flower of the lime. The merits of the cook, let me add, had not been exaggerated, and it was evident that they were appreciated not only by the pro-

vincial visitor, but also in the town itself of Bordeaux.

How good a thing was life as I turned in, at last, to my lime-scented sheets! The street, truly, was paved, but traffic was small, and an occasional rumble served only to rouse me from blessed oblivion to a fleeting sense of the joys of existence.

In the morning, what nectar of coffee, what daintiness of china and silver! I felt all expanding with charity as I sallied forth into the streets, those streets, my dear Essayist, that thy feet once trod. "No, indeed," answered the Essayist, "they trod something quite different. I know now, more than ever, that change is the one constant element." "But this," I objected, "is not change but development. Bordeaux was made by its commerce long before your day, and you know your own ancestors, that family famous for their honesty, made their money in commerce." "Then sameness is difference," he retorted: "Commerce now is not what commerce was then." The little brown volume had taken that morning a bodily form, and the ghost of the Essayist walked by my side, wrapped, as I thought, in the ancient black cloak that had once been his father's. I noticed the satirical point to his lips, a whimsical line from the nostrils, the kindly eyes so full of feeling behind their light air of scoffing. Only his words, as he commented on this modern world, were but pale and colorless echoes of the living phrases he had applied to the world that he knew. So perchance is it ever with ghosts. "Here at least is identity, the actual stones," I turned to observe as we stood in the ancient gateway, all that remains of the Palais de Justice. "With a difference"—he had the last word.

The ghost I had conjured up was too impalpable and pale; I longed for the Essayist in person, to discuss with him modern ideas. Would evolution, devel-

opment, continuity, be thoughts too alien to find a place in his mind; or how would he resolve them into his disjointed view of life? A better use of so unique an opportunity would it be to wile from him tales, more tales, of those fellow-magistrates in whose company he must so often have passed through this portal. Under how keen an eye they aired their self-sufficiency, gave their judgments for a friend, condemned for crimes they were ready next instant to commit! Through this gate he must have passed, in more genial converse, with La Boétie. I remembered that he had just returned, through this gate, from the law-courts when, sending to ask La Boétie to dine, he learned first of his friend's illness. I called to mind the details of that grave death-bed.

But these are sad thoughts. I roused my shadowy comrade from the painful reverie into which he had fallen, as once before in Rome when thinking on La Boétie, and bade him show me the point on the adjacent quays, where, as mayor in his mature age, of Bordeaux, he had watched all night for a rumored boat-load of rebels. "I was not so bad a mayor," he said, "though Biron, in my place would have had the whole town up in arms. And the event," he added "would very likely have justified his precautions, for his precautions would have produced the event."

My idle musings, my imaginary comrade, were sent rudely flying by an itinerant vendor who jostled against me with his basket. It was mere inadvertance, and the offender's meek apology would have disarmed anger, had I been in a humor to feel it. Truly whatever it be that produces events, our own individual mood it is that fashions the world's manners to us. Only the rose-colored optimism in which I was walking could have made all men that day so cordial and so kind. I had passed a whole morning (the chance encounter

roused me to realize) idling, without ostensible purpose, in the busiest quarter of a great sea-port, and I had met with no single rude comment, with not one offensive stare or inquisitive gesture. All faces were friendly; I was a welcome guest, no intrusive foreigner.

But time was escaping me, and to-morrow I must take to the road. I gathered my wits together with diligence, and finished the day in methodical search for the Essayist's traces, the site of his school, of the Eyquem's town-house. I visited his tomb, the statue raised to his honor, studied his hand-writing, the annotated essays in the library—and only the gateway, that I had lit on by chance, is seasoned in my remembrance with sentiment.

V.

Je vois bien, ma Dordogne, encore
humble tu vas
De te montrer Gasconne, en France, tu
as honte.

* * * * *

Vois tu le petit Loir comme il hâte le
pas,
Comme déjà parmi les plus grands il se
conte?

At Castillon-sur-Dordogne the river flows leisurely, and makes truly no effort at hastening its steps; but its full, broad, rolling bosom shows no token of humility or shame. The lines of La Boétie had roused a quite different image. Where was the thin, trickling stream that could not compete with the gay little Loir? "Is the river as big at Sarlet as here?" I asked of a woman who, like me, was leaning over the bridge. She had never, she said, been beyond her own parish, but she believed the river was still greater in other parts of its course. How had I come to imagine it small, the Dordogne? She was piqued on behalf of

her river; the name left her lips as the name of a person beloved.

Rivers in France have indeed a great personality. They seem to gather up and embody the tracts that they water. Or they are themselves regions, not boundary lines, regions with their own specific inhabitants. *Goujon de Dronne, gremille de Seine*—but I forget the various races. No Frenchman, by the way, would ever have asked, "What's in a name?" He knows all its magic.

The woman by my side was silently watching the lapse of the river.

"There was a woman once, in my day," said the Essayist, "whose cross-grained and sorry-faced husband had beaten her. And she, resolved to be rid of his tyranny, even at the cost of her life, rose in the morning, accosted the neighbors as usual, dropping a word that they might see to her household, and, taking a sister she had by the hand, she came to this river"—the Dordogne—"took leave of her sister as in jest, and plunged headlong from the bridge [but it was not this bridge] into the stream, where she perished. And," added the Essayist, "what was more considerable, she had ripened this project a whole night in her head."

But that was at Bergerac, and happened three centuries since. This woman watching the stream might well be of as heroic a race, but she was not wont to be beaten. The pride of her carriage made the notion ridiculous. She was drinking in the beauty of the evening, enjoying the landscape, as any modern traveller, as I might, though she had seen it, and no other, every day of her life. Use had endeared and not staled it.

I was in the happy serenity, that particular evening, of a purpose accomplished, my mind unresisting to the pleasant bodily lassitude that follows a first day on the wheel.

Scarce arrived at Castillon-sur-Dor-

doigne, my night-quarters, the proximity of the Essayist's château had lured me again on the road. The heat of the day was over already as I rode down the valley. A beneficent valley! The rich soil was as eager to yield, as the glowing sun to call forth, all culture's produce. And the acres of yellow corn, in tall and serried ranks, the trailing vines in their brightest green—these fruits of man's labor, while covering the first face of Nature, did but embellish and not spoil her. Cornfields and vineyards went all up the sides and over the crest of that long ridge on one of whose brows I was to look for the home of Montaigne.

"Montagne," a peasant corrected me, and bade me ride farther. Corrected, I asked again for Montagne. "Montaigne," this time I was told, might be reached up the next lane to the left. This disaccord of the peasants, echoing the disputes of the philologists, gave me my first real assurance that the château I was aiming at was really that of the Essayist. I had forgotten the present proprietor's name, which all the world would have known, and at Castillon, neither mine host nor the friends he called to consult could tell me for certain whether this was the only Montaigne in the district. Nor did they know if there was a tower, and so far as they knew, no great author ever had lived there. And why in the world should not a dozen châteaux be called by a name derived from the hill-side they stood on? But no two could be called sometimes Montaigne and sometimes Montagne. Why not, in the name of all common sense? I could not see why, but I felt sure, all the same, of my quarry.

I prepared to ride on; but this second peasant arrested me. He was full of curiosity about my bicycle, wanting to know how much ground I could cover, and how quickly. He had seen these machines, but not close at hand. Bent

double with age and the weight of the sticks he was carrying (he had rested them now in the hedge) he looked decrepit and toil-worn as any tiller of the ungrateful North. Has the beneficent valley no blessing, then, for her nearer sons, for those in daily touch with her surface? Must even her teeming soil be tilled with such sweat? Has the peasant still need of his proof-armor of insensibility, as in the days when troops carried off the herds and ravaged the homesteads, and pestilence stalked through the land? "What examples of resolution," says the Essayist, "saw we not then in all this people's simplicity? Each one generally renounced all care of life; the grapes (which are the country's chief commodity) hung still and rotted upon the vines untouched; all indifferently preparing themselves and expecting death, either that night or the next morrow, with countenance and voice so little daunted, that they seemed to have committed to this necessity, and that it was a universal and inevitable condemnation." Their sole care, then, was for graves. It distressed them to see the dead carcasses scattered over the fields and at the mercy of wild beasts, which presently began to flock hither. "And even in everyday life," he goes on, "from these poor people we see scattered over the earth, their heads bent over their task, from them nature draws daily instances of patience and constancy. more pure and unbending than any we learn in the schools. How many do I ordinarily see that mis-acknowledge poverty; how many that wish for death or that pass it without any alarm or affliction? That fellow who turns up my garden, has this morning, perchance, buried his son or his father."

Alas, my dear Essayist, insensibility to pain—is it not also dulness to pleasure? How shall we improve the state of the masses, if we cannot instil discontent? How raise their standard of

comfort? "What use," quoth the Essayist, "to bring comfort of body with discomfort of mind?"

There was no discontent in the interest this peasant took in my wheel. He no more aspired after my easy-running than after a bird's flight, and thought as little of comparing with either his own enforced snail's pace.

It was a rough lane that the peasant had pointed to. I wheeled my bicycle up it slowly enough. Steep and rough the Essayist reported the road to his house, remembering how he was carried home once in a swoon, after a chance skirmish and a fall with his horse. This scene of smiling prosperity was then in the very heart of the civil disorders; now the only possible danger was thorns on the path. The cool-headed Essayist could make use of his mishap, of his first taste of a swoon, to muse on the easy approaches of death. What moral, I wondered, should I draw from a puncture?

Out on the crest of the hill ran a light, well-laid gravel road, with vineyards and cornfields on either hand, and the barest dry ditch to keep their edges. Open to all the world lay the rich land. I rode through the outlying property, past the church and the village—houses which even a savage could count, for one set of five fingers would suffice—up the drive, and dismounted at the very door of the château.

Neither guard nor sentinel, "save the stars," had the Essayist, in those days when every other house was armed for defence; and in these so far as I can bear witness, neither gate nor boundary-line marks off Montaigne from the universe.

I had already passed the tower, that one piece of the ancient house spared by a fire—owing its safety, presumably, more to its place overlooking the entrance, than to any selective sense in the elements; only a line, now, of outbuilding, forming, as it were, one side

of a quadrangle, links it on with the château. The Essayist, too, I remembered, had to cross over a courtyard, if a happy thought struck him, to be noted down in his library. Successive rebuildings since his day, may still have preserved, as is claimed, the ancient outline. And the tower, now as then, has three views of rich prospect; now as then, an inhabitant might overlook a large part, at least, of the homestead.

Man is truly a thing of perversity! What more could one ask of any proprietor than to keep an old relic just as it was, to make it freely accessible to every enquirer, to student or idle tourist, antiquarian or mere traveller, in the by-path of sentiment? How had I not grumbled, had I been told that I could not see the library because Monsieur was reading there, or that the stores were kept in the wardrobe, and the housekeeper was away with the key, or—any other of the hindrances that might have arisen had the tower been still put to its original uses? As it was, I could study at leisure what had once been the library, the private sanctuary of the Essayist, reserved, even as a corner was reserved in his soul, from cares, civil, paternal or conjugal. I could mount to what had once been his wardrobe, descend to what had once been the room where he had slept when he wished to be alone, to what had once been his chapel on the ground-floor. Why did a cold chill strike at my sentiment? No greater sacrilege, surely, than to leave this monument just as it was. Cold sepulchre to how warm a spirit! Let them lodge the gardener there, stack wood in it—anything to link it on with the present life of humanity! Only the survivals perforce, in the face of neglect and misusage, are the true survivals to sentiment. The ancient spirit clings closer the more mutilated the shrine.

What image of the Essayist, I won-

dered, survived in the mind of the woman who was showing his tower? A curious compound, it appeared. He was the ancient proprietor, the original family (*she* knew nothing of Eyquem, or of any still earlier race of Montaignes), but surely also a species of ogre, to lodge by choice in a tower! "He kept his wife [so she informed me in gratuitous addition, I trust, to her other knowledge by rote] in the smaller tower [a species of buttress in the old wall] where we keep a few gardening tools."

"The passing of man is as the wind's passing." Pointest thou also a moral, poor ghost, to the sentence writ on thy ceiling?

The glamor of evening light was upon the country as I rode slowly homeward. I sat awhile before leaving the high ground, at the edge of a cornfield, to watch the sun sink behind the opposite ridge. A beautiful landscape it was, blue and purple distance to infinity, where the line of low hills breaks to let the eye through. And yet—it was not the landscape I had looked for. A more broken, varied and changeable scene, abrupt hills, more capricious twists in the valley, had made surely a more suitable setting to the winding path of the Essayist's spirit. These orderly lines might well have induced a more measured march of his pen. What had Nature here to set his mind so constantly dwelling on the shapeless and diverse contexture of Man? Perhaps the scenery, as the language, more to his mind was that up in the mountains—more hardy and venturesome, as the tongue was more pithy and virile.

VI.

I mused while the sun sank. That philosophy of the Essayist—he scarce would have given it so high-sounding a name—that humor of his then; it also has its reverse side.

The constant dwelling on the doubtful faces of things did not impair his own buoyant vitality. The disclosure of petty springs under far-reaching actions, of the strait links that tie to earth our wide-soaring intellect, of the mingled ineptitude and arrogance of mankind, did not deaden the zest with which he regarded life's spectacle. But a new generation, looking, or professing to look, with the Essayist's eyes, saw life dwindled already and impoverished, the smallness of the actual diminishing also the possible. A humorous recognition of vanity leads by one step to dry withering cynicism.

In those hard-and-fast times, with faith pinned to contrary banners, zeal flung headlong into irreconcilable camps, what better corrective and solvent could there have been than the sense of man's littleness, of the limited reach of his intellect and the low range of his purpose? Tolerance among men, honor among thieves! Yet tolerance is divided by a hair's breadth from indifference. A more effete age, losing its hold on illusions, its confidence in its own power of grasping, may lose also its hold on existence. A fanatic age is at least more alive than a decadent.

As the valley lengthened out in the evening light, and as I sat in the silent air, the placable soul of the Essayist showed itself to me again, in larger shape than of wont—less familiar and intimate, but more consonant now with the broad lines of the landscape. I saw no longer the laughing philosopher, laying bare the paltry machinery beneath the fine show, but a sage brushing cobwebs aside to disclose a fair region beyond. I felt no longer a dead weight of doubt, inhibiting action; but a cool hand passed over the fevered face of humanity, stilling delirium but restoring vitality, no longer a drag upon motive-power, but a resetting to new springs of action.

Is this, then, the mind's legitimate

Macmillan's Magazine.

circle? Life has us at first in her hold, buffets us perhaps with hard circumstance, teases us oftener with fruitless expectation, or chagrins us with the inadequacy of her favors. Her hold shaken off, she may be viewed in peaceful detachment from the opposite side, from the refuge of philosophy. What if the return to life be possible? Without looking back, but completing the circle, may one arrive with forward face and eyes open, to embrace her again, though not again to attend her caprices? Not merely by the gift of illogical nature, but by deliberate choice, may life be accepted even after the complete view of her vanity? Vain circumstance, even poor human nature, would wear a different complexion if actively welcomed whatever it brought in all forms for the mind's power of energy—than when waited upon in passive expectancy. That tower of philosophy, fled to on the one side as a refuge, might command the country on the other as a stronghold, might become in very truth a citadel in the soul.

At least, the first step is reasonable—to choose energy, which is life, since life is all that is offered us, and negation is the only alternative. And that first choice grounded in the logic of reason, one is left perhaps afterwards to a life's logic, that moves not in syllogisms, to an inversion of the logical order, energy bringing faith in its train. It brings at least hope, the forerunner of faith, and trust, her attendant—trust no longer in appearance or circumstance, but a something underlying them and giving them worth.

As the peace of the evening stole over me, so a new vision of life entered my soul. I conceived it magnified in its smallness, a vast possibility casting its cloak over the poor actual. An illusion? An illusion, if it were one, whose feet were in reality, and the border of whose garment shed fragrance upon life.

A GOSPEL LEAF.

Friend, talk no more of whether death is so

Or otherwise:

Nor reason if the body lives or no

After it dies.

See, from this plane the dying leaf I tear—

Not nothing, friend, but next year's bud lies there.*

The Spectator.

W. Beach Thomas.

* It is a peculiarity of the plane leaf that the old leaf acts as a sheath to the new.

RECENT SCIENCE.

I. UNSUSPECTED RADIATIONS. II. INSECTS AND MALARIA.

I.

The sensation created five years ago by the discovery of the Röntgen rays had hardly begun to subside, and the patient, minute exploration of the newly-opened field was only just beginning when new discoveries of formerly unsuspected radiations came to add to the already great complexity of the phenomena, upsetting the provisional generalizations, raising new problems, and preparing the mind for further discoveries of a still more puzzling character. At the present time the physicist has to account for not only the kathode and the X or Röntgen rays, but also for the "secondary" or "S-rays" of Sagnac, the "Goldstein rays," the "Becquerel rays," and, in fact, for all the radiations belonging to the immense borderland between electricity and light. Nay, most fundamental questions concerning the intimate structure of matter are being raised in connection with these investigations; and the physicist cannot elude them any longer, because one of his most important principles, established by Carnot, and generally recognized since, seems also to require revision, or has, at least to receive a new interpretation.

So many different "rays" are now under consideration that it is necessary to begin by well defining them in a few words, even at the risk of repeating things already said in these pages and generally known. The "vacuum tube" is the starting point for all new radiations, and in its simplest form it is as is known, a sealed glass tube, out of which the air has been pumped, and which has at each end a piece of platinum wire passed through the glass and entering the tube. When these two wires are connected with the two poles of an induction coil, or the electrodes of an influence electrical machine, or a powerful battery, they become poles themselves. The tube begins to glow with a beautiful light, and a stream of luminous matter flows from its negative pole—the kathode—to the positive pole. These are the "kathode rays," the detailed exploration of which was begun years ago by Hittorf, but won a special interest when Crookes took them in hand, and once more when the Hungarian Professor Lenard began to study them in the years 1893-95. It is evident that the glass tube may be given any shape that is found convenient for some special purpose, and that the degree of exhaustion of air (or of any other gas with which the vessel

was filled before exhaustion), the forms and the disposition of the two poles, as also all other details of construction, may be varied at will, according to the experiments which are intended to be made. Now, if such a tube be placed inside a black cardboard muff which intercepts its light, and if it be brought into a dark room near to a screen painted with some phosphorescent substance, this substance begins to glow, although no visible light is falling upon it. If a wire be placed between the tube and the screen, its shadow appears on the screen, and if the hand be placed instead of the wire, dark shadows of the bones, but almost none of the flesh, are projected; a thick book gives, however, no shadow at all; it is transparent for these rays. Some radiations, proceeding along straight lines, must consequently issue from the tube and pass through the cardboard muff. Like light, they make the phosphorescent screen glow, move in straight lines (as they give shadows), and decompose the salts of the photographic film; but they are invisible and pass through such bodies as are opaque for ordinary light. These are the *X* or "Röntgen rays."

Various secondary rays originate from them. If the Röntgen rays meet a metallic mirror, they are not reflected by it, but simply diffused—that is, thrown irregularly in all directions; and, although they do not pass through metals as a rule, they may be made strong and penetrating enough to pass through thin metallic plates. But in both cases they will acquire some new properties which will depend upon the metal which has diffused them or through which they have passed. Some new radiations will be added to them, and these radiations were named "secondary rays," or "S rays," by M. Sagnac, who discovered them. On the other hand, if cathode rays have been passed through a perforated metallic plate, they also get altered, and in this

case they will sometimes be named "Goldstein rays." And, finally, there is a wide set of extremely interesting (also invisible) radiations emitted by phosphorescent substances. They were discovered by H. Becquerel, and are named now "Becquerel rays," or "Uranium rays." More will be said of them presently.

This is, then, the world of radiations, the very existence of which was mostly unsuspected five years ago, and which have to be explained—the difficulty being in that they link together the Hertzian waves which are now used for wireless telegraphy, the visible light, the invisible radiations in the ultra-red and the ultra-violet parts of the spectrum, to so-called "actinic" glow of various substances placed in the violet portion of the spectrum, and many other phenomena. Light, electricity, magnetism and the molecular movements of gases, liquids and solids—all these formerly separated chapters of Physics have thus been brought into a most intimate connection and huddled together by these wonderful radiations.

Thousands of most delicate experiments have been made, and hundreds of papers have been written, during the last five years, in order to determine the properties and the constitution of these different sorts of rays. Various hypotheses have been advocated, and yet scientific opinion is still hesitating, the more so as new discoveries are made all the time, and they show that we are not yet the masters of the whole series of phenomena brought under our notice. Upon one point only—and a very important one—a certain consensus of opinion begins to be established, namely, as to the cathode rays. Most explorers, including Lenard,¹ begin to be won to the idea that the cathode rays are the paths of very minute particles of matter which are thrown at a very great

¹ *Annalen der Physik*, 1898, vol. Lxiv. p. 279.

speed from the surface of the kathode and are loaded with electricity. Even under ordinary conditions, when an electric discharge takes place between one metallic electrode and the other, under the ordinary atmospheric pressure in a room, we see that most minute particles of the metal are torn off the negative electrode (the kathode) and are transported in the electric spark. Molecules of air join in the stream, creating the well-known "electric wind," and the air-path of the electric spark becomes electrified to some extent, the more so when the discharge takes place in the extremely rarefied medium of a vacuum tube.² In this case the molecules of the rarefied gas, as also the metallic particles joining the current are transported, at a much greater speed, and we see them as a cone of light.

That kathode rays are real streams of particles of matter seemed very probable already in 1896, when the subject was discussed in these pages.³ Recent researches tend to confirm more and more this idea. They act as a real molecular or atomic bombardment, and they heat the objects they fall upon; thus, a thin lamella of glass which is placed in their path will be molten.⁴ It is also known from Crookes's experiments that when a little mill is placed so as to receive them on its wings, it is set in motion; and a back-current seems to be originated at the same time, as has been demonstrated by Swinton.⁵ They are deflected from their straight path by a magnet and are twisted along

the lines of force. Besides, a weak electrostatic force has upon them the same effect, showing that they are electrified negatively. Perrin⁶ and others who followed him have proved that these rays carry negative electricity with them. If they are taken out of the vacuum tube in which they originated to another tube, and are made there to fall upon an electroscope, they discharge it. Negative electricity cannot be separated from them; it follows with them when they are deflected by a magnet; it is *their* property—not something added to them.

Moreover, it was already noticed by Crookes, and confirmed since by Professor Thomson, that most of their properties do not depend upon the nature of the gas—air, oxygen, hydrogen, etc.—with which the tube was filled first, and of which a minute quantity always remains in the tube. They appear as a property of matter altogether rather than a property of this or that gas. And when attempts were lately made to measure the sizes of the particles which are carried in the kathode rays, it was found that they are extremely minute—much smaller than the probable size of atoms—while the charges of electricity which they carry with them are relatively great.⁷

All these facts have brought Professor J. J. Thomson to the conclusion that the matter which is carried in the kathode rays, is not ordinary matter, such as we know it in our every day chemical experience, but matter in a state of a high dissociation. We know that the

² I chiefly follow here Professor J. J. Thomson, who has explained his views in several articles (*Philosophical Magazine*, October 1897, vol. xlv, 5th series, p. 293; 1898, vol. xvi p. 528; 1899, vol. xlviii p. 547. Also *Nature*, 1898, vol. lviii p. 8; 1900, vol. lxii p. 31); and also Dr. L. Zehnder, the author of a *Mechanik des Weltalls* (1897), in his address before the Freiburg Natural History Society in 1898.

³ "Recent Science," in the *Nineteenth Century*, March 1896.

⁴ Goldstein's researches into the compound nature of the kathode rays and their effects deserve a special notice. They are published in several issues of the *Annalen der Physik* for the last few years.

⁵ Swinton, in *Philosophical Magazine*, 1898, vol. xlv p. 387; Broca, *Comptes Rendus*, 1899, vol. cxviii p. 356.

⁶ *Annalen der Physik* 1898, vol. lxvi p. 1.

⁷ J. J. Thomson, *Philosophical Magazine*, vol. xlv p. 528.

molecules of all bodies in nature consist of atoms; but even these atoms, small though they must be, are giants in comparison with the particles transported in the kathode streams. Consequently, we must think that the atoms themselves are dissociated in the intensive electric field. They divide into what we may call the primary atoms of some primary matter out of which the atoms of all chemical elements must be built up, and these primary atoms are carriers of electricity.* Of course, not every molecule need be dissociated, and some experiments show that the number of dissociated molecules is really very small in comparison with their total number. If one out of each three milliards of molecules is in a state of dissociation, this will do to account for the facts and the measurements which have been made, although many more molecules may have been dissociated in the kathode stream only to be reconstructed after having exchanged atoms with their neighbors.

It must be said in favor of this hypothesis that dissociation under the action of violent electrical vibrations—*i. e.*, the breaking up of molecules into ions, or elementary atoms carrying electricity with them—is familiar to physicists. Besides, if we cannot yet specify what we mean by our atoms "carrying negative or positive electricity," we may imagine that this means carrying a certain vibratory or, perhaps, spiral movement, or any other sort of motion which we prefer not to specify in order to avoid spreading conceptions which may prove to be erroneous. But we know for certain that gases, which usually are no conductors of electricity, become conductors under the influence

of electric discharges, as also of the ultra-violet light, or even after having passed through flames. In such cases they become able to transport electricity—that is, some motion or some state unknown, which we name electricity—from one spot of space to another. A stream of dissociated and electrified particles of matter rushing in the kathode stream is thus a very probable explanation—the more so as similar streams are already admitted in order to explain the electro-chemical decomposition of salts and many properties of solutions.⁹ The kathode rays would then be "an electric dance of atoms along the lines of force," as Villari and Righi have expressed it.

One question only must be asked: Is it necessary to suppose that the molecules are so dissociated as to set free the "primary matter" out of which the atoms of all elements are composed? Theoretically, there is no objection to this view. Modern science knows that the atoms—or the "chemical individuals," as Mendeléeff would prefer to name them—are only treated as indivisible in the chemical processes in the same sense as molecules are (or rather were) treated as indivisible in physical processes. The modern physicist does not consider the atoms indivisible in the sense Democritus taught it, but in the sense in which the sun is an individual amid the boundless inter-stellar space. He is even inclined to admit that the atoms have a complicated structure and are vortex rings similar to rings of smoke (Lord Kelvin and Helmholtz), or minute systems similar to planetary systems (Mendeléeff).¹⁰ The "dissociation of atoms" would therefore be admissible; but before ad-

* Professor Thomson names them "corpuscles," but this is hardly an appropriate name for such minute subdivisions of the atoms. To the biologist it conveys an idea of organization; and in physics it was used formerly as a substitute for "molecules."

⁹ See "Recent Science" in *Nineteenth Century* August 1892, and January 1894.

¹⁰ Let me mention in connection with this a brilliant article by Mendeléeff on "Matter," in the new Russian Encyclopædic Dictionary published by Brochaus & Efron vol. vi p. 151.

mitting the ultimate dissociation advocated by J. J. Thomson, can we not find a simpler explanation? Several explorers are inclined to think so, and Dr. Villard points out one possible issue. The kathode rays are, in his opinion, mere streams of hydrogen atoms or molecules—the presence of this gas in all tubes, even the best exhausted, being explained by the particles of water sticking to the glass, or by the decomposition of the alkalis of the glass. One fact certainly speaks in favor of Villard's view; a small copper oxide plate, being so placed as to receive the kathode rays, parts with its oxygen (is reduced) just as if it had been struck by a jet of hot hydrogen. Besides, the spots where the rays fall upon the glass of the tube are blackened, and these black spots, again, are such as if they had undergone a hydrogen bombardment. Moreover, the spectroscope reveals the hydrogen line in the glowing tubes.¹¹ But all this, while proving the presence of hydrogen in the vacuum tubes, does not speak against the hypothesis of J. J. Thomson, which still remains, up till now, the most plausible explanation of the kathode rays.

And yet one feels that the last word, even about these rays, has not yet been said. Dr. Joseph Larmor was quite right when he remarked, in his suggestive address delivered before the British Association at Bradford,¹² that the study of the electrical discharge in rarefied gases has conducted us to enlarged knowledge "of the fundamental relations in which the individual molecules stand to all electrical phenomena." Up till now we took these phenomena in a block; we studied the sum total of the actions of an infinity of molecules in a certain direction. Now we are bound to question the molecule

itself as to its speed, its behavior and its constitutive parts; and we find that a mobility of its component parts must be taken into account instead of the rigidity with which we formerly endowed it.

The philosophical value of this new move in electrodynamics—the value of the principle of action being introduced into the theories of vibration of the formerly "immaterial" æther—is immense, and it is sure to bear fruit in natural philosophy altogether. Æther itself, after having resisted so long all attempts to seize its true characters, becomes dissociated matter, filling space and upsetting many an old preconceived idea. No wonder, then, if it takes us some time before our views are settled upon these new phenomena, so full of unexpected revelations and philosophical consequences.

If the kathode rays are in all probability streams of dissociated molecules which are thrown off the kathode, what are then the Röntgen or *X* rays? They certainly originate from the former, either in the spot where they strike the glass or, what appears more correct, within the tube itself, in the kathode stream. But are both of the same nature? Röntgen himself indicates many points of resemblance between the two, and considers them in his third memoir¹³ as "phenomena probably of the same nature." Lenard goes even a step further; he represents them both as parts of the same scale or of the same "magnetic spectrum;" the *X* rays, which are not deflected by a magnet, being at one end of the scale, while a series of intermediate radiations connect them with the kathode rays occupying the other end of the scale.¹⁴ Both provoke fluorescence, both produce sim-

¹¹ Dr. P. Villard, in *Revue Generale des Sciences* 1899, vol. x. p. 101.

¹² *Nature* the 6th of October, 1900, vol lxxi p. 449, gives it in full.

¹³ *Sitzungsberichte of the Berlin Academy of Sciences*, 1897, p. 576; summed up in various scientific reviews.

¹⁴ *Annalen der Physik*, 1897, vol. lxxiii p. 253.

ilar photographic and electric effects, and both have different degrees of penetration through opaque bodies, which depend upon the source of electricity and the media through which they have passed. Moreover, the X rays are certainly not homogeneous, and consist of a variety of radiations.

And yet the many analogies which have been noticed between the Röntgen rays and the ordinary light stand in opposition to a full assimilation of the X rays to the kathode streams; and the opinion that, like light, they are vibrations of the æther takes the upper hand.¹⁵ These may be vibrations of a very short wave-length, perhaps, a hundred times shorter than the waves of green light; or they may be "longitudinal vibrations," as Lord Kelvin had suggested at the outset;¹⁶ or, as Professor J. J. Thomson thinks, they may be a mixture of vibrations of different sorts—"pulsations" of the æther, as he puts it—that is, something similar to what is called "a noise" in the theory of sound.

Already in his second memoir Röntgen had indicated that his rays discharge an electrified body, both directly when they fall upon it, and by their action upon the surrounding air, which they render a conductor of electricity. This was an important remark, because the researches of the previous four years had firmly established that the violet rays—i. e., the short waves of light—as well as the invisible ultra-violet radiations, have the very same effect. A link was thus established between the problematic rays and common light, and some of the best physicists (Lord Kelvin, Righi, Perrin, Gug-

genheimer, Villari, Starke and many others) engaged in a minute experimental work in order to specify these analogies. The result was that the resemblance between the X rays and the short-waved radiations of light was proved.

A further confirmation of the same analogy was given by the discovery of the "secondary" and "tertiary" rays by the Paris professor, G. Sagnac.¹⁷ He studied what becomes of the Röntgen rays when they strike different metallic surfaces. They are not reflected by them, but only diffused irregularly; however, this diffusion differs from reflection, not only by its irregularity, but still more by the fact that the character of the "secondary" radiations (or "tertiary," if they have been diffused twice) is altered. They become more like ordinary light. Their power of penetration through opaque wood or the human flesh is diminished; and just as a phosphorescing surface which has been struck by ultra-violet radiations begins to glow with a yellow or green light—of a diminished wave-length, as G. G. Stokes had remarked it—so also the diffused secondary radiations behave as if they were of shorter wave-lengths than the rays which originated them. The space between the violet light and the Röntgen radiations is thus bridged over, their analogy with light becomes closer, and the hypothesis according to which they are treated as vibrations of the æther gains further support.

Many other curious properties of the Röntgen rays have been revealed during the last four years. The most interesting is that they are not quite "in-

¹⁵ See Gettler's objections against such an assimilation, based upon their different behavior towards electrified bodies (*Annalen der Physik*, vol. lxxi p. 65), to which it may be added that the heating effect of the first radiations is very much smaller than the same effect of the latter (E. Dorn); and compare these remarks with the anode current, the existence of which was main-

tained by Crookes since 1891. Swinton (*Phil. Mag.* 1898, xvi p. 387) confirmed its existence, and Riecke (*Ann. der Physik* xvi p. 954) has measured its energy.

¹⁶ See Nineteenth Century, March 1896, where the meaning of this suggestion was explained.

¹⁷ He gave an account of his researches in *Revue Generale des Sciences*, the 30th of April, 1898.

visible light." When they are of a great intensity they become visible. However, the portions of our retina which are excited by them are the peripheral parts only, which contain more rods than the central parts lying opposite the iris. The cones or those constituent parts of the retina which are supposed to convey to our brain the color sensations, are, on the contrary, but very slightly, if at all, irritated by the X rays.¹⁸ Then the more perfect is the vacuum in a Crookes tube, and consequently the greater is the electrical force required to originate Röntgen rays, the more penetrating they are. In such cases they pass through metals, and Röntgen himself has photographed bullets inside a double-barrelled Lefauchaux pistol, while other explorers have obtained radiograms with rays which had passed through an aluminum plate 1.4 inch thick, and even a cast-iron plate nearly one inch thick.¹⁹ The inside of a watch which had a steel lid, the inner mechanism of a lock, as also both sides of a bronze medal, were photographed in the same way; while, on the other hand, Goldstein obtained beautiful radiograms showing the internal structure of a *Nymphæa* flower, of a hermit crab inside its shell, and so on.²⁰

But the chief progress was made with the medical application of the Röntgen rays. The half-mystical enthusiasm of the first days, when they were supposed to provide a new curative method, rapidly subsided. But their usefulness for ascertaining lesions in the bones, and for the discovery of the actual position of strange bodies—bullets, needles and so on—in the human tissues, has grown in proportion as surgeons have learned better to handle them.

The pernicious effects of the invisible rays on the skin are now eliminated by shortening the time of exposure which is required to obtain a good radiogram, and the morbid effects have been traced by Russian explorers (Danilevsky, Tarkhanoff) to electric radiations altogether, rather than to the X rays themselves. Formerly it required eighteen minutes to obtain a radiogram of the hand. Now, we are told that Dr. Donath obtains in two seconds a distinct radiogram of so difficult a subject as the shoulder and the chest; while Tesla with his powerful alternate currents could show distinct shadows at a distance of 165 feet from the vacuum tube. In the hands of an able surgeon—as Professor E. Bergmann illustrated before the Association of German Naturalists and Physicians in 1899—the X rays become a most precious means of exploration. The growth of the bones, from birth till matured age, could be studied with their aid, and the various causes which retard growth (rachitism, tuberculosis) or produce midgets could be ascertained. The fearful splintering of the bones by the modern bullets, and especially by the English Dum-Dum bullet, became known, and the radiograms of Bruns showing the effects of the Dum-Dum provoked on the Continent a unanimous indignation against this bullet. Many limbs were saved during the last Greek-Turkish War by Nasse and Küttner continually resorting to radiography. So also in the Soudan War. In fractures of the kneecap the Röntgen rays have proved simply invaluable. But perhaps the best service they rendered was to demonstrate that in many cases it was far preferable to leave pellets of lead, small revolver bullets, and even Peabody-Martini bullets where they were lodged in the tissues instead of trying to get

¹⁸ Professor Elihu Thomson's address delivered before the American Association of Science in 1899 (*Science*, 1899, vol. x p. 238; translated in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, xiv p. 686.)

¹⁹ Radiguet, Sagnac, Hall Edwards.

²⁰ Max Levy, "Fortschritte der Röntgentechnik," reproduced in various periodicals.

them out. In fact, Dr. Bergmann's radiograms prove that a bullet may sometimes remain even in the lungs without occasioning any trouble. Such was the case of a German soldier who had carried a bullet in his lungs for twenty-nine years, since 1871, without knowing it. The German professor goes even so far as to maintain that there are cases when a small bullet lodged in the white mass of the brain will remain there firmly imbedded, without producing any noticeable trouble, and that there is less danger in leaving it there than in extracting it.

If Röntgen's discovery had only the effect of alleviating so many human miseries, it would already rank among the great achievements of the century. But its profound effects upon natural philosophy are far from being yet exhausted.

Every one knows the phosphorescent match-boxes provided with a white surface, which is usually protected from moisture by a glass, and glows in the darkness making the box visible at night. Sulphide of lime is generally used for making such glowing surfaces, but various compounds of barium, calcium, strontium, uranium and so on possess the same property of glowing in the dark after they have been exposed for some time to light. They are said, in this case, to "store up" light energy, which they give away afterwards; this was, at least, the explanation that used to be given some time ago.²¹ Now, it was in this rather neglected domain

that Henri Becquerel discovered the wonderful radiations which have received his name, and which, owing to the speculations they provoked as regards the theory of matter, have engrossed for the last four years the attention of physicists, even more than the Röntgen rays themselves.

It will be remembered that a phosphorescent screen which began to glow in the proximity of a vacuum tube upon which Röntgen was experimenting led him to his memorable discovery. It was only natural, therefore, to see whether phosphorescent screens would not reinforce the X rays; and in the course of such experiments M. Henry noticed that a phosphorescent sulphide of zinc gave up radiations which, like the Röntgen rays, would pass through black paper, and affect after that the photographic plate.²² M. Niewenglowski, also at Paris, made the same remark concerning a sulphide of lime previously exposed to light.²³ Then, at the next sitting of the Paris Academy of Sciences, Henri Becquerel came forward with a work on the radiations emitted by phosphorescent substances,²⁴ and this first work was followed by quite a number of papers, in which the new radiations were studied under all possible aspects. Becquerel was joined in his researches by many others, and especially by Mme. Sklodowska-Curie and her husband, M. Pierre Curie, who soon discovered with the aid of the new radiations, two new elements, and by this time the "Becquerel rays" have already a bulky literature. During the past year nearly every week brought with it the discovery of some new and

²¹ The terms "phosphorescence" and "fluorescence" are rather indiscriminately used to describe glowing after an exposure to light, as the distinction between the two, proposed by Weidemann, cannot be maintained any longer. Other causes may also provoke "luminescence:" the diamond glows after having been slightly heated, quartz after some rubbing, and gases when they are electrified. As to the many luminescent animals, such as the glow-worm, various marine animals and bacteria, we are not concerned with them now.

²² *Comptes Rendus of the Paris Academy of Sciences*, the 10th of February 1896, vol. cxxii p. 312.

²³ *Comptes Rendus of the Paris Academy of Sciences*, the 10th of February, 1896, vol. cxxii p. 386.

²⁴ *Comptes Rendus of the Paris Academy of Sciences*, the 24th of February, 1896, vol. cxxii, p. 420. Further communications in the same and subsequent volumes.

puzzling property of these radiations.²⁵

The main point of the discovery was that phosphorescent bodies emit not only the well-known glow, which is visible to our eye, but also invisible radiations, similar to the Röntgen rays. Some salts of the metal uranium, and the metal itself, need not be exposed to light for more than one-hundredth part of a second to begin to glow, and long after the glow has disappeared they continue to send out the invisible radiations affecting the photographic film for months, and even years, as it appeared later on, even though the salt or the metal remained all the time in a closed box locked in a drawer in a dark room. The Becquerel radiations are thus quite different from phosphorescence or fluorescence. They are similar in nature to the kathode rays and the Röntgen rays, with one substantial difference only. In the vacuum tube we know the force—electricity—which supplies the energy for setting the atoms or the molecules of the gas into motion; while here we see no such source of energy—the radiations continue months and years after the phosphorescent body has seen the light, and there is no notable diminution of its radiating activity. Besides, certain substances need not be influenced by light at all for sending out radiations, and this property belongs, as it appeared later on, not only to phosphorescent bodies, but to a great variety of substances, organic and inorganic, so that one has to ask oneself whether the Becquerel radiations are not a property of matter altogether.

The first experiments of Becquerel were these: A little lamina of the

double sulphide of uranium and potassium, which has a great phosphorescing power, was placed upon a black paper envelope containing a photographic film. A glass plate, or a thin plate of aluminum or of copper, was introduced between the two, and the whole was either exposed to diffused daylight or closed in a black box and put in a drawer. In a short time in the first case—in a few hours in the second—the photographic film would show that some rays had been radiated from the sulphide. They had traversed the paper and partly also the metals, though less so than the paper, and the plate bore the image or the shadow of the piece of copper.

The analogy with the Röntgen rays was thus evident, and further inquiry confirmed it. Like the kathode rays, the Becquerel radiations are deflected from their rectilinear paths by a magnet; but, like the Röntgen rays, they cannot be reflected, or broken, or polarized.²⁶ And, like the kathode rays, they render the air through which they pass a conductor of electricity; they carry electricity with them, and consequently it is most probable that they are not vibrations of the æther, but electrified particles of matter, or *ions*, like the kathode rays. And so we have the puzzle, or, at least, the quite unexpected fact, of matter radiating molecules without any electrical, or luminous, or heating cause provoking and maintaining that radiation or evaporation.

The Becquerel rays, as was just said, send electrified particles which are capable of neutralizing the electricity of other bodies with which they come into contact. The gold leaflets of a charged electroscope drop at the contact with

²⁵ The literature of the subject is already immense. The main contributions to it will be found in *Comptes Rendus*, *Philosophical Magazine*, and *Annalen der Physik*. Excellent articles for the general reader appeared in *Nature*, the 14th of June, 1900, and in *Revue Generale des*

Sciences, the 30th of January, 1899, by Mme. Sklodowska-Curie.

²⁶ In his first researches Becquerel thought that he had seen reflection and refraction of these rays; but now he has abandoned this idea (*Comptes Rendus*, 1899, vol. *cxviii* p. 771).

them.²⁷ But Becquerel was not satisfied with merely stating this fact; he immediately devised a very delicate instrument for measuring the activity of different rays given up by various bodies. Perhaps he did not realize that he was thus endowing science with a new method of analysis, which would lead, like spectrum analysis, to the discovery of new elements; but in the hands of M. Curie and Mme. Sklodowska-Curie, this method really led to the discovery of at least one element, radium, and perhaps two more—polonium and actinium.

From the very outset it became evident that compounds of uranium, and especially the metal itself, prepared in a pure state by Moissan in his electric furnace, were possessed of the greatest radio-activity. Thorium with its compounds came next. As to the other elements, nearly all of which were examined by Mme. Sklodowska, they were all much inferior to these two. It was also noticed during these researches that, as a rule, the compounds were inferior to the pure metals themselves. One metal, however, the Bohemian pitchblende, as also two others of less importance—all compounds of uranium—proved to be much more radio-active than pure uranium itself, and M. and Mme. Curie, suspecting that the pitchblende must contain some new substance more active than uranium, began a most painstaking laboratory work in order to isolate that special substance. They obtained at last a metal, identical as to its chemical properties with bismuth, but far more radio-active, and they named it polonium in honor of Mme. Sklodowska's father-

land. Then, beginning once more, in company with G. Bémont, the whole research from the beginning, in order to hunt for another very radio-active substance of which they had suspected the existence, they obtained another metal similar to barium by its chemical properties, but still more radio-active, which they named radium.²⁸ And finally A. Debierne has discovered lately by the same method a third element named actinium and chemically similar to titanium.²⁹ Mr. Crookes, while disagreeing with the Curies as regards their new elements, came also, after a long research, to some new element, or at least to some new variety of uranium, which he named "Ur X," and which in his opinion is neither polonium nor radium.³⁰ The new method of "radiation analysis" had thus completed its proofs.

Of course so long as these new elements have not been separated chemically from their nearest of kin—bismuth, barium and titanium—their existence must still remain doubtful. But the spectrum of radium has already been examined by Demarçay³¹ and by Dr. C. Runge under a very great dispersion; and the great German specialist in spectra found that radium really gives three distinct lines which belong to no other element.³²

The radio-activity of these new metals is really striking. For polonium it is 400 times, and for radium 900 times, greater than for metallic uranium. Radium illuminates a phosphorescent screen indefinitely, and its salts glow without requiring for that a preliminary excitement by light. F. Giesel, who almost simultaneously with the

²⁷ This fundamental property of the Becquerel rays was announced on the very same day by Becquerel at Paris (*Comptes Rendus*, 1897 vol. cxliv 438) and by Lord Kelvin, J. C. Beattie, and Smoluchowski Smolan at Edinburgh, before Edinburgh Royal Society (*Nature*, 1897, vol. xiv p. 447).

²⁸ *Comptes Rendus*, 1899, vol. cxxvii p. 1215.

²⁹ *Comptes Rendus*, 1900 vol. cxxx p. 906.

³⁰ Proceedings of the Royal Society, the 10th of May, 1900.

³¹ *Revue Generale des Sciences* the 30th of September, 1900, gives a photograph of this spectrum.

³² *Annalen der Physik* 1900 4th series, vol. ii p. 742. Polonium gave no characteristic lines.

Curies obtained a substance that must be radium, saw the chloride and bromide of this substance, although chemically identical with the same compounds of barium, sending such strong rays that the shadow of a hand appeared on a phosphorescent screen at a distance of 18 inches and the rays pierced metallic plates 4-10 and 8-10 of an inch thick. Salts containing an admixture of the new substance were so phosphorescent that one could read in their blue light. As to polonium, although a pure specimen of it was as phosphorescent as pure radium, its invisible rays had, however, a much smaller penetrating power; even cardboard would weaken them.²³

The main interest of these researches is, however, in the problematic nature of the Becquerel radiations. Are they not a general property of matter, only varying in degree in different substances?—this is the question which is now asked. Some thirty or thirty-five years ago it was mentioned in some scientific reviews that various objects—a printed page or a piece of metal—left their impressions on a white sheet of paper if the two had been kept for some time at a small distance from each other. These experiments, which seemed to prove the existence of some sort of radiation of matter, interested me then a great deal because they gave support to a very ingenious theory, developed by Séguin, concerning the existence of infinitely small particles of matter dashing in all directions through space and penetrating matter. With the aid of these particles, Séguin endeavored to explain gravitation, heat, light and electricity. Now, W. J. Russell, continuing the experiments of Collson on zinc and other metals,²⁴ laid be-

fore the Royal Society, in the autumn of 1897, and later on, with more details, in a Bakerian lecture, experiments having very much the same purport. He found that certain metals (magnesium, cadmium, zinc, nickel, etc.) and certain organic bodies (printing-ink, varnishes) will act on a photographic plate by their "emanations," exactly as if the plate had been acted upon by light—the boiled oil of the printing-ink and the turpentine in varnish being the active substances. Remarkably clear photographs of a printed page and a lithographic print were thus obtained without the aid of light. Many organic substances act in the same way, and a piece of old dry board gives its likeness simply after having been laid for some time over a photographic film; while a plate of polished zinc, separated from the film by a sheet of paper, will send its radiations through the paper and give a photographic reproduction of its water-marks.²⁵

In what relation these "emanations" stand to the Becquerel rays cannot yet be determined. But it becomes more and more certain that, like the kathode rays, the Becquerel radiations also consist of material particles projected from the radio-active bodies and carrying electricity with them. They may possibly be accompanied by vibrations of æther of the nature of light, but the fact of a real transport of particles of matter is rendered more and more apparent by the researches of Becquerel, the Curies, Elster and Geitel,²⁶ and Rutherford.²⁷ The "emanations" from thorium compounds are even affected by draughts in the room. But these emanations are neither dust nor vapors. They must be atoms, or ions, of the radiating body.

²³ *Physikalische Zeitschrift*, vol. 1 1900 p. 16.

²⁴ *Comptes Rendus*, 1896 vol. cxviii p. 49.

²⁵ *Proceedings of the Royal Society*, vol. lxi p. 424. Bakerian lectures delivered on the 24th of March, 1898; *Nature*, the 28th of April, vol. lvii p. 607.

²⁶ *Verhandlungen der deutschen physischen Gesellschaft*, 1900, p. 5 summed up in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, vol. xv p. 106.

²⁷ *Philosophical Magazine*, 1899, vol. xlvii p. 109; 1900 vol. xlv pp. 1, 161.

and they communicate radio-activity, and consequently the power of discharging electricity, to the surfaces of the bodies with which they come in contact. From glass that "acquired" activity may be washed away, while to other bodies it clings like a sprinkling of the "jack-frost" powder, and M. Curie is described in *Nature* as being unable for a time to make electrostatic experiments on account of this "acquired" radio-activity.³⁸ Moreover, the Becquerel radiations exercise a chemical action; they ozonify air, as they "ionize" it, and a glass bottle which contains salts of radium takes a violet color, thus showing that chemical processes are provoked by the radiations.³⁹

Many problems relative to the structure and life of matter have thus been raised by these researches. Various hypotheses are offered to explain them, and J. J. Thomson's hypothesis—a further development of his cathode-rays hypothesis—appears, after all, the most probable. The molecules of which all bodies are composed are not something rigid. They *live*; that is, an atom or a "corpuscle" is continually being detached from this or that molecule and it wanders through the gas, the liquid, or even through the solid;⁴⁰ another atom (or corpuscle) may next take its place in the broken molecule, and so a continual exchange of matter takes place within the gaseous, liquid or solid bodies, the wandering "corpuscles" always carrying with them the sort of motion which we call an electrical charge. Those atoms or corpuscles which escape from the surface of the body would give what we call now

Becquerel rays, and it would not be a simple coincidence that those two elements which possess the greatest atomic weights, and consequently have the most complex molecules, "possess also the highest radio-activity. We know that in solutions the so-called unstable compounds play an immense part; they are continually broken up, losing part of their atoms, and are continually reconstituted as they take in new atoms. And we know that in living matter the most compound molecules—those of albumen—are those which are split up most easily, and that what we call life consists in a continual splitting up and rebuilding of these molecules. Are not the Becquerel radiations revealing to us that continual splitting and rebuilding of molecules which constitute the life of both inorganic and organic matter? These are the grave questions which natural philosophers are brought to ask themselves, and which will certainly require many more patient researches.

II.

Few human diseases are so widely spread and few so much paralyze the vital forces of man as malaria does, both in its distinct and its insidious forms. At the same time it is one of the greatest obstacles to colonization. Its ravages among the settlers in new countries, before the thickets in the wood have been cleared and the ponds and marshes have been dried, are simply incalculable; and one could lately read in a monograph on malaria in

³⁸ See E. Rutherford's paper in *Philosophical Magazine*, 1900, vol. xlix p. 161; also *Nature*.

³⁹ A salt of uranium may be submitted to absolutely any chemical transformations, but when you return to the salt from which you started in your work you find in it the very same electrical radio-activity which it had at the start. Impurities do not affect it. The radiation seems thus to belong to the molecule of uranium, and

hardly to be influenced by external causes (Skłodowska-Curie. In *Revue Generale*, 1899, x p. 47).

⁴⁰ Compare with Roberts-Austen's researches on the permeation of solid metals mentioned in a previous "Recent Science" article.

⁴¹ Thorium, 232.6; uranium, 239.6. Both belong to the twelfth and last series of Mendeleeff. The atomic weight of radium must be greater than 174 (*Comptes Rendus*, cxxxi p. 382).

Caucasia that this disease, which is at its worst in the low and fertile portions of that territory, has contributed more to the repulse of invaders than even the inaccessible mountains themselves.⁴² Even in civilized countries, and especially in Italy, millions of acres of fertile land lie waste on account of the ague. It is easy, therefore to understand of what an importance is the discovery of the parasite which occasions malaria, of its modes of propagation and of the main agents of infection—the gnats.

It was the French doctor Laveran who, after a stay in a deadly malarial region of Algeria, discovered the malaria parasite in 1880.⁴³ True, that pigment-cells, which we should now describe as malaria-parasites, were observed in human blood as early as 1835, among others by Virchow; but their relation to the disease was not known. In 1881, Laveran embodied his researches in a book,⁴⁴ but its importance was overlooked. Bacteria attracted then general attention, and Laveran's parasite, not being a bacterium, was little thought of. He stuck, nevertheless, to his discovery, and was soon joined in his researches by Golgi (the Italian professor to whom we owe the method that led to the discovery of the neurons), as also by Marchiafava, Celli, Councilman, Sternberg and the Vienne doctor Mannaberg, who published in 1893 a full compendium of these researches.⁴⁵ Dr. Mannaberg proved in this book that the real cause of malaria is Laveran's parasite, and he told its most interesting life-history so far as it was then known.

The parasite of malaria is not a bacterium. It is one of the protozoa—namely, as it appeared later on, a coccidium, which, like all other members

of that family, undergoes in its development a series of transformations. It appears first as an amœba developed from a spore, and, like all amœbæ, it protrudes pseudopodia and moves about. It is adapted to life within a red corpuscle of the blood, upon which it feeds and which it gradually destroys, leaving in a vacuole of its body its waste produce in the shape of characteristic dark pigment spots. It soon fills up nearly the whole of the red corpuscle, and then begins to subdivide into from six to twenty sectors, grouped round a central pigment mass like the petals of a flower. These sectors gradually grow round, separate, and each of them becomes a spore which gives origin to a new amœba; and this process of reproduction continues so long as the fever keeps hold of the patient. When the subdivision of the amœba begins, there begins also the paroxysm of the fever—once every twenty-four hours, or once every second, third or fourth day. This was fully proved, and it appeared, moreover, probable that the diurnal, bi-diurnal, tertian and quartan malaria were characterized each by a special variety of the same parasite.

Another important observation was made by Laveran, and next by Golgi. Besides these amœboid bodies Laveran saw that some parasites (*corps à flagelles*) would send out thin and long flagella which soon parted company with the mother body, and owing to a proper heliocoidal movement, disappeared in a plasma of the blood. This never happened, however, in the body of man, but only when a drop of his infected blood was drawn and placed on the glass plate under the microscope. Laveran noticed, moreover, minute "crescent-shaped bodies" which ad-

⁴² Pantukhoff, in Caucasian Calendar for 1890.

⁴³ Ten years before, Ray Lankester had discovered a similar parasite in the blood of batrachians.

⁴⁴ *Nature parasitaire des accidents de l'impaludisme*, Paris, 1881.

⁴⁵ Dr. J. Mannaberg, *Die Malaria-parasiten*, Vienna, 1893.

hered to the red corpuscles and looked very much like cysts, protected by a harder envelope. From fifteen to twenty minutes after these bodies had been placed under the microscope, they also gave origin to a great number of "flagella;" and this evolution, too, he remarked seemed to be accomplished only when the cysts were taken out of the human body.

It was only natural to conclude from these observations that the further development of the flagella may take place in the body of some other animal than man, and this consideration brought Laveran, in a book which he published in 1884, to the idea that, taking into consideration the quantities of mosquitoes in malarial countries, they may be the agents of transition of malaria.*

This remark passed, however, unperceived. Many had the suspicion that gnats may play some part in the inoculation of malaria; the Italian peasants always thought so, and in the medical literature an American doctor, Mr. King, had advocated the same idea. But the complete life-history of the malaria parasite being not yet known fifteen years ago, the necessity of the mosquito or of some other living being serving as a host for the completion of the reproduction-cycle was not understood. Consequently, little attention was paid to the subject.

Help came now from a different quarter—namely, from an extensive series of researches which were made into the modes of reproduction of the tiny unicellular organisms, or protozoa, and especially of one of them, a coccidium

which infests sometimes the epithelium cells of the intestine and the biliary canals of the rabbit. It would be too long to tell here the history of these memorable researches, inaugurated by R. Pfeiffer in 1892,⁴ and continued by Simond, Léger, Siedlecki, Schaudinn and many others.⁴ Sufficient to say that two sorts of reproduction were found with this coccidium. One is similar to that just described for the malaria parasite. The coccidium grows, and then subdivides into sectors, each of which becomes a spore giving origin to a new individual. This is its simplest mode of reproduction; but there is also a more complicated one, during which a portion of the cells store a great quantity of materials, in order to give origin to minute cells playing the part of ovula in higher animals; while the others give origin to little lively bodies provided with flagella, which unite with what might be named the ovula of the former, and after that cover themselves with a protective layer, thus forming a cyst. These cysts are evacuated, and, after having been swallowed by another rabbit with its food, they give origin to spores, from which the original parasite is born.

A perfect analogy was thus established by this great biological discovery between reproduction in higher animals and one mode of it in the lowest and simplest unicellular organisms.

Exactly the same thing was found later on with the malaria parasite. Its simpler reproduction we have seen; but it has also a more complicated mode of reproduction during which some of the crescent-shaped bodies will be filled

* *Traité des fièvres palustres*, 1884; also Dr. F. Mesnil in an elaborated paper on "Coccidies et paludisme," in *Revue Generale des Sciences*, 1899 Nov. 6 and 7. I follow Dr. Mesnil in these lines.

⁴ R. Pfeiffer, *Beiträge zur Protozoen-Forschung*: I. Die Coccidien-Krankheit der Kaulnchen, Berlin, 1892. Koch's Mosquito-Hypothesis of malaria, p. 22.

⁴ A bibliography of these works will be found in the already mentioned article by Dr. F. Mesnil in *Revue Generale des Sciences*. Schaudinn's researches were published in the *Abhandlungen der Berlin Academy* 1898, and in *Sitzungsberichte der Ges. der naturf. Freunde*, Berlin, 1899, and were fully analyzed by Dr. Koenen in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau* 1900, vol. xv 4 sq.

with what corresponds to ovulæ, while the others will give origin to tiny organisms provided with flagella which join the ovule and form "oocysts." This process, however, seldom if ever takes place in the warm blood of man. It seems to require a cooler medium to stimulate it, and this medium is offered in the intestine of a gnat, after it has sucked the blood of a malaria patient infected with crescent-shaped bodies. The copulated cyst then furrows itself into the epithelium of the gnat's intestine; it grows and then bursts, giving origin to numerous spores ("sporozoites"), which are carried by the lymph to the salivary glands of the gnat; and when the insect next sucks a man's or a bird's blood, it introduces the sporozoites into the blood of its victim. Malaria follows; but without the gnat, in whose intestine one phasis of the life-history of the parasite is accomplished, malaria would not be transmitted so easily from one sick person to another.

For simplicity's sake I have given here the whole process as it is understood nowadays. But it is evident that when these researches were still in progress, it was the discovery of the complicated life-history of the coccidia which gave support to the mosquito hypothesis.⁴⁹ Then another group of researches also helped it. Danilewsky had noticed in 1890 the existence of a unicellular parasite, quite similar to Laveran's, in the blood of birds. Sakharoff continued his work in 1893, and Professor W. G. MacCallum and E. L. Opie undertook to study for this purpose American birds.⁵⁰ They found in them both the just mentioned forms of the malaria parasite; the amoeba-like

being multiplying by subdivision and probably producing the fever which is said to recur in birds every third or fourth day and also the cells provided with flagella. MacCallum even saw under the microscope that sort of reproduction which Schaudinn and Siedlecki saw so distinctly with the coccidia.

More decisive steps could now be taken to verify the mosquito-hypothesis. It was endorsed by Dr. Patrick Manson who had demonstrated the part played by the gnat in the transmission to man of a filaria, and he induced, in 1895, Surgeon-Major Ross, of the Indian Medical Service, to verify that hypothesis. On the other side, a society for the investigation of malaria was formed in Italy, and the Italian explorers of malaria, Celli, Grassi, Bignami, Bastanielli and Dionisi, as also Dr. R. Koch, continued their work in the ague-stricken provinces of Italy. Dr. Ross conducted his inquiry in South India in a truly admirable scientific spirit. For two years in succession he used to breed mosquitoes from the pupæ, and to feed them on the blood of malaria patients, hunting afterwards in their organs for a parasite similar to the malarial "hemamoeba" of man. He had already dissected a thousand of the brindled and gray mosquitoes—but in vain. One can easily imagine what it means dissecting a thousand gnats under the microscope, hunting for parasites in the epithelial cells of the gnats' intestines. And yet Dr. Ross did not abandon his work. At last, in August, 1897, he found in two individuals of the large dapple-winged species epithelial cells containing the characteristic malarial pigment. Preparations of these

⁴⁹ Several books were published about that time, besides L. Pfeiffer's work in order to familiarise doctors and veterinarians with these researches. Wasielewsky's *Sporozoenkunde*, Jena, 1896, G. Schneidmuhl's *Die Protozoen als Krankheitserreger des Menschen und der Haustiere*, Leipzig 1898, and Dr. Manson's *Tropical Diseases*, 1898, deserves special mention. Dr.

Laveran also published a work, *Traité du paludisme*, Paris, 1897, which contains a full bibliography of the subject. English translation, 1898, by J. W. Martin.

⁵⁰ Professor MacCallum, in *Journal of Experimental Medicine* 1898, vol. III 103 117; E. L. Opie in same periodical, III 70.

cells were sent to London and were recognized by specialists, including Laveran, as rendering the discovery of malarial parasites in gnats very probable.⁵¹

Professor MacCallum's discovery having been published in the meantime, Dr. Ross, now transferred to Calcutta, directed his researches towards the malarial parasites of birds.⁵² Some birds, as is known, suffer from malaria. Consequently, out of thirty healthy gnats raised from pupæ, ten were fed on much infected sparrows, ten on less infected ones, and ten on quite healthy birds. The results this time were most satisfactory. The malaria parasites were found in the gnats, and their evolution was followed as far as the presence of the "sporozoites" in the salivary glands of the gnats.⁵³

There then remained only to see whether infected mosquitoes would transmit the infection to birds. This was also done by Dr. Ross. He took about a hundred sparrows whose blood was examined beforehand and found free of malaria parasites. Half of them he then brought in contact with infected mosquitoes under a special net, while the other half he guaranteed from a contact with the gnats. Four-fifths of the first lot had their blood infected with the malarial proteosoma, but none of the second lot; however, when the birds of this lot were also ex-

posed to the bites of the infected gnats, they also got the parasite in the same proportion.⁵⁴ The proof was thus conclusive; and when the Italian explorers, as also Koch, repeated Ross's experiments on birds, they fully confirmed them.

The Italian explorers now made in their turn a further step.⁵⁵ They cultivated the malaria parasite of man in mosquitoes (*Anopheles claviger*) and studied the full cycle of its reproduction, as it has been told on a preceding page.

They made experiments in order to infect man with malaria through the intermediary of gnats. Several persons who had never before suffered from malaria—among them the explorers themselves—volunteered to sit in a room in which mosquitoes caught in malarial regions had been set free, and to be bitten by them. Some of these persons passed through the ordeal without infection, but others really got the disease, and one of them took it in a very heavy form. On the other hand, when Grassi with a family of workers who had come for work to an extremely malarial district, bringing with them their five small children (children are especially liable to get malaria), slept eight nights during the worst malarial season with an open window protected by a wire grate which excluded gnats, none of them caught the disease.⁵⁶

⁵¹ British Medical Journal, the 18th of December 1897, p. 1788. Dr. Ross's letter was followed by notes by Dr. Manson, Bland Sutton, and Dr. Thin. A further communication of Ross to the same Journal (the 26th of February, 1898, p. 550) announced the discovery of the same cells in two more gnats.

⁵² Dr. Manson, in same periodical, the 18th of June, 1898, p. 1575.

⁵³ See Dr. Manson's address before the British Medical Association at Edinburgh in July 1898 (British Medical Journal the 24th of September, p. 849). Dr. Daniels's Report about his visit to Dr. Ross and the researches they made upon Ross's specimens for determining the life-history of the parasite, is full of a deep interest (Nature, the 3rd of August, 1899, ix 382).

⁵⁴ Dr. Ross's lecture before the Royal Institution, the 2nd of March, 1900 (Nature, lxi. p. 522), in which all the exploration is told in detail.

⁵⁵ B. Grassi "Cultivation of the Crescent-shaped Malaria Parasite of Man in a Mosquito (*Anopheles claviger*)" and "On the Spreading of Malaria by Mosquitoes," in Rendiconti of the Academy del Lincei, November 1898; Grassi, Biglami and Bastianelli, "Further Researches, into the Development-cycle of the Malaria Parasite of Man in the Body of Mosquitoes," Rendiconti, December 1898; Grassi and Dionisi, "Development-cycle of Haemosporides," December 1898; Celli's. "Yearly Report of the Italian Malaria Society for 1898," in various periodicals.

⁵⁶ Paper read at Munich in September 1899, before the German Association.

Then Grassi undertook a study—not yet terminated—in order to see which species of gnats, in different parts of Italy and in Sicily, carry with them the infection. The big *Anopheles claviger*, quite common in the worst malarial districts, proved to be the chief culprit. As to the common species, *Culex pipiens*, which was very much suspected of mischief, it proved, on the contrary, to be innocent as regards man; it carries about the bird parasite, but not that of man. Besides, Dionisi discovered the human parasite of malaria in some bats.

Further evidence now accumulated at a rapid pace owing to the combined energies of both the Italian Society for the Study of Malaria and the London and Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. In order to prove that gnats are the chief agents in the spreading of malaria—not air, drinking-water, or emanations from marshes—it was necessary to show that men protected from gnat-bites could live during the bad season in a malarial district without catching the disease. Consequently Dr. Sambon and Dr. Low, of the London School, chose a most malarial and marshy spot in the Roman Campagna near Ostia, and volunteered to stay there during the worst part of the malarial season, in a gnat-proof hut, retiring to it one hour before sunset and not leaving it before one hour past sunrise. The experiment was quite successful; on the 13th of September both were found by Grassi in excellent health. As to Grassi, he made his experiment on a grand scale. He induced 104 railway employes who stay with their families in ten railway cottages in the deadly malarial district of Capaccio, near Salerno, to strictly follow his instructions. That is to retire to their cottages, rendered gnat-proof, at the same hours and to otherwise protect themselves from gnat-bites. Several of them had previously suffered

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from malaria; nevertheless, on the 16th of September only three persons out of the 104 had contracted the illness.⁵⁷

And finally the members of the malaria expedition of the Liverpool School, who had been sent under Dr. Elliott to Nigeria, after having spent there four months, living practically amongst marshes and in places regarded as deadly malarial, returned all in perfect health. Their only precaution was the careful use of the mosquito-nets at night.

The counter experiment, already made in Italy, was repeated in London under still more convincing circumstances. Gnats fed under Professor Bastianelli's supervision on the blood of a sufferer from malaria at Rome, were sent last July to London. A son of Dr. Manson volunteered to submit to their bites, and soon was suffering from a distinctly malarial infection; the microscopic examination of his blood showed the presence in it of the malarial parasite.

Such is the present state of these researches. They certainly do not prove that there are no other causes of malarial infection but the bites of insects; but they strongly militate in favor of the assertion that insects' bites are the main agents in spreading the infection, and that all measures should be taken for the destruction of gnats in small pools and marshes near human dwellings, as well as all measures of protection from gnat-bites. With the plague at our doors, and the certitude that rats, mice, flies, gnats, fleas, etc., are active agents of its propagation, this discovery acquires a wide importance. As to the researches themselves, they offer an admirable illustration of the combined work of pure science and applied science, as well as of the international character of science divested of national rivalries.

P. Kropotkin.

⁵⁷ Nature, the 11th of October 1900, vol lxi p. 578.

AN AMAZING VAGABOND.

The ne'er-do-well is not always so pitiable as he is painted. Society often loves the fool of its family, and not seldom does a handsome scamp possess passports which no amount of mere honesty and sobriety can obtain. The history of notable and entertaining persons opens the page on many a Barry Lyndon, who by sheer impudence and raffishness has won his way to fortune and more luck than he deserved. Often enough, too, they have had the indulgence of an easy-going tolerance which in this sterner age has become almost impossible.

And this, too, was the luck of that amazing vagabond and scamp, Bampfylde Moore Carew, who, born a Devonshire Carew and godfathered by noblemen, in early life became a roving gypsy, and in that capacity and in countless disguises, tramped and cheated and masqueraded in every part of the southern and western counties of England—not to speak of the Continent and America. So daring were his exploits and such his genius for lying that he became as famous as he was successful, and was elected "king" of the gypsies while still a young man. Cousin to half the best blood in Cornwall, Devon and Somerset, he took a special delight in victimizing the class from which he sprang; and to this day one of the most interesting features of his extraordinary career lies in the fact that he imposed an unparalleled series of audacious tricks on the well-known men of a century and a half ago, whose names are very familiar to us as borne by their descendants to-day, who live and flourish in the very homes in which Carew the Gypsy King played with the credulity and misused the benevolence of their forefathers.

To a man like myself, born and reared in the West, such a past is no mere history. I can follow every furlong of the road along which Bampfylde Carew limped—as the soundest cripple thereabouts—from Exeter to Axminster; every yard of his path as he went up to "Squire" Portman's house to impose audaciously upon him; every step of the way he went from Halswell to the spot where, disguised as a most respectable old housewife, he had a terrible fit in the road, and so extracted the dole which Sir Charles Tynte—the Tyntes are still at Halswell—had sworn he would never give to Carew, disguise himself as he would! That strange visit to the Lord Weymouth of his day; that escapade at Taunton, with its sequel in the jail; the pranks at Dunster; the rout of the Revenue officers on the coast of South Devon, when there was something in smuggling and smuggling was something—these and a hundred more of such incidents are so connected with historic names and well-known places that no dweller in Wessex could fail to find an almost personal interest in the history of this well-bred and ill-conditioned scamp; while the story of his life, not to speak of its problems, has a whimsical charm for his fellow-sinners on earth—at any rate, as long as their pulses beat quick and their blood runs warm.

Bampfylde Moore Carew was the son of Theodore Carew, rector of Bickleigh, or Bickley, near Tiverton, and was born in July, 1693. It was a family living, and is to this day held by a Carew. His Christian names were those of his godfathers who "tossed up" to decide whose should come first. In due course he went to that good old centre of flogging and letters, Blundell's School, at

Tiverton, and here it was that the crisis in his life came to him. For at that time the schoolboys of Tiverton kept up between them a pack of hounds, and Carew had distinguished himself above his fellows by his powers of running and jumping, and by a "Hi, tantivy-tantivy!" of such merit that we must suppose it was not unlike John Peel's, whose "view-halloa would waken the dead or a fox from his lair in the morning." He also learnt, probably from some keeper of the better sort (and they are made from penitent poachers), a method of enticing dogs to obey and follow him—no slight accomplishment for those sons of the soil who so love the fat game that, having none of their own, they cannot rest until they acquire that of their neighbors. All these accomplishments stood him in good stead in later life, and "The Dog Stealer" became one of his most common and not undeserved sobriquets. Curiously enough, the pack of hounds was permitted by the school authorities, even when used for a questionable variety of sporting purposes, though the fox was, of course, the supreme quarry. Now, just before harvest-time one year, as ill-luck would have it, a red deer wandered into the neighborhood of Tiverton; and promptly enough the Tiverton School pack followed in pursuit. A grand run of many miles ended in the death of the deer—and enormous damage to the standing crops; and this speedily brought a deputation of yeomen and farmers to the school, and the ring-leaders were identified. The headmaster (a proficient of the birch) promised them a most drastic punishment, and, to make the more of it, held it over them until the next day.

But on the morrow Carew and three of his schoolfellows—Escott, Coleman and Martin—ran away from the horrors they could well imagine, and, falling in with a band of gypsies, then and

there joined them, cheerfully taking the oaths and going through the rude ritual imposed by gypsy custom. It is curious to note, by the way, that although all four were sons of persons of position and means, they never entirely turned their backs on people whom they then joined. Interludes of home-life there were, and circumstances in two cases ultimately brought responsibilities which could not well be shirked; but to the end all four retained an affection for the vagabond's life and exhibited a loyalty to the "Priggers," "Prancers," "Rufflers," "Swaddlers" and "Doxies"—as the gypsies are known among themselves—which I cannot help thinking should be put down to their credit.

Carew was now about sixteen years of age, and, just as he had shown himself to be apt at all his school work, so he soon proved to be as quick at acquiring the gypsy "cant" and lore. His superior education, his gift of ready speech, and the energy with which he threw himself into all the "cunning arts" of the gypsies, very soon gained him a reputation through the country-side; and when the gypsies wished to "cut bene whiddies," or prophesy smooth things to some fine lady, they selected him as likely to do the work best. He thus became their "dimber-damber man," which is equivalent to saying, I fear, that he was a prince among the rogues—the completest cheat of them all. His first opportunity was not long in coming, for no less a person than Lady Musgrave consulted him about a large sum of money which she believed to be secreted about her house. Carew, after an elaborate performance of ritual, gave it as his opinion that she was right, that the treasure lay near a particular tree, and that the day and hour for discovering it had been placed by the constellations exactly seven days forward from that time. Overjoyed by this confirmation

of her suspicions, the good soul gave him twenty guineas for his prophecy; but I regret to add that when seven days had elapsed Carew was far away, and no treasure could be found under any tree, dig however deep and wide ten sturdy laborers would!

After some time, compunction for the sorrow which his career was causing his parents, brought him back to Bickley. Here he stayed for several months; but in spite of all the natural ties of affection, he could not be happy, and one day he stole away and again joined the band with which he had formerly travelled. The next art he mastered was that of rat-catching and that of curing fits in cattle and dogs; and true to his new character, he now clothed himself in an old blanket as covering for his body, while of shoes and stockings he had none. He played, in fact, the part of "Poor mad Tom"—"Tom's a-cold! Who gives anything to poor Tom?" He would beat himself, eat coals, butt the wall, tear any garments given him, and generally play "the natural"—who, in country villages, is often considered endowed with special medical powers. By this means revenue poured in steadily for some time, and then, when his ground had been well covered, he reappeared as a poor farmer, ruined by a flood in which all his cattle had been drowned. Again was the metamorphosis complete, for now he was respectably dressed, and very quiet and simple became his demeanor. He went about with a wife and seven children—commodities always at hand and on hire in a gypsy gang. Such a wife is known by the gypsies as an "autem-mort"—i. e., a church-woman or married woman—not because she is necessarily going about with her husband, or is even married, but because she is accompanied by several children, though none of them need be her own! Disguise followed disguise, and I doubt not that he learnt in

his uninterrupted campaign against human credulity a good many useful facts connected with human character. But Carew was not content. His passion for land-wandering grew into one for earth-wandering. He wanted to know more of the world, and, falling in at Dartmouth with his old schoolfellow Escott, still playing the gypsy, the two worked their passage to Newfoundland. *Cæsum non animum mutant*, and with his chosen career never out of his mind, Carew simply treated the island as a mine for future mendicant purposes. He lost no opportunity of ascertaining everything known about everybody of importance, and after the fishing season was over, set sail again for England, disembarking at Dartmouth. Within twenty-four hours he was earning a good living as an unfortunate sailor who, coming back from Newfoundland, had lost his all by shipwreck. He particularly sought out the merchants of Bristol and Plymouth, who traded with Newfoundland largely, and in proportion to the intimate information he could give them of that island did he receive of their abundance. The only change he made in this story was the date of the catastrophe and the name of the ship; for, with the sense of the claims of a topical event and an imaginative versatility which would have done credit to a modern journalist, Carew seldom let a shipwreck pass without turning it to account. Whenever the news of such a disaster reached the country, whether she had sailed from Weymouth or Poole or Plymouth or Bristol, Carew quickly appeared in the neighborhood of those places, the one survivor of the melancholy event! His month or two at sea and month or two in Newfoundland were well invested.

The next event in his life was his marriage—an elopement with a Miss Grey, the daughter of a surgeon at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He represented

himself to be a mate of a trading vessel then lying in the Tyne, and the lady, impressed by his good looks and soft words, consented to fly with him. As a matter of fact, she sailed with him—in a ship commanded by a friend of his, was very uncomfortable in the North Sea and the Channel for a number of days, and on arriving at Dartmouth, very downcast to learn that after all her husband was a gypsy and only a mate for her. But she was much stricken in love, and remembering that below all his disguises there lay, or slumbered, the gentleman, she forgave him, and extraordinary though it may seem, they remained throughout a long life devoted lovers. It is true they were seldom long together; months, and sometimes a year or more elapsed without their hearing of or seeing each other; but to the end they were devoted man and wife, and, when together, as happy as any couple could be.

It was not long before Carew was on the road again. The newly-married couple had stayed for a short time at Porchester with Carew's uncle, a well-to-do clergyman, who had offered to make him his heir if he would give up the vagabond life. But Carew could not be attracted by anything so secure, and within a week, taking his cue, as always, from his latest surroundings, was walking through Dorset and Somerset dressed in the gown and bands of a clergyman, mournfully and piously explaining to those he met that, although he had a wife and seven children, conscience had bidden him resign his Welsh living rather than take oath to the new government, the policy of which was so against his moral convictions. His extreme modesty scarcely permitted him to accept the many favors which his pious resignation extracted from the benevolent; but nevertheless, he had nothing to complain of for some time. Suddenly, however,

the country was horrified by news of a terrible shipwreck in the Bristol Channel, in which many Quakers, bound for Philadelphia, lost their lives; and as Somerset was somewhat of a Quaker stronghold, he flung away his gown and bands, turned down the flaps of his hat, and "thee'd" and "thou'd" all and sundry as he related his providential and marvelous escape from drowning in the recent shipwreck. And this way came revenue exceeding.

An amusing story is told of the rapidity with which this "lightning artist" changed his rôle. He knew the Portmans well, but when he called at Bryanston disguised as a rat-catcher they failed to recognize him. A clergyman present, however, declared him to be a Carew, and this was admitted by the rat-catcher. Thereupon Mr. Pleydell, who happened to be there—Portmans and Pleydells still flourish exceedingly on the same soil—expressed his pleasure at meeting Carew at last; he had heard so much of him but had never seen him before. "What!" exclaimed Carew, "do you not remember the poor wretch, with no shirt to his back nor stockings to his feet, who had been cast away on the French coast, and the rest of the crew drowned, to whom you gave a guinea and a suit of clothes?" "Yes, I do remember that poor object," was the reply. And then, to the amazement of those present, Carew avowed himself the sailor. Thereupon Mr. Pleydell and Mr. Seymer of Hanford (his descendants are still to be found there) laid him a guinea apiece they would know him again; and Carew took the bets eagerly. And the very next day an old woman with a frill and high hat, and hooped petticoats, and two children holding on to them while a third lay in her arms, came to Mr. Pleydell's with a terrible tale of the dreadful fire which had just happened at Kirton, hard by, and of the total loss of all she owned. As she was loitering

about in the yard, Mr. Pleydell and several friends came in from shooting, and one of them asking where she hailed from was told "From Kirton, your honor;" and thereupon she began again her tale of woe. "D—n you!" said a worthy magistrate, "there's been more money collected for Kirton than ever Kirton was worth!" but he gave her a shilling, and Mr. Pleydell gave her half a crown, Mr. Seymer another, and so on. Then, as they were going into the house, a loud "Hi, tantivy-tantivy!" from the snuffing old woman first amazed and then vastly amused them; for, after all, Carew had won his bets.

It seems to me that Carew must have obtained a certain measure of artistic enjoyment from these endless tricks. He was a mummer as well as a "mumper." He showed again and again that he took an especial pleasure in performing deft and daring tricks, and simply because they were just that. He was particularly fond of getting a donation twice or even three times in one day from the same philanthropist—not a mean performance for either side! Thus, in the morning he would be an unfortunate blacksmith, and in the afternoon a disabled sailor; or an old granny with five orphans depending on her at one time, and a one-legged cripple at another. He was Presbyterian, Quaker, Baptist, Roman Catholic and sound English Churchman, according to the profession of his prey. The Duke of Bolton, the Bouveries, Northcotes, Aclands, Dykes, Arundells, and his cousins the Coplestones, Courtenays and Cliffords—all unconsciously paid toll to him again and again, always in a new guise and in response to a new tale. Whenever he happened to be discovered he was almost invariably treated with the utmost good-humor and friendliness. His fame had gone abroad and people knew well that he was no ordinary scamp.

A remarkable story in connection with Carew is told of the Lord Weymouth of that day—the Marquisate of Bath was not created till later. Carew was playing at the time the part of a shipwrecked sailor, and he fell in with another mendicant in like guise, "begging away for God's sake," and telling an equally piteous tale. As they approached Warminster, Longleat, Lord Weymouth's magnificent place in Wiltshire, with its promise of rich spoil, could not fail to attract them. They were at first very badly received, and the servants told them that Lord Weymouth, having travelled abroad, could detect any false tales about foreign parts; and that if he did so he would horsewhip them to the edge of his property, as was his happy wont with those he proved to be imposters. However, Carew felt quite safe as regards Newfoundland and certain parts of the Continent, and he and his companion continued to beg piteously. At last the housekeeper relented, gave them a shilling, some bread and beer, and nearly the whole of a cold leg of mutton. On their way from the house the two beggars quarrelled as to who should carry the mutton, Carew wanting to throw it away there and then, while his companion wished to exchange it for drink at the nearest inn. This they eventually did, and after a long carouse they parted; but very shortly afterwards Carew was overtaken by two horsemen sent by Lord Weymouth to bring back the sailors who had called at Longleat. When ushered into the great man's presence, Carew was treated very roughly and promised a sojourn in jail and a flogging to boot. He was then removed to await the capture of his comrade, and soon that ragged gentleman entered the room where Carew was confined. They had just time for a hurried consultation together before they were again separated, and Carew was once more brought before the

Lord of Longleat, who thereupon, to the unbounded astonishment of the prisoner, disclosed the extraordinary fact that his ragged shipwrecked comrade was none other than himself! Lord Weymouth's quick changes and stratagems had been made possible by his valet being in his confidence, and it seems that he was in the habit of thus playing the vagabond, partly to relieve a natural *ennui* and partly to learn what was really going on in the neighborhood of his vast estates. I should add that he insisted on Carew staying with him at Longleat for some time, for he not only knew him well by repute as the prince of beggars, but was also acquainted with several members of his family. And thus he atoned for his very practical joke.

It was about this time that the old "king" of the gypsies died, and that Carew, on the strength of his innumerable exploits and the fame he had obtained through them, was elected to be "king" in his stead. Strictly speaking, this position placed him above the necessity for providing his own sustenance, the custom being for the "king" to be supported by the joint contributions of his subjects—sons of St. Peter as they were called, whose every finger was a predatory fish-hook! But Carew's nature was too mercurial for this and he was soon as busy as ever on the road. Yet, had he but known it, he was hastening on to disaster; for shortly afterwards he was arrested by the order of a magistrate bitterly opposed to him and the gypsies in general, and eventually convicted and sent to Maryland, in America, there to be sold into slavery for seven years. I cannot now follow him in his extraordinary adventures there, nor tell of his many hair-breadth escapes, nor of his flight into the woods with a huge iron collar round his neck—subsequently filed off by Indians—but I may just refer in passing to one or two facts which show

that the America of Carew's day was strangely unlike that of even fifty years later. Thus, at Philadelphia (the incorrigible scamp was a Quaker there, by the way) we hear that all the houses had large gardens and orchards attached to them, and that there were two fairs in the year and two market-days in the week. In New York he found about 7,000 inhabitants, most of them Dutch; but he was chiefly struck by the hundreds of negroes he saw hanging on as many gallows all round the town. At Boston, that self-righteous Pharisee of a town, the pavement of the street was held to be so immaculate that "to gallop a horse on it is three shillings and fourpence forfeit." It is of further interest to hear for what wages he shipped for "the run home;" the captain agreed to give him 15*l.* in sterling, fifteen gallons of rum, ten pounds of sugar and tobacco and ten pipes. This was the market price of the period.

The news of his return to England was received at first as incredible, but he very soon proved himself to be the real and only genuine Carew, and, strange to say, he was welcomed by every one with almost a royal hospitality. Although he had been sentenced to seven years of slavery, he had actually returned home before the ship on which he had been taken out! That was a great achievement in times when the law was hard and evasion of it popular.

And so the old life was renewed—the wandering up and down the deep lanes of the West Country and across its open heaths, sleeping in the dells and combs and coppices, and feasting, as perhaps only a Devonshire man could, on the fruit of the countless orchards. I do not doubt that in many a town he "stood," as the gypsies say—that is, with a placard on his chest proclaiming him blind, dumb, or what not; that when hunger pressed he did not hesitate

to "ramp beaker-kens" (rob poultry-houses); or when the exigencies of the many parts he played required it, to become a "prig-lully" and steal a shirt that fluttered clean upon a clothes-line. Many a pheasant paid tax to the Gypsy King with its life, and cunning snares brought many a rabbit and hare to his camp-fire at night. By "dukking," or telling fortunes, he often loaded pockets unpleasantly light, and by some audacious "bammung," or fairy tale, he extracted large-handed charity from the generous, impulsive landowners of the West. Yet kind he was to the really poor, and by his gypsy oath bound to share his spoil with those whose life like his was on the road. Often, too, like Robin Hood of old, he visited a summary vengeance on those whose hearts were turned against the poor. Though from one point of view an Ishmaelite indeed, he would have been no true gypsy had he not been brother, friend and comrade of the unfortunate.

One more story and I have done with this remarkable man. As it tells of a trick played upon him, it will partly compensate for those of the many tricks he had played upon others. In the days of which I write Bridgewater Fair was a very great junketing indeed, and attracted crowds of plump-pursed visitors from all parts of the West. As a natural consequence, there the vultures gathered together; and Carrew, limping painfully along on crutches, entered Bridgewater on the eve of the fair one year with a dozen companions, some of whom were blind, some deaf and some lame. Now the Mayor of Bridgewater was no friend of the gypsies, and as soon as he heard that this motley group of cripples had arrived he announced to some of his friends that he was possessed of a power they perhaps little suspected—that, in fact, he could make the blind see, the deaf hear and the lame walk. Bets were freely made that he could

do nothing of the kind, and thereupon the Mayor had the gypsies arrested and immediately brought before him. Of a truth they were a sorry lot. Those who were not deaf were blind; those who were not blind were deprived of a leg or so crippled as to be wholly dependent on crutches. The Mayor, after hearing their harrowing tales, ordered them to be confined for the night in the lock-up—a windowless one-roomed building, such as may still be seen in old-fashioned towns in the West. Thus they were locked in, with nothing but the brick floor for repose and the liveliest anticipations of the morrow for comfort.

About ten o'clock at night, however, the municipal surgeon entered with a lantern and announced that he would examine them all in the morning in order to report to the Mayor whether or not they really suffered from deformity of one kind or another; and he went on to say that those who were found to be imposters would be treated by the Mayor with severity so extreme that, moved to pity, he would allow any such misguided wretch to escape there and then from the lock-up on condition that he immediately left the town. At this intelligence a great commotion arose, and in less time than it takes to write it, the whole crowd surged out of the lock-up, flinging away their crutches and wooden legs, patches and bandages, and made off down the town at topmost speed—the blind leading the way with unerring steps, the dumb crying aloud their fears, the deaf replying to them, and the lame sprinting along at a rattling pace. Now, just opposite the lock-up, on the further side of the street, stood the witty Mayor and his friends, convulsed with laughter at the success of his scheme; and, to make the fun the greater, they chased the unfortunate beggars along the street, threatening loudly the awful fate which would befall any one who might

be caught. So the flight became also a race; and not until the last of the cripples had crossed over the bridge—one of them actually throwing himself into the river and swimming across—did the pursuit cease, and the Mayor begin to collect his bets.

Of Carew's other adventures I cannot now speak—not even of his curious experiences with Prince Charlie's army as it marched to Derby in 1745. But it may please some to know that very shortly after this Carew finally returned to his old home, and settled down to the life of a country gentleman. Whether he had been induced to do this by huge winnings in a lottery,

as some say, or by a fortune left him by a relative who had again and again offered him an independence during his career, or from a wish to give his daughter her proper station in life, the simple fact remains that he became regenerate after nearly forty years of vagabondage, and lived in prosperity and public esteem for a number of years. Moreover, his daughter married well, and her descendants apparently suffered nothing for the vagaries of that amazing scamp, their forerunner. So I am bound to acknowledge that there does not seem to be any sort of moral to the story of Bampfylde Moore Carew.

The Cornhill Magazine.

Arthur Montefiore Brice.

A SONG FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

We tread a better earth to-day
 Than that the fathers knew,
 A broader sky-line rounds away
 To realms of deeper blue.
 More ample is the human right,
 More true the human ken;
 The law of God has been a light
 To lead the lives of men.

He led our generations on
 In mist or smouldering fire;
 To more than all the centuries gone
 The marching years aspire.
 Across the onward sweep of time
 We strain our vision dim,
 And all the ages roll and climb
 To lose themselves in Him.

We gaze upon the æons past—
 A blind and tumbling surge,
 And slowly, from the weltering vast,
 Behold a law emerge.
 The water seemed to heave and sway
 In chaos undenied;
 Yet not a foam-flake drove astray,
 For He was wind and tide.

O Purpose of the stumbling years,
O wistful Need and Hope,
Whereby, in all the woven spheres
The atoms yearn and grope:
Flow through the wandering will of man
A tide of slow decree,
And merge our strivings in the plan
That draws the worlds to Thee.

The Leisure Hour.

Frederick Langbridge.

CHINA AND RECONSTRUCTION: NOVEMBER, 1900.

The Legations have been relieved and the siege is over; the frightened Court has deserted the capital and is fleeing further inland—is China to be partitioned or is a new dynasty to be placed on the throne, or are the Manchus to continue in power? Has anybody a policy, or are all still waiting on events?

So far the Chinese have fought nowhere successfully—they did not even take the Legations, but still they have shown the world that they appreciate and are acquiring the best weapons—they are evidently learning the use of both rifle and gun—they are improving their military method, and the idea of strategy, though still in embryo, is taking shape and hardening—and they are henceforth more likely to go on developing might, for want is a teacher, than return to their old and time-honored belief in reasonable action and right. Their midsummer madness is spending itself and they are learning something from the views and doings of the nations they defied; can the new growth be trained on such a trellis-work as to secure fair-play and produce healthy fruit, or will it only end in the stunted product of the Chinese gardener?

From Taku to Peking the foreigner has marched triumphantly; there have

only been a few fights and every foot of ground has not had to be contested, but yet every hamlet, or village, or town along the way, has the mark of the avenger on it; populations have disappeared—houses and buildings have been burned and destroyed—and crops are rotting all over the country in the absence of reapers. Remembering how these places teemed with happy, contented, industrious people last spring, it is hard to realize that autumn does not find them there—they have all vanished and along the hundred and twenty miles between beach and capital scarcely a sign of life is to be seen, and one cannot help sorrowing over the necessity or the fatality which brought about such woe and desolation. Much of the destruction was doubtless the work of Chinese soldiers and Boxer volunteers, but according to all accounts, what they left we gleaned, and, if report speaks true, little mercy was felt, and less displayed, by some at least, wherever living Chinese of any age or either sex happened to be fallen in with. The days of Taipingdom, when native warred with native, showed nothing worse, and the warriors of this new century can be as brutal, with all their wonderful discipline and up-to-date weapons, as were ever the savages of earlier times with tomahawk, boom-

erang or assegal, and the puzzle is to explain why it should have been so, or forecast the consequences in the future—will brand and sword have produced that wholesome fear which must blossom into peace and good will, or only a gruesome terror to be replaced by nothing but hate and a lust for vengeance?

The Peking foreign community were fortunately saved from massacre, and the weird accounts of their sufferings and the modes of their individual deaths were happily the offspring of fancy and not recitals of fact, but, all the same, if the gallant D'Arcy and his little band of French heroes had not inch by inch and hour after hour, during those eight hopeless weeks, contested the ground and held on to the western third of their Legation to the very last—if the resourceful Sheba and his cheery handful of Japanese had failed to retain possession of the Soo Wang's palace and garden—if the Germans, Americans and Russians had been driven from their own into the British Legation—if the allied forces had arrived on the fifteenth and not on the fourteenth, not one of the refugees would have escaped to tell the story of the catastrophe, and worse endings than imagination pictures might have been theirs. That the siege was acquiesced in by the Chinese Government can scarcely be questioned—but they thought it was fair war they were waging and not murder they were committing, and from the fact that firing ceased occasionally—perhaps only to play with the besieged as cats do with mice—it also seems certain that the Government could have put an end to it completely at any moment if it so desired, and, such being the case, it must be allowed the relief force was right to strain every nerve—right to strike terror along the route, while pressing forward to the rescue, nor is it unnatural to expect that fitting punishment would be meted out, once ar-

rived, alike to officials who more or less took an active part in the lawless proceeding and to a population that moved not a finger to prevent it. And yet, looking back on it all, and granting that fires and plunderings in the capital were mainly the work of soldiers and Boxers, it does seem a pity that the splendid warriors of Christian Powers should have made things worse; could not discipline and fine feeling have put an earlier check on the men and placed revenge on a higher plane? What with commandeering here, looting there, carrying off of souvenirs elsewhere, and brutal assaults on the poor women who had not been able to leave the city with the other fugitives, private property in temporarily deserted houses disappeared, and the comparatively small number of Chinese who remained drank to the dregs the cup of a new misery. The haste with which expeditionary forces had been assembled, the difficulties of transport and provisioning, and the cessation of all local trading must of course be regarded as excuses for the licence with which men of all classes were laid hold of to work and edibles of all kinds taken possession of wherever found, but all this seemed to argue a want or neglect of organization that surprised, and suggested how easily a retrogression to barbarism might spring up like a weed among the flowers of civilization. Strangely enough, the quarter of the city governed by the Japanese was speedily seen to be the best administered; more lucky than others in knowing beforehand in what government buildings and public establishments official moneys were deposited, it may be a fact that they secured more sycee than all the others put together, but they kept their hands off the people, and their discipline, regulations and method were such that they—new to the humane civilization of which the others were the

creators and children—very soon inspired confidence, re-established order, re-opened markets and made life livable, while some of their colleagues allowed a state of affairs to spring up and continue which was quite the reverse; why this superiority on the one side and this inferiority—even if only temporary—on the other? The men of one flag showed their detestation of the most ancient of civilizations by the wanton destruction of whatever they could not carry off—those of another preached the gospel of cleanliness by shooting down anybody who committed a nuisance in public—while those of a third spread their ideas on the sanctity of family life by breaking into private houses and ravishing the women and girls they found there; so said gossip; captured cities must suffer and the populations of wrong-doing cities must pay the penalty of wrong-doing, but there are ways and ways of exacting reparation and teaching lessons for the future—was this the best? Perhaps—and, it may be, not unnaturally—the conquering army may have regarded a conquered and almost deserted city as already formally confiscated and consequently legally delivered over to pillage, and their fellow-countrymen who had been burnt out and lost all but what they stood in, may have been thought to have suffered enough to justify any reprisals, but, even so, the demoralizing effect always and everywhere produced on all classes by wholesale looting and its accompanying licence might have seemed a sufficient reason in itself for discountenancing and stopping it and its attendant evils at the outset; such, however, can hardly be said to have been the case, and even some missionaries took such a leading part in “spoiling the Egyptians” for the greater glory of God, that a bystander was heard to say, “For a century to come Chinese converts will consider looting and vengeance Christian virtues!”

Crowded together in a confined and limited space during the hot summer season and constantly exposed to the deadly risk of whistling bullet and screeching shell, the refugees in the British Legation were sufficiently well fed and enjoyed sufficiently good health during the eight weeks the siege lasted to astonish their deliverers by their still excellent condition when first seen on the 14th August, but the uncertainty of what any hour might bring forth—and more especially the certainly horrible fate from which no efforts of theirs could forever save the women and children, and the feeling that friends at home were in imagination suffering a thousandfold more than themselves—was the chief and ever-present element in their trial, so that, when once delivered, the strain most had thus gone through, and the hard work and the exposure involved in the duties undertaken alongside the Legation guard by the younger men, began to show their effects in breakdowns that told of shattered health and need of change. As for the relieving troops, once the excitement of arrival had passed over they began to wonder what they had come or what they stayed to do, and this quietude after the exertions of the previous weeks in turn became hard to bear. Meantime commanding officers took up various positions in the city and the sentries of the various flags kept watch in their respective sections; on the other hand, Ministers, long debarred from communication with the outer world, despatched their detailed reports and awaited the instructions of their Governments. Nobody seemed to know what the next move was to be or how the weighty questions involved were to be settled. There was no one to treat with—Emperor and Court had fled—and had there been any such, what language ought negotiation to hold?

On the Chinese side, however, the

situation and its difficulties gradually induced a few leading men who had remained behind to venture forth from their seclusion; these were the Grand Secretary Kun Chung-Tang, Ching-Hsin the President of the Board of War, and two Vice-Presidents of other Boards Yu-Teh and A-Ko-Tan, and on Sir Robert Hart's suggestion they proceeded to search for, find, communicate with, and bring back Prince Ching, one of the Imperial family who for fifteen years or so had been the head of the Chinese Foreign Office and who had been credited with more or less friendly intentions during the siege and with a sort of intervention which had possibly delayed and so prevented massacre. Early in September the Prince reappeared in Peking, but as the previously formally appointed negotiator Li Hung Chang had to be waited for, nothing could be done towards opening negotiations beyond paying a short and friendly visit to each of the foreign representatives. What must have been his feelings, poor Prince, as his sedan-bearers carried him through the well-known but now deserted and scarcely recognizable streets, while his Japanese guard marched alongside and the sentries of Italy, Russia, France, Germany, America, England and Austria stared at him as he passed! Some points, however, were submitted for the consideration of the generals as really requiring immediate attention, such as the better policing of the various sections, the repression of pillage, and the procuring of provisions, etc., but not with any immediate or perceptible result. Such high officials belonging to the Metropolitan Boards as had not fled with the Court were in constant consultation with the Prince, endeavoring to find some way of escape from the chaotic condition into which the capital had been plunged when the foreign troops entered and its Emperor abandoned it; they knew, although it

was difficult to realize, that Peking was no longer under Chinese control and that Chinese officials could not claim authority or exercise any jurisdiction in it, but they also knew its condition, and, anxious for the welfare of such of the population as remained and for the future of the Empire, they, with the Prince and in the interest of the people, besought immediate consideration for police and food requirements, and they were unceasing in their effort to devise some means to effect a settlement of the unhappy complication as speedily as possible. None of them, however, realized how grievously they had offended the rest of the world by the murders of missionaries and converts and by the attacks on the Legations, and just as little did they realize to what an extent such insane proceedings had imperilled both Empire and Dynasty; Chinese history does not date from yesterday, and their thirty or forty centuries of national and racial continuity have seen them fall into—and have also seen them emerge from—quite as serious predicaments, but, even so, while they took things philosophically, their tempers unruffled, their politeness unfailing, and their patience inexhaustible, they did feel the sting of the situation and they did make an earnest and honest attempt to find a way to alleviate the sufferings of their fellow-citizens. The result, however, never did amount to much and was slow in coming, and in fact these representative men were rather misunderstood than taken seriously; under the circumstances what right had any Chinaman to complain, and was it not even insolence to take advantage of former official position to pose now as the people's mouthpiece?

The situation from the very first was one continuous illustration of the initial difficulties which reconstruction must encounter; neither side could place itself in the other's position, and the half

truth which is all that being reasonable from one's own point of view amounts to, does not necessarily dovetail with what another puts faith in from another standpoint. How will China and non-China ever come to a satisfactory agreement unless they attain, first of all, to a mutual understanding of each other? China is for the moment in the angry grip of the foe, and that grip must be exchanged for the hearty grasp of a friend before external relations can again run in peaceful channels and internal affairs resume their ordinary character; the inter-dependence of the external and the internal must be recognized and allowed for if there is to be such a process of reconstruction as shall safeguard the future, and thus the task of the foreign negotiator and the native statesman becomes one of that kind of which it is hard to say which is the more serious, the responsibility or the difficulty. But one way or another, a solution will be found and the question closed.

On the Chinese side there is such uncertainty, rather than ignorance, concerning the aims and demands of the foreign powers, collectively and individually, that even those who are in favor of intercourse are unable to decide whether peace might not prove more costly than war; and on the foreign side the feeling that while certain magnates are culprits and ought to be punished, to demand their punishment may not only fail to obtain it, but may widen the area of trouble and, indefinitely postponing peace, lead to anarchy and chaos, and the further idea that a claim for even just but perhaps too heavy indemnities may necessitate territorial guarantees likely to conflict with their declared policy of the "open door" and "integrity of China," combine to delay negotiations and even threaten to emasculate such drastic stipulations as the occasion demands. The preservation of China's integrity

has been the subject of official declarations and, with certain reservations, official agreements, but the temptation of owning some of China's provinces and adding to the number of their subjects such desirable material as China's population undoubtedly comprises, may lead to delays and increase the difficulties of final settlement not only for China but for the powers concerned. Should the foreign decision be for partition, the Chinese negotiator would find small standing room—he would be expected simply to submit to dictation; should that decision fall short of partition, and merely require some additions to tracts of territory already leased or ceded, it would still be a bitter pill to swallow for both the transferring negotiator and the transferred people; and even if partition is not thought of or additions to territory demanded, the difficulty of finding funds to pay off a too heavy indemnity may place the Chinese negotiator himself in the unenviable position of having to offend all China and embarrass every treaty power by offering territory instead of money, and thus whatever way one turns it does not seem easy to prevent a deadlock, and until a way round is found order cannot be restored.

Many have talked and written glibly about partition as the most expedient solution, and have argued that because Chinese are supposed to be easily ruled and wanting in the military character, such a policy would not only meet with no opposition but would be welcomed by the Chinese themselves as freeing them from the misrule of a hated and alien government, and as opening the way for them to liberty, progress and civilization; but it is not so—this alien government, the Manchu dynasty, has been part and parcel of the nation for three hundred years and the Emperor is no more hated by Chinese than the Queen by British, while,

as for the blessings of liberty, progress and civilization, the only civilization the Chinese appreciate is their own, what we call progress the majority know little about and care less for, and liberty, real, tangible liberty, they all enjoy. Whether it is the duty of the West to civilize the East, and how Christian Powers ought to deal with Pagan, are, of course, questions on which views differ, but whatever portion of China is ceded will have to be ruled by force, and the larger the territory so ceded the more soldiers will its management require and the more certain will be unrest and insurrection. The whole of a partitioned China will make common cause against its several foreign rulers, and, if anarchy be not its condition for years and from year to year, quiet or the appearance of quiet will be nothing more than a preparation for the inevitable spring with which sooner or later sudden revolt will everywhere show the existence and strength of national feeling. Is the game worth the candle? On the simple ground of expediency such a solution is to be condemned, while, viewed as a question of right, fairness, or even philanthropy, every non-prejudiced mind must declare against it.

Another set of thinkers are under the delusion that with the capture of Peking the Chinese Government ceased to exist, and that it is the duty of the victors to set up a new dynasty. All that has happened, however, is this: the Government has no longer its headquarters in Peking, but the work of the Empire is going on as usual—where the Emperor is, there is the seat of Government and, as for the teaching or terrorizing effect that the march of the Allies has had, it has merely affected the borders of a road through two or three of the two hundred or more Prefectures which make up the Eighteen Provinces, and the prevalent belief at a distance is that the foreigners have been thrashed

and are not victorious. The Manchus by complicity with recent lawlessness in the capital and murders of missionaries and converts in the provinces have outraged the Christian and civilized world, but, even so, it would be well to hear and weigh what they have to say for themselves; in any case the punishment they have so far received has probably enlisted Chinese sympathy on their side rather than added to their unpopularity, if that really exists, with any considerable section—the King can do no wrong, and it is the bad advisers who are blamed. Were the Allies to get over the initial difficulty of agreeing to a choice and set up a new Emperor, he would have to be supported by foreign bayonets—his mandate would only run within very restricted limits—his foreign origin would make him despised by every member of the black-haired race—and himself and belongings would disappear forever the moment foreign support left him. If anything, the attempt to impose another dynasty on the Chinese people would be even a more hopeless solution than partition; the advocates of both plans have probably much to urge which they consider conclusive in favor of the idea they put forward, but let them try either and time will assuredly show how certainly their hopes must meet with disappointment in the futility and failure of the experiment.

The only practical solution, in the interest of law and order and a speedy restoration of the tranquillity that makes life and commercial relations safe and profitable, is first of all to leave the present dynasty where it is and as it is, and let the people of China deal with it themselves when they feel its mandate has expired, and in the second place to impose on it as the condition of peace only such stipulations as are at once practical and practicable as well as just and justifiable. But even in adopting this solution a most seri-

ous difficulty stares one in the face—the Court has fled inland and it is quite possible it may settle at Si-an-foo and make that the capital. Such a decision would not be pleasant for the diplomatic corps after the siege experiences just ended, and although commercial dealings need not necessarily be hampered thereby, a certain uncomfortable feeling of unrest would probably be set up and, ever after, external irritation and internal disintegration would be seen proceeding on parallel lines, if not, at equal pace, on lines converging in eventual catastrophe. What therefore foreign interests most require now is the return of the Court, and the negotiators would do well to make that not only possible for the Emperor, but both agreeable and safe. Pending that return a clear idea could be worked out and agreed to of what foreign Powers must demand and China must consent to both as reparation for the past and guarantee for the future; and, further, as a first step towards local reconstruction, by which is meant not so much a reestablishment of the old order of things as such a happy re-arrangement as should dovetail what is good and allowable in the old system with whatever else must be accepted as necessary and not rejected because new. Prince Ching might be vested with a certain amount of vice-imperial authority, so to speak, and thus provide a rallying-point, not for opposition to foreigners, but for the common efforts of those who desire to re-establish order and win back prosperity in the capital and its vicinity. Pecheli excepted, the rest of the eighteen provinces of China proper, although more or less in a state of ferment owing to the occurrences in the metropolitan section, may be said to be in their normal condition as regards the presence and functions of the ordinary provincial officials and their subordination to the Emperor and Central Government. There is, therefore,

every reason for holding that continued recognition of the Manchu dynasty and support of the Emperor Kwang Hsu is all that is necessary to provide a starting point for the reconstruction demanded by this last summer's doings; no other program can be carried through so easily, and no other plan will restore order so surely and so quickly, and in fact the pronouncements of the Powers already point to that as the solution they cannot escape from. In this work of reconstruction there are two stages—what must be done to make peace, and what must be done to give effect to its stipulations; the first means negotiation and the second action. Negotiation will secure an admission of wrong-doing and an assurance that it will not recur—a promise to make good the losses of individuals and recoup the expenditure of Governments—an undertaking to punish various culprits designated by the Powers—and the initiation of measures to guarantee the future; action will put these promises in force and proceed to their full execution.

The advocates of the alternatives, partition or change of dynasty, argue that they are calculated to confer greater benefits on the Chinese themselves, as well as be more useful to foreigners, than past experience authorizes us to expect from the continuance of Manchu rule; granting that such advantages as they hope for might possibly follow a successful trial of either plan, there is no reason why negotiators should not make the provisions for such reforms an integral part of any settlement and introduce special clauses for their adoption, but at the same time, common-sense and not sentiment, should scan them carefully, and precaution should be taken to proceed wisely and reasonably lest haste, unfitness, or other imperfection should mar their effect and lead to disappointment and irritation. It is a fact and beyond

question that western methods are not always suitable for, or successful in, China, and a closer study of locality and people is everywhere advisable before the old is banished and the new rung in; the same soil will not grow all crops, and what is possible or beneficial in one locality need not necessarily be so in another. That the present situation does afford an opening for introducing new measures cannot be doubted, and those who decide for the retention of the Manchus ought all the more to feel the responsibility of the occasion and neglect nothing that experience teaches or foresight suggests; the example of Japan shows what may be done when a whole people is galvanized into a new life by the power of a new thought and a new motive, but where such a force from within is wanting, it is advisable to wait a natural evolution rather than by forcing processes bring a new being to the birth before the period of gestation has been completed. Is the all but dormant military spirit of four hundred millions to be aroused in order that dealers may find markets for rifles and guns, or ought the idea of the possibility of those millions misusing such toys be invoked to stop mischief in the future at the cost of present gain? Which is the safer guide on so serious an occasion, the speculation that risks or the wisdom that restrains, profit or prudence? And so in other matters; it is not enough to be sanguine, and reformers ought to study the ground well and look at both sides if they wish to avoid calamity and secure blessing. Negotiation itself cannot guarantee everything; it may procure a formal expression of regret and a promise that the offence shall not be repeated—and both regret and promise may be both honorable and honest, but the future will see new men and new circumstances and history may repeat itself. The indemnities to be paid take us into the region of hard fact,

and yet it is just here that there is room for a little sentiment; the Japanese indemnities already constitute a galling load, and now that eight or ten Powers have claims to put forward the straw that kills begins to be a something to be dreaded. Discussion will probably evolve some happy idea calculated to give ample security to those who are to be indemnified and yet consult the convenience of the indemnifier, but, however that may be, it will be a heavy burden for China to carry, and it is to be hoped that the Powers will make it as light as possible and deal with the unfortunate debtor in a sympathetic and accommodating spirit, remembering, too, that it is the industry of the people which will be taxed and that commercial prosperity in the future might be a better payment of such a debt than an intolerable fine and ready money at the present moment. If the terms exacted are too hard the payment may plunge all concerned into the difficulty of a territorial guarantee, about which the only good thing one can say is that the region so pledged might possibly prove a suitable field for the experiments of reformers, and that, if successful, such experiments might go on thence to leaven the whole lump, although it is more than likely that with liberty regained all such novelties, as imposed by the enemy, would be forthwith discarded.

There is, however, another demand which must be met and dealt with before foreigners can consider the siege episode closed, and that is the demand for the punishment of the instigators of the summer's doings. From certain standpoints no demand could be more just in the eyes of the outside world, and some of the culprits named—for instance, the late Governor of Shansi, Yu Hsien, who opened his Yamén to the hunted missionaries at Tai-yuan-foo and then had them massacred there by the Boxers, and who gloried in the deed

in his memorial to the Throne—could not be punished too harshly; but the list ought to be carefully examined and proper allowance ought to be made for every extenuating consideration lest murdered men should stand forth in future history as martyrs, a stain on the robe of Justice and the seed of enmity ever after. At the moment of writing, this demand for punishment before negotiation rather stops the way; the Court is far off and the culprits are not only with but dominate the Emperor. It may be said that inability to punish is as strong a proof of unfitness to reign as unwillingness, but here as elsewhere circumstances alter cases and, although all are demanding condign punishment sooner or later alike, general opinion pronounces the present demand impractical and impracticable and believes that negotiation ought to precede, and would certainly be followed by, punishment; were the foreign negotiator to say to the Chinese, "We have settled every point but one, and, now that our terms are known, you are in a position to decide whether you will concede this last point or refuse; concede and we sign—refuse, and we tear up all that we have agreed on!"—were he to speak thus, the Chinese negotiator would close with him at once. The wedge of negotiation is like all other wedges, and will only split the block when driven in right end first.

Reparation for the past, both punitive and monetary, will of course be supplemented by stipulations regarding the future. Commercial interests will probably be provided for by some changes in the regulations of trade perhaps involving tariff revision; the Tien-tsin treaties and all succeeding ones negotiated on the same lines, may possibly be declared to have been annulled by this year's doings, and whether replaced by new agreements or modified by the addition of various articles the opportu-

ity will doubtless be availed of to rectify past mistakes and provide more surely for future expansion. In the matter of tariff revision, due consideration ought to be given to China's financial necessities, but at the same time care should be taken to avoid crippling trade by too heavy burdens, and, as for new regulations or additional articles, the localities concerned, and more especially in all that affects trade inland the provincial governments, ought to be consulted and their different circumstances and differing requirements studied and allowed for; for trade to both flourish and be healthy, it is not enough to do all that one side asks for, but both sides ought to be shown the fullest consideration. The question of Missions, Missionaries and Converts may also have to be re-considered and such new arrangements made as shall safeguard the future from the misfortunes and complaints of the past; anything prohibitory ought to be avoided and full room be given for the play of both zeal and common-sense, but the status of both convert and missionary ought to be clearly stated, and the clause which formulates it ought to be fully and strictly enforced; the convert does not cease to be a Chinese subject when he embraces Christianity, but like all other Chinese subjects, must continue to observe his country's laws and submit to his country's tribunals—the missionary is simply a missionary, and must confine himself to a missionary's work and avoid everything that savors of interference in litigation and intervention of any kind where Chinese official action is concerned; it is only by insisting on an unswerving adherence to this principle that the hostility of local populations, provincial officials and central government can be disarmed and evangelization freed from the disabilities it now labors under. National representatives are also likely to be touched on, and as a perpetual

warning against any repetition of this year's occurrences it might be advisable for the article which stipulates for the presence of envoys at the capital to enunciate in the clearest and most forcible language the fact that the representative character makes their persons and establishments sacred and inviolable, and clothes them with majesty and privilege; but residence in an inland capital will have its special risks as long as it is not a matter of honor to respect the inviolability of an envoy and till this is the case the transfer of the capital to a seaport would not much help matters. There is a halo of prestige about Peking as the capital which makes it preferable to any other place in the whole empire, and if the present dynasty were now to establish its court elsewhere it would certainly be regarded as a sign of weakness and would tempt the restless in many provinces to try their luck, not so much to expel the Manchu but as personal ventures. The settlement of these questions will seriously affect the future of China in all its aspects and the foreign negotiator will have the larger say in them, but, once they are done with, it will remain for China to give effect to the stipulations concerning them.

On the one side, then, China has to reconstruct her foreign relations—she has to apologize, make reparation, pay indemnities, and accept various new arrangements, and, on the other, sundry internal reconstruction has become a necessity, seeing that modifications are called for to guarantee financial engagements and insure full protection for merchants, missionaries and ministers. The elaboration of all these points will take time, but each step will suggest the next, and new light will shine to guide at each turning; how much can safely be left to the Chinese Government to plan, initiate and carry out, and how much must be imposed or stipulated for by the various foreign

Powers, must depend upon the question concerned, its connection with the whole, and the amount of confidence reposed in promise and ability, but good faith must be taken for granted and successful fulfilment of obligations can only be expected so long as native methods are not hampered by too many foreign restrictions and too much alien interference. Whether negotiators will have the insight which takes in both sides of a question and the patience which is required for the real arrangement of so important a business, remains to be seen, but it is to be hoped that the opportunity will be made the most of and not lost.

The situation is the outcome of natural national evolution effected by the disturbance engendered by the appearance and intrusion of foreign and antagonistic elements. The Boxer movement is the approximate cause, but this movement is itself one in a chain of causes and effects and the future cannot develop unaffected by it. Although Prince Tuan and colleagues are said to have usurped authority and unlawfully constituted themselves the government of the country for the time being, no one is yet in a position to say with certainty how far the Empress Dowager went with them willingly or under compulsion. The Boxers are now being styled rebels and hunted down as such at sundry points, and as a matter of fact their doings have been characterized by a thoroughness that has over-shot the mark and by a cruelty that has gone beyond all bounds; they began as volunteers, they posed as patriots, and they took the law into their own hands, and thus legalized lawlessness, which was to stamp out Christianity and frighten foreigners away from the country, murdered missionaries and converts, burnt down churches and dwellings, and culminated in the siege of the Legations; its enthusiasm and success even captivated princes

and ministers of state if not the Empress Dowager herself, and what it effected for the Chinese to chew the cud on is this—the Court has fled, the capital is full of foreign soldiers, the burnt out missionaries are housed in the princes' palaces, and the surviving converts are the masters. Under the circumstances Chinese opinion is said to condemn the movement and pronounce all who took part in it worthy of every punishment, and yet, although now execrated by thousands of sufferers, and disowned by such officials as are met with, it must be remembered that their aims and doings were lauded and upheld by the very highest dignitaries of the Empire, and that, sufferers apart, the Chinese world may possibly have only one fault to find with them—that they did not succeed. They no longer flaunt their gaudy sashes in public, but they are still in Peking, while in the country round about, they still congregate and drill; negotiation may possibly pledge the government to discountenance and even act energetically against such patriots, but how long or how far is such a pledge likely to be kept? China must grow strong, and it is to her people she must look for increase of strength. Will prohibitive stipulations gain their point? Is not Germany's "mailed fist" the outcome of an attempt to restrict her military growth? Or will punitive measures avail? Is there not a Phoenix-like power in the blood of martyrdom? We may not consider the dead Boxer a martyr, but what will his surviving fellows feel? Or are military promenades to continue till all present and possible Boxers are killed off? But how exterminate China's four hundred millions? Is there not some better way of dealing with the matter, some wiser way of meeting the "Yellow Peril?" In a recent speech Lord Salisbury is reported to have exhorted the members of the Primrose League "each in his own district, to do

what they can to foster the creation of rifle clubs. If once the feeling can be propagated abroad that it is the duty of every able Englishman" (Chinaman) "to make himself competent to meet the invading enemy . . . you will then have a defensive force which will not only repel the assailant if he come, but which will make the chances of that assailant so bad that no assailant will ever appear!" This is just what China has been attempting—this is the very idea that is at the bottom of the Boxer movement, and the national uprising it means can only be met by the rest of the world, either by reducing the Chinese to serfdom and keeping them there—and is that possible with a population of four hundred millions, or, if possible, is it the best way of treating so intelligent and so industrious a people?—or by dealing with them, their government, their property, their institutions and their trade, as we ourselves would be dealt with—and is not that a duty even though they did not number a million? Dictation and coercion to be successful must be absolute and thoroughgoing, but in point of fact they have their limits and, whatever they may seem to have of local, partial, or temporary success, their effect can only be ephemeral and one day or other the string will be cut and the cork fly from the bottle with a velocity and momentum that repression will unconsciously incubate but never dream of. Unfortunately at this juncture the situation is the result of many little understood antecedent and still existing causes, and the doings and attitude of government and people are at various points and in many ways calculated to provoke if not justify adherence to a policy both coercive and dictatorial, but, all the same, it is precisely at this juncture that reasonable action and sympathetic treatment would win friends in the present and sow the seeds of good relations in the future. Foreign troops

have now held capital and vicinity for months, and as yet the negotiators have not had a single sitting; this delay is creating unrest where all was quiet before, and so the difficulty is increasing, far-away regions begin to be affected, trade is coming to a stand-still, revenue is falling off, failure to meet national obligations and pay the interest on foreign loans is hanging over a government that would scorn repudiation, native and foreigner at Peking and Tien-tsin are alike feeling how military occupation can pinch, and some escape from a situation that is entailing so much and such widespread suffering and inconvenience is hourly more necessary. The return of the Court is all important, but even here are all the elements of another dilemma if not deadlock, for how can the Court come back from its far-off Chinese surroundings and comparative immunity to a capital filled with foreign troops, and how can those troops vacate that capital till order is restored, proper relations re-established and the future guaranteed? And yet till the Emperor is again in Peking everything will be abnormal and unsettled and without a proper foundation. The *mot d'ordre* "Punishment first, negotiation afterwards!" must delay, if not prevent, such hoped-for return, and, even

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were it so liberally interpreted as to neither intimidate nor unnecessarily humiliate the Emperor, it will be long before reconstruction can be complete, before new structures can take the place of those the flames devoured, before new hands can re-commence the old industries, before new modes of thought can heal old wounds, and new principles rectify old mistakes; on the other hand, some of the Powers may realize the difficulties of the larger question and take the view that their forces were sent simply to relieve the Legations and not to make war or dictate change, and that further intervention is inexpedient, and the future may be left to develop in its own way. Whatever be the eventual solution, the day of difficulty will not be ended by either the return of the Emperor or the withdrawal of foreign troops, but something will have been gained if Boxer excesses shall have proved to have alienated the sympathy of the government, and the considerateness of the foreigner shall have disarmed official suspicion and won some liking from the Chinese public. Time alone will show whether a wrong touch will have precipitated an empire boulder into the abyss below, or a right one restored equilibrium and settled it firmly on the edge of the cliff.

Robert Hart.

HELENA FAUCIT (LADY MARTIN).

Biographies of great artists are as a rule disappointing. They do not tell us what we chiefly wish to know—how it was they became great artists, what were the sources of their inspiration, when the sense of power first dawned upon them, what were the ideals which it was their ambition to portray. The story of a soul is ever hard to tell—to no one probably harder than to the

man of artistic genius himself. The greater his genius the less likely is he to indulge in that self-consciousness, which delights in the analysis of its own impulses and strivings. For such analysis he has neither taste nor leisure, absorbed as he is sure to be in efforts to find expression for his thoughts and fancies in some outward and tangible form. From your true

artist, therefore, to whom his art is all in all, his self but the medium for letting his fellow-men see what his inward eye has seen, we are not likely to get his story. And thus it is that we are thrown back upon the works of great artists for suggestions as to their personal character, which inevitably finds its way into their works, and by which these are certain to be modified. Thus, even if we knew no more about Leonardo da Vinci, Tintoretto, Michael Angelo or Raphael, Händel, Bach, Beethoven, Mozart or Mendelssohn, than we know about Shakespeare, still we could from their works form a pretty clear idea of what manner of men they were, and of the ruling principles of their lives. The technical studies of men of genius, the incidents that gave a bias to their lives, their struggles, their defeats, their successes are very much like those of other men. They are not without interest, but they do not bring us into intimate communion with the qualities to which they owe their fame.

But while this is true of painters, sculptors and musical composers, how much more difficult must it be for any writer to put clearly before us what it was that made the greatness of actors of a former time. Their biographies abound; but in most of these we seek in vain for any guide as to how the deep impressions upon their public were produced; how lights before undreamt of were thrown upon the text of the dramatist; how a character, which to the general reader seems hopelessly commonplace, was lifted into something that charmed the imaginations and stirred the hearts of enthusiastic audiences; or how the fire and passion of the actor shook "the listening soul in the suspended blood." We read of these things, and we know they were

realities, but we must take them upon trust, and picture to ourselves, as best we can, what was the inward force of character in the artist which formed the secret of his excellence. That secret unquestionably lay in his individuality. Gifts of person and of voice, no doubt, did much; but without a marked individuality, without the inspiration of a heart and soul of deep feeling, illuminated by a vivid imagination, these would not have produced the marvellous effects of which we read in the histories of the theatres of Europe.

A writer like Sir Theodore Martin, not inexperienced in the difficulties of biographical work, could not fail to approach with hesitation the task of the biography now before us.¹ In one sense, no one was so peculiarly fitted for the task, for he was master of information that was not accessible to any other biographer; but, in another sense, the very intimacy of his relation to the subject of the biography debarred him from the freedom of a purely independent judgment. Of the merits of Helen Faucit, as she was known to the public on the stage, closely as he had studied them, he could not himself speak. This must be done by others, and it could only be done through the medium of what was written of her in the contemporary press, and in such portions of her correspondence as his wife had preserved. Of the woman as she was in his heart and home—his "other dearer life in life" as she was known to be—it was not for him to speak, and so "bare his heart before the crowd." Throughout this volume his suppression of self is remarkable; but nevertheless he has attained his object of placing before the world the picture of a great artist and a noble woman, and subtly indicated the intellectual energy, the purity, refinement and elevation of spirit,

¹ *Helena Faucit (Lady Martin)*. By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B., K.C.V.O. With Por-

traits. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1900.

wherein lay the secret of the power by which she swayed the heart and quickened the imagination of her audiences.

From her earliest years Helena Faucit's mind was devoted to the study of Shakespeare, and in her own nature there were affinities which peculiarly fitted her for the living embodiment of his finest conceptions of woman's nature, endowed as she obviously was with delicate sensitiveness to every mood of the great dramatist's mind where woman was concerned. In her as in a mirror, every silent suggestion of his genius was caught and reflected. Her childhood was sad enough, save for happy years at school in Brighton and with a beloved sister. Much solitude was her portion, as it is of those in whom thought and imagination are destined to fine issues, and she pored over the book of Shakespeare's plays when she was alone. The most impressive incident of those years was a meeting at Richmond with Edmund Kean. It was followed by a playful rehearsal in the Richmond theatre of the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet," overheard by the manager of the theatre, with results reaching throughout her life. Charles Kemble, sympathetic and appreciative, helped her to confidence in her rare powers. Never throughout her life did she acquire that confidence as a permanent gain, for, like all who are truly gifted with genius, she always saw something better to be attained than she did attain. Her audiences might think her work perfect—she never did. Her art depended on the breath that reached the chords of her heart and imagination. If it were laden with sympathy, the music came rich and full and various, like a miracle of response. Ill-health, which accompanied her from childhood to old age, had no power to cripple her art. Her spirit suffered no ill-health, and could use the fragile frame as a mantle of which it was scarcely conscious.

Shakespeare was not in vogue when she began to act, and her first parts in public were never so truly in touch with her best mind as her later wonderful impersonations. Belvidera, Mrs. Haller, Margaret, Mrs. Beverley, Jane Shore, Florinda, forgotten heroines burdened with asthmatic sentimentality, neither human nor superhuman—they exacted sighs and shrieks; but on them such living, breathing actuality as she could give, and did give them, was thrown away. Julia in "The Hunchback" was the best of them until Mr. Macready made his heroic venture for higher drama. How he fared, Sir Theodore Martin tells us in these pages. After a prelude of plays of the hour, he dared to produce a succession of Shakespeare's dramas. Scarcely admitting it in words, he was conscious, in fact, of Helena Faucit's power, and its essential importance to his venture, and he taxed it to the uttermost. Katherine, Juliet, Portia, Desdemona, Constance of Bretagne fell to her in quick succession—parts demanding the most various treatment, the most strenuous self-surrender to the inspirations which revealed each to her understanding. Troubled rather than relieved by appearances in "La Vallière," "The Sea Captain," and "Ion," and many other short-lived poetic dramas, in these as well as in her Shakespearean work she conquered her public, and triumphed over her own youth and delicate frame. For these handicapped her Constance, whose immortal sorrow she made sublime. Charles Kemble asked her to be Beatrice to his Benedick, on his farewell appearance, and his confidence in her resources carried her buoyantly through the untried rôle, and revealed her gift of graceful comedy. His generous admiration is told in her own words, quoted from the "Letter on Beatrice," which long years after appeared in *Maga*.²

² February, 1885.

Browning's "Strafford" was courageously produced by Macready in 1837, while the young poet's name was known only to his peers. Miss Faucit acted Lucy Carlisle and gladdened him. For, like his Balaustion, she had,

At first summons, oped heart, flung
door wide

At the new knocking,

and was so skilled already in "Paracelsus," that the working of his virile thought was luminous to her. But such thought is at first only for the few who can rise by kindred insight to its level. And Browning's thought failed upon the stage from the difficulty of getting actors to understand it, and a public, beyond the choice gathering of a single night, to demand it. The poet never forgot her comprehension, and he and Miss Faucit were friends from that day. Many glimpses of him are given us in this book, touched with appreciation, which is the ensign of the noble mind, and the hope of the world by which we live.

Lytton Bulwer was the playwright *par excellence* of the later 'Thirties and the 'Forties, and Macready esteemed him highly enough to sandwich the "Lady of Lyons" with "Cymbeline" and "The Tempest." Pauline, Imogen, Hermione, Cordelia and the Miranda were added to Miss Faucit's repertory, and with drastic energy Macready piled upon her labors the unsympathetic part of Julie in "Richelleu," following it with Rosalind in "As You Like It." The latter was one of her favorite plays, and her exquisite conception of Rosalind was, as some must still remember, a revelation to her audiences in later years. When it was first required of her she was still enamored of sorrow and death, too young to love the sprightliness of the masquerading maiden. But time reconciles us to gladness, and time revealed to her the possibilities of what must have

been Shakespeare's own favorite creation. Her first audience was pleased, although not her best critic, nor herself, and this discontent was the stimulus to a richer impersonation.

Mr. Macready's experiment lasted till 1843, and then came abruptly to an end, and Helen Faucit was flung upon her own resources. Her apprenticeship was over. Exacting as her manager had been—how exacting in the stress of work demanded from her it is almost painful to see—his earnestness and exalted aims found response in her own. The school was a hard one; but it perfected the scholar, as much by its demand on her own initiative as by the spur of Macready's acting, the influence of his high demands, the rare reward of his scanty praise. None the less he had a sincere regard for the girl-actress, whose seriousness equalled his own, although it was tempered by a graciousness and selflessness to which his nature was a stranger.

The liberty in which she found herself free to give full play to her own conceptions was grateful to her. Work for seven years had been relaxed so seldom—only, indeed, at times of absolute prostration—that it was in itself a joy to breathe unfettered by incessant toil. Edinburgh and Glasgow were the first scenes of her renewed activity, and in both she could act without the disquietude of an ever-present and ever-critical *exigeant* manager. In Edinburgh lived Mr. Theodore Martin, one of a company of young poets who loved pure literature, noble art and high endeavor. He had seen Miss Faucit in London, and had felt her intrinsic distinction, the presence of a quality of mind and heart which elevated voice, gesture and emotion. Edinburgh, ordinarily critical and cool, warmed quickly up to delighted enthusiasm. Here was no mouthing and gesturing simulacrum, but a lovely, living reality, whether Pauline, Juliet or Rosalind.

"Martin," said a friend, "I did not know I had a soul till I saw Helen Faucit." The young poet sought, and was honored by her acquaintance, which grew to friendship, to love, to marriage. He has not recorded his own claims to Helen Faucit's regard. Nothing is more noticeable about this book than the absence of its author from its pages. Only when he is the immediate cause of what befell his subject do we read of him at all. For this is biography, not journalism, and we hear more of a modern interviewer in his newspaper column purporting to concern another, than we do of Sir Theodore Martin in all this *Life of Lady Martin*.

But no such reserve need stay our hand. He is now one of *Maga's* oldest living contributors. He and Aytoun together were the "*Bon Gaultier*" whose ballads all read with delighted laughter.* A large proportion of them was written by Theodore Martin. Already, in those days, he was not only an accomplished classic, but also a master of most European languages. With German, indeed, his intimacy was so great as to put him in possession of the large literature it conveys, and its spell was upon him what time *Maga* was making known its masterpieces to the world. Goethe, dominant then, held him under something of the demonic control which the great German exercised and understood in others. Theodore Martin's translation of "*Faust*," though long of coming, was reckoned best of its generation when it did come. Of later achievements what need to speak? His "*Life of the Prince Consort*" is the only one alluded to in this book, and that slightly, to explain Lady Martin's first visit to Osborne; but those who know it will look to find in the present volume a biography of no ordinary excellence.

* *Bon Gaultier's Book of Ballads*. With illustrations by Doyle, Leech, and Crowquill. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

The House of Blackwood has been acquainted with him for more than half a century, his portrait hangs in "*The Old Saloon*," and its members can put on record a long roll of incidents, each of which bears witness to the loyalty, the sincerity, the kindly humor, the charm of the man who has lived to paint for us so fascinating a portrait. No wonder that he gained Miss Faucit's confidence, and became her correspondent for several years, until the deepening sympathy, the growing bond, made each essential to the other, and this "*marriage of true minds*" ripened into the sacrament of union for life.

The fame which had gathered round her at Covent Garden, Haymarket and Drury Lane theatres was confirmed. It spread across the Channel, and was echoed from Paris, where she was recognized as an artist of the first rank. Visits to Paris became ovations, and these reacted on her London and provincial audiences. Something spiritual, an exquisite elusiveness, touched her maturer work with its miraculous charm. Not alone her grace of movement, the glory of her voice, the mental subtlety of her surrender to each varied part, impressed her critics; but a finer element than these, the vision that is of the soul, that comes of the saintly life. For such her life was, and in her early and later journals we find constant expression of that master-key to her marvellous influence. Thus, for example, did the young actress prepare for her first appearance at Covent Garden: "I feel much happier than I did and have more confidence in the assistance and support of the Almighty in my approaching trial, for without this what could my humble efforts achieve! Oh, how sincerely I pray it may be given to me!" And when it was over, she recorded: "I will now bless the Almighty for having supported me through my fearful trial, and try to go calmly to sleep." And three years later,

reviewing their anxieties and encouragements, she wrote: "Oh, what a host of thoughts and feelings, full of most deep anxiety and pain, come crowding upon my mind when I look back! But I trust the most powerful are those of true and humble gratitude to that great and all-merciful Power which has so far sustained and supported me in my anxious and difficult task, and at times, too, when deep mortifications, and perhaps merited, but at the same time most bitter censures, have made my steps falter, and quenched every spark of energy and strength within me. *How then* have I felt there was but one hand to lift me up, but one Power I could look to for support and succor! God grant to me in His great mercy a continuance of that support and protection and His guidance and direction in all things!" She knew the ultimate source of all true art, and went thither straight for inspiration and strength. What wonder that her gifts were consecrated to the ennobling of those who saw her use them! Here lay the secret of her charm, and that spiritual grace which won reverence for those who had eyes to see. Froude said "she had the most beautiful mind he had ever met with." Browning said that few guessed that "the spirit's glory they hailed nightly" was the "sweetest, fairest, gentlest and completest, Shakespeare's Lady's, ever poet longed for." And young men of fashion discovered their souls when she acted. Her secret to-day would not only clear the stage of tedious frivolity, of the dreary caperings and high kickings which one man greets with empty laughter, and another with yawning; it would make the theatres a joy and refreshment to the many who long for the revival of an intellectual stage. Might it be possible to conceive of actors and actresses who would take their art from the hands of God with such simplicity and such solemnity as did Helen Faucit?

When she married, she was on all hands acknowledged to be the best artist on the stage. Her *Antigone*, her *Iphigenia*, her *Lady Macbeth*, her *Juliet*, *Constance*, *Rosalind* suffered and sinned, loved, jested and died as true to their prototypes as the needle to the north. Men felt the Greek maidens burdened with woe upon woe, in their unfathomable depths of love, anguish, fortitude, defiance and submission. Christopher North discarded all readings of *Lady Macbeth* for hers, "the true *Lady Macbeth*." Her *Hermlone* forgave with a majesty which only love could bestow. Wherever she appeared she found unstinted appreciation, but here in Scotland she is, and ever will be, "a name forever."

It was in 1851 that she married Mr. Theodore Martin in St. Nicholas Church at Brighton. The most perfect marriages seem only possible to the greatest natures. Swift as the flash of thought, Tennyson and his wife, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, occur to the memory as instances. Perhaps it is an attribute of greatness to choose infallibly, to serve faithfully, to love unswervingly. Such a marriage was this, and in it Helen Faucit found a rest and peace which, after the excessive labor of her early years, she sorely needed. Home became the best place in the world, where the best things awaited her after her flights to and fro. Together they visited many lands—Italy again and again—and after some years they built themselves a summer home in Wales, where the air of mountain and river and the delights of her own garden revived her more than the long days of travel.

A year after their marriage found them at No. 31 Onslow Square, where they had Thackeray and his daughters for neighbors. An illustrious circle indeed was theirs, and its members move in and out of the story as they did in the years of their coming and going.

Thackeray was often in the neighbor house, and had his favorite corner in its library, where some exquisite little pictures, full of simple pathos—French in their origin, and finished with French skill and delicacy—were hung. Round the dinner-table men sat whose table-talk made dining a delight, and who needed to fear no traitor in their midst, avid of "copy"—Thackeray, Helps, Kingsley, Froude, Sir Frederic Burton and Dean Stanley, and in later years, Robert Browning, Dante Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, John Millais, General Sir Edward Hamley and Henry Irving. Nor were gifted women without an honored place there. Lady Augusta Stanley, George Eliot, Anna Swanwick, Mary Anderson, Geraldine Jewsbury, were free of the house, and many others of whom records are not wanting in this book. Of Browning, indeed, and of George Eliot, there is much reminiscence. And of one, greatest in the land which daily thanks the King of kings for her living presence, there is frequent mention. The Queen knew and appreciated Helena Faucit, and from the day when the royal yacht was sent to fetch her to Osborne—where Mr. Martin, from an accident was invalided for weeks in January, 1868—to the day thirty years later when, after years of suffering, Lady Martin's gentle spirit was "ripened to dwell with God's"—the Queen's gracious hospitality was extended to her again and again at Osborne and Windsor Castle, and by gifts and remembrance she was made to feel that all concerning her interested the Sovereign whom she loved. Only a few hours before she passed away came the Queen's last telegram of inquiry; and on her coffin her Majesty's representative laid a wreath of lovely flowers inscribed by her Majesty's own hand, "A mark of sincere regret from Victoria R.I."

"Shakespeare's Lady" she was in

every sense. Faithful as Hermione, loving as Juliet, noble as Portia, gay as Rosalind, pathetic as Imogen, dutiful as Cordelia, she appealed best to the best, and drew her joy from their sympathy and understanding. And for greater recompense she had love that measured with Shakespeare's love, which

alters not with Time's brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

Only one feature of the biography tempts to censure, and that is faint, because the obvious reason goes far to protect it. This is the somewhat copious use of press-criticisms. These appear throughout the volume from the description of her first appearance at Covent Garden down to her withdrawal from the stage. One is tempted to wish that Sir Theodore Martin had distilled the quintessence of these, and had presented them in his own words. But reflection serves as a reminder that in his case this was scarcely possible. It was necessary to elaborate the growing impression made upon the best dramatic critics of Helena Faucit's day, in their own language, often very admirable, in order that the development of her powers might not be exhibited in a panegyric by one whose opinion could not escape from partiality, but be depicted stage after stage by those who witnessed it, and whose growing recognition and admiration were impersonal.

Her diaries and private letters form another important source of material; while letters addressed to her from many quarters, amongst them from such writers as George Eliot and Robert Browning, give delightful variety. A further source is her own beautiful book of *Letters on Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*,⁴ dedicated

⁴ On *Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*. By Helena Faucit, Lady Martin. Wm. Blackwood & Sons.

to the Queen, and full of autobiographical details. These Letters appeared first in *Maga*, and their initiative came from Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, who, very seriously ill, appealed to her friend to write, and prevailed. So to Miss Jewsbury we are indebted for this exquisite gallery of portraits, which in some measure perpetuates Helen Faucit's mind upon the impersonations that made her famous.

There is need to revive the memory of such an one as Helen Faucit in an age when bold and unfastidious impressionism draws crowded houses, and even those who appeal to the remnant who will not bow their knee to the bas-

Blackwood's Magazine.

er Baals have to trust for their enjoyment rather to the charm of gorgeous scenery than to refined and convincing art. It was her power of impersonation that occupied the critic's pen, not the superb *mise-en-scène*, which makes the actor's rôle almost ancillary rather than primary. She was "Shakespeare's Lady," and will long be remembered as one, "whose life had been devoted to the task of bringing home to the minds and hearts of the people of the three kingdoms, by the living commentary of speech and action, what she conceived was in Shakespeare's mind when he drew his finest female characters."

UPWARD.

Far off the mountain-tops glimmer, the gloom of the storm-cloud gathers—

Slowly we rise from the lower, hardly the higher attain;
Were it not better to linger here on the hills of our fathers?
On the green slopes, won by our fathers, were it not well to remain?

Nay, 'tis the counsel of laggards, sighing for ease without ending,

Slothful of soul and ignoble, less kin to the peak than the plain,—
Shall it be told that we halted, fain to be done with ascending,
Inglorious sons of our fathers, content to inherit their gain?

Let us, with stout hearts daunted by the arduous heights no longer,

Climb towards the distant summit nor faint on the upward way;

Thro' the toils we are now enduring our children will spring the stronger,

They will win triumphs to-morrow, if staunch we have striven to-day.

Good Words.

A. C. Martin.

MADAME GEOFFRIN.

One of the intimates of Madame Geoffrin remarks one day in her Salon that everything is perfect *chez elle* except the cream.

"What will you?" says Madame. "I cannot change my milk-woman."

"Why not?"

"Because I have given her two cows."

"Voilà," says a biographer, "le rare et le délicat."

The incident is, indeed, quite characteristic of the woman whose motto is "Donner et pardonner," who has a tact that is almost genius, and a heart so kind and tender, honest and generous, that there is not one of the *salonières* upon whose memory it is pleasanter to linger.

Marie Thérèse Rodet is born at Paris in 1699. She is, says one authority, the daughter of a *valet de chambre* of the Dauphine; while another has it that the valet is of Dauphigny. Everybody is agreed that her origin is entirely obscure and *bourgeoise*. Her parents die when she is in her cradle. She is brought up, but not educated, by a shrewd and illiterate old grandmother, who has a theory that if a woman is a fool learning will only accentuate her folly, and that if she is clever she will do well enough without it. There is something to be said for this idea.

At fifteen Marie marries M. Geoffrin, who is also *bourgeois*, enormously wealthy, and a lieutenant-colonel of the National Guard. They have a daughter, afterwards the Marquise de la Ferté-Imbault. M. Geoffrin dies. With the exception of one famous visit to the King of Poland at Warsaw, Madame never leaves Paris, even for a day. She holds there the Salon which has made her famous, and dies there full of years and honor in 1777.

This greatest of all the *salonières* has, therefore, no history. That is, if outward events make a history. But there are some people who could write the incidents of their life on a thumb-nail, and who yet have known great emotions, exercised wide influence and left behind them a more lasting reputation than many kings and dynasties. Perhaps Madame Geoffrin is one of these.

There are so few records of the early part of her life that what she is in her brief girlhood is mostly a matter of conjecture. She does not seem to wish to learn any more than the clever old grandmother wishes to teach. She has no masters. She never even knows how to spell. But she is made to read—and to read much—and what is better than all the reading in the world, to think. She is very little instructed in facts, and a great deal in principles; versed in no science but the science of human nature; shown how to look at things simply as they are; and certainly not left in the arid condition of the *pédante* who, having stuffed her head full of information, leaves quite uncultivated her heart, her tact, her sympathy, and that deeper wisdom which is not of books. The little Marie, too, has always before her the example of the humorous and clear-minded old *bourgeoise*, who "talked so pleasantly of the things she did not know that no one ever wished she knew them better," and who at least, if results are to be trusted, showed the grandchild that noblest of the arts—how to live well.

Can't one fancy what a very bright, modest, sensible little girl this Marie is likely to be when at fifteen she marries her M. Geoffrin? The marriage seems to be the usual *mariage de convenance*, inevitable at that date. Monsieur is a dull, heavy, honest, ugly per-

son. There is one little story to the effect that in studying the *Encyclopædia*, printed in two columns, he reads straight across the page, and remarks afterwards that the book seems very fair, but a trifle obscure; and another little story to the effect that he will read the first volume of a history or book of travels, written in several volumes, over and over again, and then wonder that the author should so much repeat himself. The stories are not true, very likely. But if they are, one cannot but think that even this stupidity has, as it were, its own especial appeal to the wide, kindly heart of the girlish wife. It is only a very shallow cleverness that is annoyed at stupidity after all. It is your wise people who can afford to treat it very gently—seeing how little it is the wisest can know—and who would have a fellow-feeling for that worthy, silent old manufacturer of ices (this is M. Geoffrin's trade) at the head of the table trying vainly to catch the sense of the witty, elusive talk going on round him, and not a little thankful to get back to solitude, where he can be as unintellectual as he feels inclined, and practice comfortably on his *trompette marine* by the hour together.

There is no evidence to show that Madame does not treat Monsieur with at least as much sympathy and thoughtfulness as she treats all the world. He gives her great wealth, for which a woman who so loves to make others happy can't but be grateful. Her beautiful rooms are full of perfect statuary and pictures. She is enabled and already beginning to entertain her friends. This little *bourgeoise*, with her fine talent for order and decorum, must needs regulate her husband's home well and happily. Though he is a non-entity, a respectable old figure-head to her guests, it does not follow he is nothing more to her. The stranger who inquires presently what has be-

come of the old man who used to be at Madame's dinners, and is now there no more, and is met by the reply, "C'était mon mari; il est mort," represents the attitude towards M. Geoffrin of some of Madame's friends, but not that of Madame herself.

It is said that she receives what may be called her training for her Salon from the clever and corrupt Madame de Tencin. That may be. No training however brilliant, could fit a woman unfitted in heart and character to be, not merely the hostess, but the friend, confidante, mother as it were, of the most brilliant genius of the eighteenth century.

The Salon of Madame Geoffrin is one of the wonders of the social world. She has no position. She can claim as father a *valet de chambre* in an age when the aristocracy won't touch the *canaille* with the tips of their white fingers. She is wealthy, indeed, but in a time when all the *noblesse* are also wealthy (with their rich places and perquisites and blood-money from the taxes), so that there is not then, as now, an acknowledged aristocracy of bullion. Her *trompette marine*, with his fortune made in trade, is no great help to her. She is not beautiful. She has little, gentle, old-maidish ways that never even let her seem young. She is respectable when decorum of manners is highly unpopular, and taken to be a tacit reproach, in the very worst taste, upon modish levity. She is, as has been seen, uneducated.

And to her rooms soon flock *savants*, philosophers, artists, nobles, princes, ambassadors, politicians, reformers. On Monday one dines here—the perfection of a little dinner, simple, suitable, well-chosen—the guests mostly painters and sculptors. What does Madame know about art? Nothing, except what a refined natural taste can teach her. On Wednesdays the dinner is literary—Marmontel, Holbach, D'Alembert, Gib-

bon, Hume, Horace Walpole, and, the only woman besides the hostess, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Can't one hear the conversation? Madame Geoffrin has the supreme art of making other people talk their best. She knows just where to put in a word or to ask a question. She has in perfection that finer accomplishment—how to listen. She might very well know more about books than she does. But it is impossible that she should sympathize better with the makers of books, their hopes, cares, fears, ambition. These men tell her their difficulties. She advises them, helps them, cheers them. She is their good angel—quite a human good angel, with that prim exactness about her dress, lavender-scented, daintily, quiet, with her spotless muslins about her neck, the little cap tied under her chin—the very soul of gentle good sense, gay, kind, wise, natural, orderly.

After the dinners she receives all her world. What an assembly it is! This Salon is at once the most catholic and the most particular of all the Salons. Here, it is said, sovereigns meet their people. The aristocracy of genius is brought close to the aristocracy of birth. Is one clever, poor, obscure—or titled and famous? The two meet on common ground and are both the better. Here are Montesquieu, Voltaire, Diderot, Algarotti and Lord Shelburne. Stanislas Augustus, afterwards King of Poland, is a "host" of the company, and brings in his train the Polish nobles and notabilities of the day. Here D'Alembert meets often his fatal passion, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Here is Grimm, who has come straight from another and very different Salon and influence—that of his mistress, Madame d'Epinay. Horace Walpole, perhaps, has been at Madame du Defand's.

In this corner one is complimenting Bernardin de Saint-Pierre on his "Paul

et Virginie," "that swan song of old dying France." In another there is a group of laughing girls—for Madame loves such, as they love her. Women of fashion talk with the rugged old *bourgeois* reformers, who first of all should reform *their* class and character. The broken French of those "foreigners of distinction," who never pass through Paris without visiting Madame Geoffrin, is audible everywhere. Vanloo and Vernet are looking at the priceless pictures and statuary—bought out of the *trompette's* ice-money. And over all, the genius of good taste, good order, good sense, presides that woman who is well called the "invisible Providence" of her assemblies, Madame Geoffrin.

Though she must be very young when she first begins to receive a society more illustrious than any since the days of Madame de Rambouillet, she has from the very first the quiet sageness of middle life, and that aversion to change, hastiness and discord which one does not associate with youth. Are they talking politics? Madame knows nothing of politics. They make people bitter, argumentative, quarrelsome. She listens a little while; then when the discussion grows too heated, interposes with her "*Voilà qui est bien.*" That is her oil on troubled waters, her password to harmony, fairness and reason. In her rooms there is *always* a calm—though it be but the calm before the storm. The distant rumble of the thunder of that tempest that is soon to burst over France is not heard in this quiet place. By Madame's fireside, indeed, and under Madame's peaceful influence, one whispers of those doctrines which will presently *bouleverser* the world. But it is the writers, not the actors, of that great drama who gather here, and when they get too fiery and hot-headed in their discussions, as some needs must, they drift away naturally from

the gathering of Madame Geoffrin to the greater liberty allowed by Holbach and Helvétius.

Madame has a little supper-party for a few chosen intimates when her world has gone away. She does not even now talk much herself—only interposes now and then with a gay little story or a kind little axiom. All her sayings are kind, it seems. It is not so difficult to be witty if one is permitted to be a little bitter too. But to be witty and to see persistently the best side of people and motives is by no means so easy.

If Madame believed less in her friends she could not help them half so much. It is not hard to understand why these impulsive, brilliant Frenchmen come to this wise little *bourgeoise* with their confidences and confessions. She scolds them well—*à part*—when the supper is over; but she understands them perfectly, and has the charity that believeth and hopeth all things, and that makes the most fallen once more believe and hope in himself.

All her friends are not, of course, brilliant people. Is it Madame Geoffrin Shenstone is thinking of in particular when he writes of the Frenchwoman in general?—"There is a quality in which no woman in the world can compete with her—it is the power of intellectual irritation. She will draw wit out of a fool." There is a charming story told of Madame Geoffrin, who finds herself *tête-à-tête* for a whole long winter evening with a worthy and insufferable old bore of an abbé. What is to be done? Yawn in each other's faces? Die of *tristesse* and *ennui* under a mask of social smiles? Madame, "inspired by the desperate situation," sets herself to work to make the bore amusing; and succeeds so well that when he leaves her she gives him a little compliment on his "bonne conversation." "Madame," says he, "I am only the instru-

ment on which you have played beautifully."

This is the key at once to her character and to her social success. She "plays beautifully" the noble music of the great masters on instruments from which others only extract the vile jingle of street songs or the fierce passions of the "Marseillaise." She does not only draw cleverness from the stupid, but goodness from the corrupt. Instead of the license and indecency of the gatherings of Mademoiselle Quinault, there are her modest little suppers, where even Burigny, her dear major-domo, is not required to keep order, because she knows so well how to keep it herself. She still stands out, with her carefully regulated home and her serene mind, as the noblest high-priestess of decency and right. She still gives the lie to the delusion (which even now obtains in her country, if one can judge by its fiction and plays) that virtue *must* be stupid. If in reading of her, with that lack of events in her history and that gentle regularity in her daily life, she seems dull even for a moment, the fault lies only with her biographer and not with the woman who for fifty years is as a mother, beloved, worshipped, honored by the most brilliant spirits of her age.

It is in her own Salon that she first learns that affection, which she carries with her to her grave, for Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski, afterwards King of Poland. He appears to be an honest, well-intentioned person, not at all incapable of warm feelings, or at all adequate to the tremendous situation in which he finds himself. To Madame he is her "fils" and her "bien aimé." A prince? A king-elect? A king? What does that matter? He is first of all, as it were, her son. She has the gift of looking straight through the trappings of royalty, fame, position, at the man within them.

In 1764 the Cabinets of Petersburg

and Berlin set him on the Polish throne, and Madame writes to him as "Sire," and "Majesty," and regards him forever as the child who wants help and sympathy on a difficult way, with whom one may quarrel a little, but whom, feeble or strong, in or out of power, one must needs love to the end.

The letters the pair exchange are not remarkable as literary compositions. Madame's are full of the faults of orthography for which she is famous. They have very few of the blithe little anecdotes and epigrams which make her conversation delightful. She is writing to a man always in danger, fear and difficulty; and is herself the most sympathetic of women. So what would one have? They have no great political interest, or only that feminine view of politics which always centres on the politician. But they are not the less letters which even a king might have been glad to receive. If any one will look back on some cherished correspondence of his own, he will find in it, it may be pretty safely said, less wit and brilliancy even than Stanislas found in Madame Geoffrin's. It is only posterity which demands cleverness and comment on contemporary history in a letter; the receiver only needs the touch of the writer's hand, the assurance of affection and faithfulness, and the reminder that the only real separation is that which causes no pain.

Madame has been corresponding with her son and King only a few months when the idea of visiting him at Warsaw takes possession of her heart. She is now sixty-five years old. She has never been out of Paris in her life. She has preferred her "rue de la Harpe" to all the splendid places of the world. The difficulties of travelling in that time are hardly estimable. She has no one to go with her. Her daughter is married and has her own ties. Madame has to tear herself from a Salon of perhaps forty years'

standing. But the idea grows and then dominates her. She and her King have a quarrel on paper, and the scheme seems likely to be abandoned. They have a reconciliation, and their reunion is the necessary consequence. One has to be a woman, perhaps, and to understand that maternal yearning in every woman's heart, to realize the absorbing nature of the desire to see her "bien aimé" again which makes Madame Geoffrin pursue her plan against everybody's advice, and carry it out in the teeth of difficulty. Her "bien aimé" himself has been more than a little doubtful about his "chère maman" attempting a journey so hazardous. He has warned her often of the drawbacks she will find. He will do his best for her—she shall be infinitely honored and beloved—but drawbacks there will be; and she pays no attention to his cautions—or, rather, listens, and persists.

In the end of June, 1766, escorted by the Comte de Loyko, Chamberlain to Stanislas, Madame Geoffrin, *bourgeoise*, starts with an almost royal progress and with, it is said, the eyes of Europe upon her, on the first stage of her travels. Can't one see her looking out from the windows of that "berline," built for the occasion, upon the new world? A widely-travelled generation can hardly fancy the excitement and eagerness, doubt, fear, anticipation which such a journey must represent in the mind of a woman who belongs to the most stay-at-home people of a stay-at-home age. And behold this is Vienna! Not Paris, indeed, but not all contemptible. Madame parts here from Loyko, who is replaced by the Captain Bachone, who speaks all languages, and is prepared, it appears, to travel with suites of furniture, cooks, provisions, silver plate, to render Madame's journey as little inconvenient as may be. At Vienna, the greatest nobility of the land receive this clever, dignified daughter of the people with their very best parties and wel-

come. Maria Theresa shows her the finest kindness and sympathy. She sees all the Austrian Royal Family—"the prettiest thing one can imagine"—at Schoenbrunn. Here is the young Marie Antoinette, hardly twelve years old and already lovely as an angel. "The Archduchess told me to write to France and say I have seen her, this little one, and find her beautiful." Is this the first footstep of that grim destiny which is to overtake "the Austrian," falling on the threshold of her life? "*Arrière-petite-fille du roi de France.*" "Lovely as an angel." "Write to your country and say you found her so." It would be but a part of the fitness of fate that one of the first little nails in the coffin of monarchy and of the Queen should be driven there by the daughter of a *valet de chambre*.

Madame would be sorry to leave Vienna, no doubt, if she could have room for such a feeling of sorrow in her heart when she is getting nearer every hour to this son of her age and her affection. She has expressed herself so warmly and decidedly in that quarrel they have had! She is so anxious to see him and tell him that she would not have been half so angry if she had loved him less. To her serene nature the omnipotence of fate or death to dash the cup of realization from one's lips, even at the last moment, is not so vivid as to a less sanguine temperament. She looks forward to their meeting with a sure heart. They are to be so happy, son and mother once more—a French son and mother, be it understood, between whom is that intimacy and confidence not half so well known to the relationship in other countries. He is to tell her what he has done, is doing, is going to do. They will talk over his marriage, his prospects, his thousand daily difficulties in that stormy kingdom, which needs the strongest man at its head, and has a

very amiable one. She will advise him, scold him, help him. She does not know much about his Polish politics, but she can learn. She is all for him and not at all for herself. She wants no advancement, no place for her friends, no influence used here or word spoken there—nothing but the good of one person—Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski.

No one who has lived long in the world will wonder that this meeting at Warsaw does not fulfil all it promised. It is a truism, but not less a truth, that the only unalloyed happiness of life is anticipation, and that the happiest people are those whose dreams are unrealized. These two, who love each other sincerely, disagree upon a thousand minor and immaterial points, as many other sincere lovers have done before and after them. They can't consent to differ. (Has one ever met a woman who could let a man think differently from her without dragging that difference to the fore, and discussing and threshing it out a hundred times a day?) Madame suffers not a little. Stanislas lodges her with splendor and honor. She obtains—if that is any advantage—a very good idea of the tottering state of this poor little kingdom, torn by internal dissension, the plaything of the greater Powers. She receives, during her stay in Poland, letters from Voltaire and Marmontel. Her whole visit there lasts only a little more than two months. When she is back again in Paris she is able to write of it with enthusiasm. But there are not the less those clouds on her happiness. When she has gone away Stanislas writes in terms of a passionate regret, and she answers him from Vienna that the "tu" in which he addresses her is an "illusion of Satan," and recalls "all that I have suffered." There have been, it is said, influences at work upon the King which Madame dreads for him, and of which she can't persuade him to rid

himself. They will love each other better when they are separated. It is from a distance that one obtains the best view of a city. Too near, one sees the defects of a part, and not the beauty of the whole.

The pair resume their correspondence with all their old fervor when Madame is back again in her Paris. She sympathizes once more with all Stanislas's difficulties and trials, which do not get fewer as the years go on. She is now as ever, the genius of common-sense and quiet reason—calm, far-seeing, judicious. Petty jealousies are quite forgotten in the very real and daily growing need Stanislas has of her faithful friendship. In 1769 she is able to write to him, "When one is young, one's pleasure, passions, tastes even, form attachments and break them. My feeling for you depends on none of these things; therefore it has lasted. It has lasted in spite of candor and plain speaking, and will last to the end of my life."

Madame is now seventy years old. Famine, financial disorder, and parties in the Court and Government, who sacrifice the public good to gratify private malice, make the condition of France appear deplorable, even to a woman whose nature is at all times gently optimistic. But the misfortunes of her own country are light beside those of her King's.

In 1772 takes place the first partition of Poland. By 1792, when the second partition breaks Poniatowski's heart, and he retires to Petersburg, to live there till his death in 1798, with, it is said, no consolation but that taste for letters he learnt of Madame Geoffrin, she has long gone the way of all flesh. She writes to him so long as she can handle a pen, loves him as long as she has a heart to love with; and in her last letter to him tells him that she cannot express her joy at leaving him happy and content. So that even Fate is sometimes merciful.

The close of Madame Geoffrin's life is like its beginning, well-ordered and regular. She continues to receive her friends in her Salon when she is a very old woman. In the summer of 1776 she is attacked by paralysis. The attack is brought on, say some, by too close an attendance at a Church festival. It may be. Though Madame has been the intimate of the philosophers, has listened many times in her rooms to the free expression of free-thought, and has been a warm patroness of the *Encyclopædia*, yet it is not a little in keeping with the tranquil conservatism of her character that orthodoxy should claim her at last. Her daughter, Madame la Marquise de la Ferté-Imbault, who is properly aristocratic and conventional, takes possession of her mother's bed, and won't let those adventurous souls, Morellet, D'Alembert, Marmontel, come near it. The sick woman is past troubling at their exclusion; or perhaps, like many others, after having in life reasoned and wondered, is glad to die in the bosom of that Church whose great attraction to the soul is that it admits no doubts, saying with that self-confidence which gives confidence, "Behold, I am the Truth! Rest in me." Madame at least only smiles when she learns that her daughter is thus "guarding her tomb from the infidels." It is thought that her reason is dimmed a little. But she is able to make her preparations for death "galement" almost as she made them for her journey to Poland. She has been always gently cheerful, and she is cheerful now. When she overhears the people about her bed making fine suggestions of the means Government might employ to make the masses happy, she rouses herself to say: "*Ajoutez-y le soin de procurer les plaisirs.*" It is her last recorded utterance.

The character of Madame Geoffrin is quite simple. She is less a great woman than a good one. A great woman is

the phoenix who rises from the ashes of her sex's littleness once in a thousand years; and is in proportion to great men about one to a hundred. Madame does not electrify the world. But she leaves her corner of it fairer, kinder, wiser; makes by her character and influence a cool oasis, very pleasant to rest in, in the desert of French philosophism, atheism and immorality.

A thousand stories are told of her generosity, her tact, her honesty. The very people whom her *bourgeois* decorum and soberness must most reproach cannot but like her. "I am so crazy, and she is so prudent," writes Galiani to Madame Necker. "Still I love her, I esteem her, I reverence her, I adore her." Others, if none more contemptible and licentious than the witty abbé, have the same feeling.

Horace Walpole calls her his director, his confessor, the embodiment of common-sense. To be censured by the Sorbonne or shut up in the Bastille for one's violent opinions is almost the only form of folly Madame can't forgive her friends.

Quiet is the chief of her household gods. Speaking to Diderot of a lawsuit that was bothering her: "Get done with my lawsuit," says she. "They want money? I have it. Give them money. What better use can I make of my money than to buy peace with it?"

She does indeed make better uses of it even than that. She is the most generous woman in history. It is she who allows Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, who has no kind of claim upon her, a pension for life. It is she who pays Poniatowski's debts when he first comes, a young man and a foolish one, to Paris. When she visits her friends it is her tender pleasure to look round their rooms and see what is wanting to completeness, and afterwards to contribute a piece of old china, a pic-

ture, a couch or a bureau. She has such a delight in giving that he would be surly indeed who could refuse to accept.

To Morellet and to Thomas she makes a sufficient allowance "*pour leur faire une existence indépendante.*" How many more of those poor devils of authors who frequent her Salon, and have such very fine notions on life, and so very little idea how to live, she helps from that wide purse and heart one can only guess. One Sunday—on Sundays she does not receive her friends—one of them takes her by surprise, and finds her doing up a considerable sum of money in little bags for distribution among the poor. It is her regular Sunday occupation. For here in evil Paris, with its great gulf fixed between class and class, there are so many sick who need the necessities—of death—so many orphaned babies, so many despairing women! If Madame, who does "good by stealth," is convicted of so much kindness, how much more must there be of which no one knows! She is fond of quoting that Eastern proverb, "*Si tu fais du bien jette-le dans la mer, et si les poissons l'avalent Dieu s'en souviendra;*" and when she is found out in goodness, past denial, excuses herself by saying, with her gay little smile, she has only "*T'humeur donnante.*"

But she has, indeed, that nobler generosity of soul of which giving is but a small part. It is Madame who first stretches out a hand of friendship to Madame Necker, whom, as yet, the other women won't accept. And it is Madame who remains her friend when the Necker, who is besides, young and handsome, presides over a dangerously successful rival Salon. It is Madame Geoffrin who is, in brief, beloved of women, though she is also beloved of men; who cannot bear the false change of compliments, eulogy, flattery, and clings instead to the frank affection of

that generous youth to whom, as to childhood, all men are equal and all the world seems kind.

There is no prettier picture than that Madame herself draws, with her natural illiterate pen, in one of the letters to Stanislas. Among her closest friends are a troop of laughing girls, who come and take her by surprise when they want to be amused. It is not, one sees here, volatile youth that is to cheer old age, but this gently gay old age (*"Mon cœur n'a que vingt ans,"* says Madame) which is to make youth merrier yet. One may imagine the scene. They cluster round her, chattering and impulsive. They are so light-hearted and demonstrative, so eager to make confidences, so susceptible of influence! They have come to stay *ever* so long. They must insist on having supper with her—on spending the lengthiest and gayest of evenings. At their head is a girlish Madame d'Egmont—twenty years old at the most—who is quite irresistible, says Madame, when she looks up into one's face and talks, and who has "a grace and vivacity which neither sculpture nor painting shall portray." The description of her is so charming that Stanislas wants her portrait. She dies, poor soul!

Longman's Magazine.

in the sequel, still only a girl, and childless. On that evening death and disaster must seem far enough off. For Madame, though she is old and has suffered, has the supreme unselfishness which communicates all its joys and keeps its sorrows to itself. She laughs with her visitors and scolds them tenderly after her fashion—"I scold them on the way they waste their youth," she says, "and preach to them that they may have an old age as bright and healthy as mine"—and gives them, perhaps, that sententious little maxim which they all laugh at delightfully at the moment, and think over a little afterwards: "There are three things that the women of Paris throw out of the window—their time, their health and their money."

Is it not a pretty, natural little scene in the coarse, clever, artificial drama of this French eighteenth century? Madame Geoffrin is in her own person a witness to the quiet good that always lives on through the worst periods of noisy vice. She should be remembered forever, if only as the type and voice of those silent multitudes who follow duty in the basest age, and in the teeth of a low public opinion struggle towards ideals not mean.

S. G. Tallentyre.

THE TYRANNY OF CORRESPONDENCE.

The classic age of letter-writing, like that of chivalry, is gone, although no Burke has been found yet to utter its splendid funeral oration. It is of course true that more letters are written every day in England now than were written every year a century ago, even taking into consideration the difference in population. But there are letters and letters. Correspondence on business, hurried notes containing in-

vitations to dinner or acceptances thereof—these are the missives which fill the bag of the letter-carrier. No, there is one kind of correspondence that, even in our days of telephones and phonographs, is immortal. The love-letter, we presume, still holds its sway; and if we are to judge from the revelations of breach of promise cases, is as full of sugary sentimentalism as in the days of Lydia Languish. But the

letter as it has passed into literature, the letter whose highest claim to be treated as art is that it conceals art, the letter as written by William Cowper, or Oliver Goldsmith, or Horace Walpole, or Miss Burney—that charming epistle intended only for the affectionate perusal of friends, and yet of such value to the historian of life and manners—shall we say that it has disappeared from the busy modern world, killed by the “railway and the steamship and the thoughts that shake mankind?” At least it is now but a rare product, a fragile flower scarcely able to maintain itself in our altered social soil.

Correspondence from being a cherished art and solace has in our day tended to become what is called in slang a “grind.” It is “snippetty,” like the cheap newspapers, a sort of “bits” or “cuts,” giving hints which require to be filled out, only that the receiver has hardly time for that mental process. Doubtless there are here and there quiet persons who still cherish the implied conviction of White of Selborne, that the budding of a new flower, or the spring arrival of another bird from the south, is as important an event as the Anglo-German agreement or the Presidential Election, but the recent books on these themes, interesting as some of them are, will all be forgotten while our still distant ancestors are reading the correspondence of the Selborne parson. Truth to tell, a great deal of our letter-writing is boredom, the source of irritation and weariness to those who are called on to undertake it. We are reminded of this by the somewhat pathetic letter from Mr. Herbert Spencer, printed in the *New York Journal*, in which the philosopher begs to be excused from replying to correspondents on the ground that in his declining years he has no time or energy for writing on all manner of difficult subjects to all the persons who

either genuinely desire enlightenment or who (as is more probable) wish to “draw” an eminent thinker and perhaps preserve his autograph in their collection.

It is one of the misfortunes of the modern rapid transmission of news and thought that, while destroying the old leisure which made the artistic letter possible, it has made thousands of people acquainted with the great writers of our time in a hurried, superficial kind of way, creating a morbid desire for controverting what are supposed to be their views, or for suggesting to them points which they may not have considered, and which are probably utterly irrelevant. Not a living writer but has had experience of his “crank.” Even to reply to him in the celebrated words of Dr. Johnson, “Sir, I have given you arguments, I cannot provide you with an understanding,” costs pen, ink and paper, and usually a postage stamp, which the correspondent rarely furnishes. But to enter on a serious campaign of letter-writing with all and sundry costs a loss of time, an expenditure of energy, and, in some cases, a friction of the nervous system which no statistics can adequately express. This tyranny of correspondence is, it may be urged, a condition of intellectual greatness; it is one of the penalties a great writer has to pay. But it might surely be assumed that the writer has said what he has to say in his book; that is what he wrote it for, and if he never thought of some hint or argument which his correspondent is good enough to suggest to him, he is not quite the great writer he is taken for. In any case, his shortcomings are sure to be pointed out by a critic of his own calibre in a work which he can quietly study in his library free from the intrusion of bores and spies. A still worse form of this tyranny which the cheap postal system has made possible is the letter

which demands one's views of particular subjects with which he does not profess, and never has professed, to deal. A man of letters uses tobacco, or drinks old port, or walks ten miles a day, or reads sensational novels, and instantly hundreds of persons who have heard of the fact bombard him with letters asking the reason why. One imagines that there are some writers who do not venerate the memory of Rowland Hill.

But there is, let it be frankly admitted, another side to this question of correspondence, as there is to nearly every fact in this imperfect world. You are rendered almost insane by the click, click of the telephone, and are willing to curse its inventor, and to subscribe to a fund for its destruction. But next door some father may be blessing this very instrument for instantaneous news of his dying child. The same postbag which contains the deadly missive of the bore may also hold the well-considered and intelligent thanks of the serious student; and what more grateful message for the writer than that? The literary review can never be quite so delightful as the personal communication from a student who takes the trouble to tell you how much he owes to you. Think what Goethe's letter to Carlyle must have meant amid all the dull, unenlightened chatter of the English reviews. Even the "trivial fond records," of the aver-

The Spectator.

age domestic letter constitute an important part of one's life. The tendency in our time is to scattering. Families do not live in the old-fashioned solidarity, but go to the ends of the earth, break up, separate far and wide. Science, which has produced this new exodus, has also in part provided that, if bodily separation there must be, there shall at least be no separation of mind. The ship which bears the emigrant from his old home also bears the letters from the father and mother, the old friends, and so the continuity of life is maintained. The threads of human association are kept together. Not a few of these letters, rough and broken as they are, are veritable human documents; if we could collect them, we might find that their contemplation was by no means beneath the "dignity of history." If the letter as a leisurely artistic product is largely a thing of the past, the letter as a distinct, spontaneous expression of individual thought and feeling, the outcome of widespread ability to read and write, and of the inventions of modern science, is a great fact which has added permanently to the happiness of the many. To the thinker, whose daily work lies in writing, correspondence must be in the main a tyranny; to those who labor in the office or the shop it is a kind of liberation from the drudgery of the daily round.

MAETERLINCK'S LATEST DRAMA.

"Bluebeard and Aryan, or Useless Liberation: a drama in three acts!" Such is the title of the latest work of the author of "Blind People." A translation from the MS. into German was

made, and published; the original is to appear during the coming winter. The reform of theatrical technique, which began in the theatre of dolls, is not then matured. At any rate, Maeter-

linck cares not for theatrical eloquence, he cares for something far deeper. Let us listen.

Bluebeard introduces Aryan, his sixth wife into the palace. Beneath the windows is heard the indignant shouting of an invisible crowd. What, one more? And so beautiful, the most beautiful in the country? No, it is too much; he has already drawn down too many calamities on the surrounding country! And this sixth one has courage. . . . It is true she thinks the *others* still live.

The indignation of the crowd increases—but Bluebeard and Aryan enter the palace. He opens for her all his treasures; here are twelve boxes arranged according to the signs of the Zodiac, each box contains jewels and costly fabrics from different countries and of different ages. Choose! Aryan is fond of jewels, and chooses—Roman jewels.

"The Roman women were beautiful and courageous." She plunges her fingers into the jewels and is delighted. Suddenly she shivers and is sad.

The sound of sad singing is borne to her from the distance. The admirer of the Roman women speaks often to Bluebeard—Does he love? It seems he loves for the first time, for this is the first time he has met with such a woman. He presses her passionately to his breast; she resists and screams. Her scream is echoed by another, it is the cry of the crowd beneath the windows of the palace, who, suspecting that there is to be another victim, threatens, throwing stones. Thereupon Aryan appears in the doorway—she is sweet and strong, and the crowd is calmed.

No, Bluebeard has never before met a woman who could dominate spirit and body.

In the second act Aryan appears as the liberator. She descends to the cellar, accompanied by a nurse, who is

trembling with fear, and breaks all the locks. The sad singing of the prisoners sounds ever louder and louder. Here they are. Here in the cellar, among the numerous pillars that support the old ceiling, they lie in a darkness that is only brightened by the feeble flame of a single lamp. There are five of them and they all tremble with fear—they answer to her call with timid moaning. But Aryan's voice, full of joy, enthusiasm and energy, animates them; they approach her, and her heart is filled with warmth and sadness. Ah! how the poor things have suffered! They cannot yet believe that they are free! They cannot believe that out in the world the spring blooms, the light shines and the lake smiles. Poor things, they have forgotten the sun! Forward then, forward! Suddenly the light in the nurse's hand expires, and they can no longer see their way. But even in the deepest darkness there shines some ray. Whence comes it? It comes from yonder, where the wall ends and the rock begins. . . . A rock in the form of an altar, for it is said that this was formerly a church. Well, then, forward toward the crevice, and move away the stones! But the prisoners are overwhelmed with fear. Beyond that rock there is a sea—it will flow over them, it will annihilate them! Aryan is sad. Poor sisters! Have you then grown accustomed to the darkness. . . . "Why did you wish that I should free you, if you are so fond of the darkness? Why did you weep if you were happy?"

Let us work! . . . a few more blows and the stone is broken, and the light streams in, overflowing with life, freedom and delight.

Third act.—In the hall of the palace, the liberated prisoners stand before the boxes of jewels, and alas! they are all like Eve, who, as Heine says, having eaten of the apple of knowledge,

stretched forth her arm for a fig-leaf. Scarcely has a woman grown up, than the first thing she does is to purchase a dress. Thus, also, act Bluebeard's liberated wives; they cover nature and make her hideous. The one whose golden hair shone even in the darkness, covers it with ribbons; Aryan throws them away, in order "to free that light once more." She whose shoulders breathe a charm and ask a caress, now covers them with silk; another hides both neck and arms. Aryan accomplishes the work of liberation; "No wonder," says she of Bluebeard, "had he wished even for a hundred wives, he had none."

Then Bluebeard comes. But ere he can enter the palace he must pass that wall-like crowd that threatens him. The women are frightened and speechless. Aryan alone calls for help and begs for mercy. The people bind Bluebeard and bring him to the palace—the women flee. Aryan alone comes forward to meet the crowd, and by her queen-like mien imposes respect and obedience. And she frees the prisoner, whilst the others are only able to lament. Having freed the man, she kisses him and departs. "Where?" asked the other women. "Far away yonder, where I am still needed. Who among you will go with me? None, although the door is open, and beyond it there is freedom, and the bright light of the silver stars?"

They look at her with indifference, the "woman of the North" alone throws herself on her bosom and thus remains. Then the door of the palace is closed—behind Aryan.

Such is the drama written with extreme simplicity, and full of strong emotions. It possesses great poetical beauties, all fresh and simple as field flowers.

The poet's relation to nature is magnificent. For a long time he has felt her slightest tremors and heard her

most secret whispers, but, strange to say, he has drawn from her only sad sounds, at times threatening and full of despair, as in "The Blind Men" and "The Uninvited Guest."

This time nature spoke to him, her language thrilled through him, awakening warm, joyful, passionate sounds, voices of the worship of nature. Here nature is a god, deliverance, happiness. As her light penetrates the darkness, the poet is intoxicated, and his words become an inspired hymn.

Aryan (*when the light enters the prison*): "I can see nothing. I cannot open my eyes, for long strings of pearls strike against my eyelids. I know not what flows in on me . . . is it Heaven, or sea? Is it the wind or the world? My hair is a stream of light. I see nothing, but I hear everything; thousands of rays strike on my ears . . ."

Such hymns sang the ancient mystics, in honor of life. This whole poem is devoted to light, every symbol therein quivers with light.

For Bluebeard is the personification of all men. He sought a woman, and he found but feeble figures, covering and disfiguring their bodies, not covering their souls—for they had none. Consequently, he threw them into Gothic prisons, that cover the vision of the world with the remains of altars, beyond which there may be sea, or heaven—or infinity. At length things change. "The crowd," sometime invisible, begins to rebel against this state of affairs. Above it stands the figure of a woman, simple and great, and Bluebeard immediately offers her his hand. She is fond of jewels, she loves a beautiful life, but drawing from the treasury of her great soul, she carries gifts also to others. The ideal women to her are the Roman women, "beautiful and courageous." She enters the dark prison, despite the superstitious fear of the nurse, despite lack of will and childish weakness; she breaks the

stones of the ancient altars, and admits the light, the light. . . .

Being unable to see that some spiritual revolution is already taking place, the crowd seizes Bluebeard, in whom it recognizes only an oppressor, unaware of the fact that he himself has suffered deeply. Simple-minded, merciless, although generous, crowd! It humiliates itself before a woman, who comes bringing light; and she dresses Bluebeard's wounds, and leaves him amongst the women. Have they understood the experiments of the past?

The Fortnightly Review.

Do they know that salvation lies in imitating the virtues of the Roman women, who united courage with clear, unvelled beauty?

The poet doubts. The liberated prisoners rushed to the boxes full of glittering jewels and costly stuffs; they remained with the man who, to them, was an executioner, and they left their liberator, their good genius, alone—in solitude.

It is thus one may interpret Maeterlinck's last symbols.

S. C. de Soissons.

SONG.

(Inviting an influence upon the opening year.)

You wear the morning like your Dress
And are with mastery crowned;
And as you walk, your Loveliness
Goes shining all around.
Upon your secret, smiling way
Such new contents were found,
The dancing Loves made Holiday
On that delightful ground.

Then summon April forth and send
Enchantment through the flowers;
About our woods your grace extend
A queen of careless Hours.
For, oh! not Vera, veiled in rain,
Nor Dian's sacred ring,
With all her royal Nymphs in train,
Could so lead on the Spring.

Literature.

Hilaire Belloc.

HEROD.*

The first thing to strike a reader of Mr. Phillips's play who knows his Josephus is the simplicity with which the poet has followed the Jewish historian. Not only are the main incidents, such as the murder of Aristobulus and his sister Queen Mariamne, with their motives and consequences, taken direct from history, but minor incidents also, such as the jealousy of Herod's mother and sister, roused by Mariamne's contempt for their insignificant origin, the betrayal of Herod's confidence by Schemus, the spicing of the wine-cup, and the cool reception Mariamne gives to her lord on his return from the interview with Octavian, are transferred by the poet from the historian's pages. To say this is not to derogate from Mr. Phillips's originality, but to insist upon it. Just as truly as Shakespeare's play, *Coriolanus*, was implicit in North's Plutarch, so Mr. Phillips's play was implicit in Josephus. But in the one case, as in the other, it required the eye of genius to discover it. Now that the play has been written, it seems wonderful that no one should have written it before, for many poets have gone in search of passion; and Josephus lays stress upon the enthusiastic and almost ungovernable nature of Herod's passion for Mariamne, and in his narrative, as in the play, the episode closes with the King's temporary madness. Here, however, at last is the play; and readers are likely to confirm the judgment of playgoers that the play is a good one.

We have mentioned Shakespeare as a parallel to Mr. Phillips for the ease with which he found his tragedies in history. But Mr. Phillips's play is not

for all that, a play upon the Shakespearian model. There is no rich combination of plot and underplot, no "God's plenty" of characters suggesting the crowded stage of the real world; person after person satisfying us with their admirable humanity as long as they are upon the stage, and giving place to others as thoroughly satisfactory and human. Mr. Phillips has gone for his model to Shakespeare's predecessor, Christopher Marlowe; and we think he was wise in so doing; as indeed the event has proved him successful. Our tragic stage needs rebuilding; and in building one must begin at the beginning. Before it is possible to deal with a conflict of passions it is well for a dramatist to make sure that he can handle with success a single great passion; and as Marlowe preluded with *Dr. Faustus*, though adverse fate left the more complicated fugue to his successor, so Mr. Phillips, we hope, has only preluded with *King Herod*, and may give us in time his more elaborated harmonies.

In *Herod* Mr. Phillips has clearly marked the various strains that made up that, in a sense, "great" as well as terrible figure. He shows us the genius both for war and for art, that made of him an intrepid and adventurous soldier, and in time of peace the builder of cities and temples and amphitheatres; he shows us the diplomatist with genius enough to employ the most direct and simple methods; the statesman who knew when a man was dangerous and must be removed and who did not shrink from the task; the King who devoted himself absolutely to his people's interests; and beneath all this the untamed Idumean of the desert, with his passions at fever-heat, ready at any

* *Herod: A Tragedy.* By Stephen Phillips. London: John Lane. [4s. 6d.]

moment to rebel against the queer decrees of the intellect. Mr. Phillips has also made Herod a poet, as Shakespeare made Macbeth a poet. He kills the boy Aristobulus, for too exactly corresponding with the Sibyl's prophecy, but he thoroughly appreciates the glory of the golden age which the King of righteousness and peace was to inaugurate:—

Herod. A child! Gadias, wandering night by night
Among the people of Jerusalem,
I hear a whispering of some new king,
A child that is to sit where I am sitting;
The general boding hath ta'en hold of me;
If this thing has been fated from the first—

Gadias. It is the fault of dreamers to fear fate.

Herod. (dreamily). And he shall charm and soothe, and breathe and bless,
The roaring of war shall cease upon the air,
Falling of tears and all the voice of sorrow.
And he shall take the terror from the grave—

Gadias. The malady is too old and too long rooted,
The earth ailed from the first; war, pestilence,
Madness and death are not as ills that she
Contracted, but are in her bones and blood.

Herod. And he shall still that old sob of the sea,
And heal the unhappy fancies of the wind,
And turn the moon from all that hopeless quest;
Trees without care shall blossom,
and all the fields
Shall without labor unto harvest come.

But he recalls Macbeth most closely in his reflections upon the murder at the moment when he is commanding it:—

Dimly I dread lest having struck this blow
Of my free will, I by this very act
Have signed and pledged me to a second blow
Against my will. What if the powers permit
The doing of that deed which serves us now;
Then of that very deed do make a spur
To drive us to some act that we abhor?
The first step is with us: then all the road,
The long road, is with Fate. O horrible!
If he being dead demand another death.

In the last act, when he is planning the new Temple at Jerusalem, he lets his imagination play about marbles and precious stones like Marlowe's Jew of Malta:—

This then is my design.
And now that in my coffers 'gins to pour
Pearl of barbaric kings and savage gold,
And emeralds of Indian emperors,
And wafted Ivory in silent night,
And floated marble in the moonbeams,
now
That the green waves are glooming pearls for me,
And metals cry to me to be delivered,
And screened jewels wait like brides,
I'll have
No stint—no waiting on how much,—
how far.

Mariamne, though the part allows of much less variety, is clearly and finely conceived. Her love of Herod is passionate and strong, but her love for her brother, intensified by the pride of race, is as strong, or stronger. We note that even in the farewell passages of love between them before Herod departs to meet Octavian, while he says,—

Now the armed man doth lay his armor by,
And now the husband hasteth to the wife—

she replies,—

The brother to the sister maketh home;

and the suspicion, soon become a certainty, that her husband is her brother's murderer kills her love, as she had forewarned him:—

Herod, my Herod, such a love as
grows
For you, within me, it could never die.
. . . . Yet might you kill it,
. . . In a night murder it—in a moment;
It is so brave you could not hear a cry,
You'd stoop and lift a dead face up to
you,
And pull me out from reeds like one
just drowned,
More dead than those who die; and I
should move,
Go here and there, and words would
fall from me.
But, ah! you'd touch but an embalmed
thing.

Mariamne's dialogue with Sohemus over the body of her brother is one of the best things in the play. The other characters are barely sketched in. They do what they have to do, and say what they have to say, for the purpose of the action, but they arouse no interest.

The scenic qualities of the play are very remarkable. Mr. Phillips begins by attracting attention to Aristobulus, and the boy is shown excited and weary with the ovation he has received, "fey" in fact, and obviously doomed. Another fine scene is the leave-taking between the King and Mariamne, which concludes when their passion is at height by the entrance of the mourners with the murdered boy's body. Then, in the second act, the anxiety of the courtiers for the King's safety when he had put himself into Octavian's power, ended by his sudden arrival; and his enthusiastic recounting of his success to

The Spectator.

Mariamne, dashed by her cold disdain, make a fine pair of contrasts. The treatment of the rebels of whom Josephus speaks, led by the blind prophet, is a very effective scene; and so, of course, is the final scene of the Embassy from Rome addressing the cataleptic King, upon which the curtain falls. Mr. Phillips has chosen his effects with great skill and with a practical knowledge of stagecraft, in these days very rare in one who is also, and primarily, a poet. He has written the play in his favorite Marlowesque blank verse, with the pause constantly at the end of the line, and somehow it seems to chime better with the sustained Marlowesque intensity of the tragic passion than a more free and varied rhythm might have done. A noticeable and effective use is made here and there of tragic irony, as when the young Aristobulus, going to the pool where he is drowned by Herod's order, tells him:—

. . . I so love the waters, I may linger
Floating upon my back thus, and my
face
Skyward, and you depart not seeing
me.

And there are several similar places. On the whole, we wish to congratulate Mr. Phillips on his success very heartily. He speaks in the preface of revising the play; when he does so we hope he will clear away some half-dozen echoes of well-known passages in poetry—from Addison, Browning, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Maeterlinck—which add nothing to the merits of his poem, and may seem to detract from its originality.

A COMPARISON OF GERMAN AND ENGLISH SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

"Man shall be educated for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior. Everything else is folly."—*Nietzsche*.

In the spring of the present year, the following questions were set to a number of children between the ages of ten and fourteen in primary and secondary German schools:—

1. Which would you rather be, a man or a woman—and why?
2. Which man or woman of whom you have ever heard or read would you most wish to be—and why?

The same questions were set to a number of English children last December, and an analysis of their answers appeared in the February number of *The National Review*.

The aim of the present paper is to bring out the differences of ideal in German boys and girls, and to contrast the ideals of English and German school-children—so far as they may be gleaned from a single school exercise.

The number of papers received from Germany was disappointing. The teachers, in some cases, objected to send the children's work, fearing that generalizations made from a single exercise would be misleading. The number of German children's answers forming the basis of the present paper was 196, as compared with 600 from English children. In glancing rapidly through these answers one is impressed, *firstly*, by the grave earnestness with which the German children attack the problems before them. The sly touches of humor, of fancy and rebellion which are scattered throughout the papers of the English children are absent.

Secondly, by the prominence the German children give to their civic and do-

mestic duties. The boys speak of their duty to their country, and the girls of their duty to their family in a manner that is a little startling to the reserved British mind.

Thirdly, by the docility of the German child in accepting and wishing to conform to the ideal types of character held up to him.

Fourthly, by the touches of sentimentality which are to be found throughout the boys' and girls' papers. These are very characteristic of the popular conception of the German character.

In some instances the girls were not allowed to attempt the first question; it was considered improper to permit them to speculate on themselves as masculine beings, and probably disturbing to the ideally feminine type, which the school instruction constantly emphasizes for their benefit. It is well, perhaps, to mention that men teach in German girls' schools, both primary and secondary, to a large extent, not only the elder pupils, but little ones as well. It is not an uncommon thing to find a scholar of distinction instructing classes of little seven-year-old girls—and one is bound to admire the tact and skill with which he does it.

The German man is often a "teacher by the grace of God," and when he brings all his patience, pedagogical training and innate sympathy with children to bear upon his task of teaching, he is undoubtedly a success. I have been told by educational authorities in Germany—men, of course; the German women are not authorities—that women have neither the ability nor the necessary knowledge to rank with men in the teaching profession, and one often looks in vain for women teachers in the schools until one penetrates into the

needlework classes. This practice of having men teachers in girls' schools has probably largely influenced the girls' answers. German men have conspired to discourage in every way female aspirations beyond the four walls of her own home, and to exalt, as the ideal of womanhood, the meek and docile housewife.

Only fifty-two per cent. of the girls were allowed to have the first question put to them, and more than half of the remainder declined to discuss it at all, and many of them remarked, "I wish to be a woman, because a woman's life is very beautiful;" or, "I wish to be a woman, because it is wrong to wish to be a man;" or, "I wish to be a woman, because it is a noble duty to love a husband and children." It is curious that these German boys and girls rarely discuss their duty to their parents, while their duties to their future families seem to weigh heavily upon them.

"I wish to be a woman, because I desire to lead a useful home life. I do not wish to face the dangers of the world," writes a prudent person of eleven. "A woman's life and a woman's work please me best, because it is a woman's duty to stay at home, and be a good wife and mother." It is truly startling to find these mature and virtuous opinions in such young and innocent minds.

In the English girls' papers one found that thirty per cent. said they wished to be women in order to escape the responsibility of men's lives. They remarked that men had hard and dirty work to do, and that women might stay at home and take their ease, go out to tea and wear nice dresses. Only in one instance does a German girl express any desire to escape responsibility. She says, "It is better to be a woman, because women need not be soldiers." There is not a single instance in the eighty-six papers of a German girl wishing to be a man. The English girls'

answers form a striking contrast. They show independence of thought, freedom of expression and a variety of aspirations. Thirty-four per cent. of the English girls rebelled against a woman's life. They envied men's strength, freedom and the glorious possibilities in their lives for adventures. They discussed the economic disadvantages of a woman's lot, and they expressed clearly their conviction that a man's life had fewer worries and more glories than a woman's. Thirty per cent. of the English girls were faithful to their sex; they recognized that woman had definite work in life, and that possibilities for doing good in the world, and exerting a refining influence lay before her, and they were content with their lot. In comparing the two sets of papers one cannot fail to conclude that the German girl seems to have a higher sense of duty, especially as a wife and mother, than the English girl, and that the latter often shows a rebellious spirit and a great deal of freedom of thought and expression. The English girl is not much occupied in thinking of her duties as a wife and mother. She shows herself a very frank, natural little person in this school exercise, as compared with her German sister.

In reading through these virtuous compositions, one wonders if the plump, placid, smiling German school-girls, with their blue eyes and flaxen plaits, ever think a rebellious thought, or if their minds are in very truth white paper upon which their schoolmaster may write what he pleases. Are they really as placid as they appear? And is a mild contemplation of the eternally domestic virtues sufficiently stimulating to awaken the best within them? I prefer to think that they write what they are expected to write, partly to please their kind and interesting school-teacher, and partly because they are docile by nature and habit, and never dream of disturbing existing

prejudices. "We dared not utter heresies even among ourselves," said a German girl to me in reflecting on her school-days, "but we thought them." Woman in Germany has been persistently refused any nobler vocation than to "haggle over market produce" and to lard veal like a "fretful porcupine," as Mr. Baring Gould says. She knows she cannot escape the kitchen and its duties, so she dutifully accepts and idealizes them as she is taught to do. To be without any color and to be able to cook are the highest virtues of the German Frau. Wieland, in a letter to his friend Gessner, thus describes his bride: "An innocent, amiable being; gentle, cheerful, not pretty, but quite pretty enough for a worthy man who wants an agreeable housewife." The inconstant Goethe, after a long series of tender friendships with beautiful and gifted women, finally married the simple, illiterate peasant girl Christiane, whose privilege it was to prepare appetizing soups for the refreshment of the great sage of Weimar.

German literature is full of inspiring examples of a similar nature, which serve the schoolmasters to point many a moral in the literature lessons. The education of girls in Germany is excellent within a certain limit. They are taught much literature and history; they learn not only to read and write, but to speak modern languages; but the individuality of the pupil is suppressed in the process. She is only permitted to think in a certain, well-defined groove. She is taught to consider herself a subordinate being, whose duty it is to minister to a man's comforts. She accepts this teaching, and she never grows to a woman's estate.

Philosophers in Germany have been neither kind nor complimentary to women, and German men love to read passages from Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, to their womanfolk to keep them

humble. "Women," says the former, "have no real and true sense or receptivity for music, poetry or the creative arts; it is the mere monkey's trick of imitativeness in order that they may make themselves attractive, which they affect when they pretend to have such." And again: "Therefore it lies in woman's nature to look on everything as but a means of gaining the man, and any interest she may show for anything else is only pretended—a roundabout way ending in coquetry and aping."¹

Nietzsche says many things about the triviality and unstableness of women, which awe the German women into silence. "And woman must obey, and find a depth in her surface. Surface is a woman's mood—a foam driven to and fro over shallow water. But man's mood is deep, his stream roareth in underground caves; woman divineth his power, but understandeth it not."² And again: "Yet woman is not capable of friendship; women are still always cats and birds, or in the best case, cows." The young German woman mourns over these dark sayings, and takes them to heart. It does not comfort her when the breezy Englishwoman assures her that there are many kinds of women, and that Schopenhauer and Nietzsche could have known only a few and none of the best. She says in awestruck tones: "They are philosophers, German philosophers, and they know."

In answering the second question the German girls are touchingly faithful to the concrete examples of the pious, domestic and devoted women held up to them in history. Fifty per cent. of the girls wished to be like Queen Louise, and forty per cent. took as their model the holy Elizabeth of the Wartburg. I may mention that many of these papers came from the neighborhood of Thuringia, where the legends of Eliza-

¹ Schopenhauer's essay *On Women*.

² Thus spoke Zarathustra.—Nietzsche.

beth are very familiar to the school-children. Among the other characters whom the girls wished to resemble are Frau Rat, the mother of Goethe, Queen Editha, Barbara Uttman, Queen Mathilde, Perpetua, a Vestal Virgin and others.

Here are some specimens:—

"I should like to be the good Queen Louise, because everybody loved her. She was kind and compassionate to the poor, pious and God-fearing, patient and docile, and brave in the time of war."

"I should like to be the good Queen tle, as amiable and patient, as the good Queen Louise. I admire her most for her piety and her compassion to the poor."

"I want to be like the Queen Louise, because she was a model for all German women."

All this is very pretty and proper, but the sentiments are hardly natural from healthy-minded children of eleven to thirteen. The "visions of childhood" are wild, as well as sweet, and if, as Spenser tells us, "the genesis of the knowledge in the individual corresponds to the genesis of knowledge in the race" considered historically, this period of childhood ought to be full of wild aspirations after beautiful, impossible ideals and stirring adventures which can never be realized. A true appreciation of saintly and domestic virtues comes much later.

The holy Elizabeth is a favorite model for these saintly little girls, and truly she is a very attractive character. I remember the passionate admiration she aroused in the breast of a little nine-year old girl, long ago, but it was chiefly, I think, on account of her persistence in good works in spite of the opposition of her tyrannical lord. The story of the loaves turning into roses always satisfies the strong desire for poetical justice in children. "Among all the characters I know," writes one

little German girl, "I should best like to be the holy Elizabeth, because she had a pious heart. Her piety showed itself in her kindness and compassion towards the poor." Then the small maid grows didactic and continues, "There are to-day many poor and sick, whom we can and must help. In misfortune Elizabeth was very patient. She always trusted in God, and this ought to be a pattern to us."

Here is another: "I would like to be the holy Elizabeth, for she was gentle and obedient, noble and pious. In misfortune she always trusted in God."

Queen Mathilde is universally admired on account of her piety and her goodness to her husband and children. One sentimental girl of thirteen moralizes on the glory of obeying one's husband in this fashion:—

Des Hauses Konig ist der Mann
Das Weib schliesst sich als Krone an
Wer unter einer Krone steht
Ist nicht erniedrigt ist erhöht.

"Dies ist ein Idealspruch für velle deutschen Frauen" "is her comment." These are probably very proper sentiments, but one would prefer that she was less self-conscious about these matters. None of these domestic and duty-loving little people aspire for a larger than a domestic life, except in a few cases where the girls wish to go and nurse the sick and poor. None of the German girls aspire to be poets, painters or singers, or if they do they refrain from expressing their aspirations. One child of an ambitious nature writes: "I should like to be Frau Rat, the mother of Goethe, because she was clever and witty, and many great and noble people admired her." She atones for her unholy aspirations by adding, "She was a good housewife and a good mother. She was gentle and amiable, industrious and compassionate towards the poor. She was rewarded in being the mother of the greatest German poet."

Goethe's mother stands out clearly as a brilliant German woman; even on her death-bed her wit did not forsake her, and she sent her regrets in declining a dinner-party, remarking, "The Frau Rathinn unfortunately cannot accept, being engaged in dying."

Here is a pretty little composition on Queen Editha: "I wish to be like the Queen Editha, the wife of Otto the Great. She was universally beloved on account of her gentleness, goodness, love and piety. Towards the poor and sick she was always helpful; she was never ashamed to go into the huts of the poor and comfort them with friendly words and alms. She was never haughty, but always noble-minded, and she cherished towards the German folk and Fatherland a faithful and warm love. Although 900 years have passed since her death, she is still remembered with the warmest love and gratitude."

The other characters, Barbara Uttman, Perpetua, the Vestal Virgin and the rest, appeal to these children chiefly on account of their piety and devotion. In summing up, one cannot help being impressed by the type of womanhood as presented to the minds of German girls. Self-sacrifice, compassion, devotion to duty and domestic virtues are the chief features of their ideal. After a long school course of instruction on the whole duty of woman, as conceived by the German man, rendered warm and inspiring by examples from history and literature, it is not surprising that the German girl grows up to be a submissive, soft-eyed, tender-hearted, very susceptible creature, with exaggerated ideas of domestic duties. She marries early; she rarely becomes an individual on her own account. She studies her cookery-book, and spends her leisure in poker-work designs, and when not engaged in walling over the worries of her children and her house, she will talk beautiful

sentiment to you with tears in her eyes.

Wer gern verliert sein eignes Leben
In Lieb und Treu;
Dem wird es tausendfach gegeben
Und stündlich neu,

a dear little woman used to say to me, as she patched and mended through the long, hot summer days, while her husband was refreshing himself in the Alps. The German woman has apparently learned her duty to her neighbor; I always wish that somebody would teach her her duty to herself. She has no desire to learn, however, and she says that Englishwomen do not understand these things.

The English school-girls' list of heroes forms a striking contrast. Her heroes are as various as they are incongruous, and the reasons given for choosing them are not always unselfish. The English girl does not long to resemble pious queens and holy saints; she shows a great deal of unregenerate humanity, which she naïvely expresses. As a pattern of virtue she is on a much lower plane than the German school-girl. Among the English girls' heroes are Florence Nightingale, Mr. Gladstone, the Queen, Grace Darling, Shakespeare, Wellington, Nelson, Columbus, Napoleon, Buller (it was early in the war), Madame Patti, Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Browning, Ellen Terry, Tennyson, Solomon, Ruskin, Mrs. Rylands and the Sleeping Beauty.

Florence Nightingale, Mr. Gladstone and Grace Darling are admired for their virtues. To be good, great, brave and heroic appeals to many girls, and they choose these concrete personages as the highest types they know. The difference of our treatment of historical characters in school instruction comes out strikingly in comparing German and English girls' answers. In no case does an English girl wish to be a queen on account of her piety. Those

who aspire to be the Queen are the material ones. They say, "she has lots of money and jewels" and "a carriage to ride in," and so on. It is very natural that these little girls should wish to be Wellington, Columbus, Shakespeare and Napoleon. In the heroic age of childhood, all splendid and great achievements are possible to us, and these children pay homage to their highest aspirations in choosing the greatest heroes they know. "I mean to write when I grow up," said a ten-year-old girl to her small comrades. "I shall write dramas greater than Shakespeare's, and novels greater than Dickens's!" She was really a modest little person, but Lamb's Tales and the "Old Curiosity Shop" were the finest things in the world to her, and she meant in the dim and glorious future to exceed all human achievement.

Money, ease, luxury and freedom from every worry appear to be desirable to a large number of English school-girls, and they frankly wish for these blessings.

The differences brought out in the second set of answers chiefly show the differences in school instruction and public opinion about women in the two nations. School instruction in Germany is definite and systematic; history and literature permeate the lives of the school-children and help to form their ideals. It is not the fault of the history and literature if the German opinion of women is narrow and one-sided. Humanistic studies can furnish plenty of inspiring examples, but German opinion demands that women must be pious, domestic and subordinate, and school instruction glorifies these qualities accordingly. Again, individuality is undesirable in German women, therefore freedom and independence of thought and expression are discouraged in school. Our school instruction is unsystematic; literature and history are imperfectly used, but

our girls are at least allowed to develop naturally, and to think independently.

There were 110 papers from German boys; nearly half of these were from the lower classes of gymnasia, and the rest from primary schools. The boys are all between ten and fourteen years of age. The German boy shows himself in these papers to be, on the whole, more frank and natural than the girl. He is properly patriotic; he has high aspirations for a noble career; he is more than sufficiently sentimental, and he is masculine enough to be alive to his own pleasures and interests. The responsibilities of life, however, weigh too heavily upon him. He is less of a boy than an ungrown man. "To be boy eternal"—in the sense of Polyxenes—has little meaning in the German schools. Froebel and Herbart expressed themselves clearly on the age of childhood; but, in spite of their doctrines, German children are treated as mature fruit in their blossoming period. The boys' answers to the first question can be classed into fairly well-defined groups.

Firstly. The patriots, who realize their duty to their country. These form fifty-four per cent.

Secondly. The ambitious ones, who look forward to a great career in art, literature or learning.

Thirdly. The utilitarians, who wish to be men because they can earn money, improve commerce and bring up a family, mete out justice, make laws, etc., from which desirable pastimes women are debarred.

Fourthly. The sentimentalists, who sigh for the ideal, for the capacity of loving, for poetic fervor and for art.

Lastly. Those who frankly admit that it is better to be men than women, because the former can enjoy themselves better. These form about three per cent.

Although no German girl wished to

be a man, there are two curious instances of German boys wishing to be women. One writes: "I wish to be a woman, because they can love better than a man;" and another, "A woman, because she is more ideal than a man." It does not seem unlikely that these boys were sincere in their desire to be women.

The strain of sentimentality shows itself very clearly in the German boy, and as soon as he knows you at all well he will tell you all about his "ideal" with great seriousness. You feel uncomfortable at the recital of his confidence, and wish that he would learn to play football. There is an external uncouthness and even rudeness about the callow German youth in his early swaggering, beer-drinking student days, which jars upon the observing foreigner; but his sentimental side lies very near the surface, and he readily confides all his beautiful aspirations about *Liebe, Kunst* and the *Ideal* to the sympathetic listener in exalted terms, and becomes transformed in a moment from a boisterous, uncouth youth into an impassioned poet.

The following are specimens from the boys' papers in answer to the first question: "I would rather be a man, because a man can protect his country." "I want to be a man to fight for my Fatherland." "I wish to be a man to do my duty to my country." The boys' sense of duty to their country is as strong as the girls' sense of duty to their family. Among the aspiring minds are the following: "I wish to be a man, because he has a great and noble career before him." "I hope to be a man and do good for my country." "I would rather be a man, because a man learns more than a woman, and learning prepares you for your work in life." "I would rather be a man, because he is brave and strong, and if he becomes great all the world will admire him." "A man, because a man can be

a poet." "A man, because he has more justice than a woman, and he can make laws for his country."

The utilitarians write in the following strain:—"I wish to be a man, because he is more use and more industrious than a woman." "A man, because he can earn enough money to support a family." "A man, because he is necessary to his family." "A man, because he can work better than a woman, and all good work helps the nation." "A man, because men make a nation."

Two examples of the sentimental type have been noted already:—"I wish to be a man because a man may fall in love and marry," is the statement of a youth of twelve; and another person of definite views gives the following involved reason:—"I wish to be a man, because I mean to marry, and a married woman has no free will. I wish to have a free will. If I were a woman I would not marry."

A very few of these mature youths condescend to mention enjoyment. "I wish to be a man," writes one of these, "because a man has more enjoyment than a woman." "I wish to be a man," writes another, "for I shall enjoy being a student; women are not students."

The German boy is prudent beyond his years, and weighed down with the responsibility of his country and his future career and family. The English boy, as he showed himself in his answer to this question, is a very different being.

Seventy-five per cent. of the English boys were perfectly frank in their expression of their duty to themselves. They wanted to be men in order to "have their own way," "make a lot of money," "go out whenever you like," "play football and go to cricket matches on Saturday," and similar reasons.

Fifteen per cent. wished to fight for their country and "understand the affairs of the nation," and a few wished

to earn money to help their mothers, or help their future families in comfort. Many of the English papers by the English boys had humorous touches, and none of them were sentimental.

In considering the second question as to who they would desire to be, we find the German boys' heroes are chiefly inspired by the military spirit, the scholarly ideal, and hatred to England.

Bismarck, Blücher, the Kaiser and Frederick the Great are the chief military heroes.

Here are some specimens of the boys' answers:—

"I should like to be Fürst Bismarck, because he has made the German nation great, and now this saying goes out into the wide world—'Wir Deutschen fürchten nichts als nur Gott in der Welt.'"

"I wish to be like Blücher, or another celebrated general, because all the world has heard of his great deeds."

"I wish to be Field-Marshal Blücher, because he was a brave and great warrior."

Nansen has his worshippers among the adventurous ones, who wish to "find the North Pole."

The scholarly ideal is dear to the German mind. "I wish to be Professor A—, because he has made discoveries and helped mankind," writes one.

"I wish to be Dr. Carl R—, because he has made many original observations, and to work like him would be the most beautiful thing in the world."

"I should like to be like Dr. Luther; he was a learned man and fearless, and he freed his people."

As these papers were given to the German boys during a time of intense feeling concerning affairs in South Africa, we get many allusions to the political situation. "I wish to be Krüger," writes a boy of twelve, "because he has made war on the greedy English." "I wish to be President Krüger," writes another, "because he is brave enough

to fight the impudent and avaricious English. I hope he may gain a victory."

"I should like to be Krüger," says a third, "because he has won three battles over the English and taken a lot of prisoners. It is a glorious thing to beat the English."

The German loves to dream and speculate for mere pleasure; he does not covet riches, honor or power; he simply wants to be let alone to contemplate. We find many traces of this in the boys' papers.

"I wish to live an orderly life and to observe Nature," writes one boy.

"I should not like to be a celebrated man," writes another. "Bismarck and Moltke, and great men like them, met with great difficulties, and they had to endure much ingratitude. I should like to lead the life of a forester, and to know all about Nature. The life of a forester gives an opportunity for living with Nature and observing her beauties, and such a life may be very useful to the State."

We have no forest life in England, and we cannot comprehend the influence the forest has on the German mind. In reading through these papers one cannot help respecting the German boy. He is a person of character, of aspirations and dreams. His love for his Fatherland is as sincere as his devotion to scholarship. The English boy is far below him in aspiration, yet in the matter of forming a healthy judgment the English boy is immeasurably his superior. German boys live too much in the schoolroom among their books. They create for themselves airy worlds of theories and ideas, and they never gain a practical knowledge of the real world which English boys get in jostling their minds and bodies together on the playground. The German boy does not play; he has no playground. He becomes introspective and argumentative at an early age. While

the English boy is a healthy young barbarian, the German boy is rapidly becoming a mature thinker. The English boy passes out of this stage of barbarism and becomes almost civilized in

time, but the German boy never civilizes. At best the German man is still half-child, half-philosopher, and often, whole pedant.

Catherine I. Dodd.

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A certain ill-fated manuscript of Ej-lert Lövborg treated of the civilizing forces of the future, and his friend Tesman was moved to utter for once something more brilliant than his customary "Fancy that!" "But, good gracious," exclaimed Tesman, "we don't know anything about the future!" "No," replied the gratified author, "but there are several things, though, that can be said about it all the same." To say several things about that of which we know nothing may be the task of several literary critics at the present moment, but there is a danger that the future may play the part of the capricious Hedda, who, with unusual discretion, consigned her friend Lövborg's manuscript to the stove.

Perhaps it is wiser to look around us or to gaze backward than to prophesy. Every age is likely to think itself poorer in literary possessions than is actually the case, for while we can form some estimate of our losses in the recent dead, we have not yet learnt to appraise the literary worth of our babies, nor even of our schoolboys and schoolgirls. In 1795 the author of "Night Thoughts," who had died as a poet many years earlier, was "decently buried," and Johnson's biographer followed his illustrious friend to the grave; next year departed Burns; Macpherson and Burke and Cowper were of the past before the century closed. But the general public of 1795 may not have been greatly impressed by the

facts that the assistant of a keeper of livery stables in London—one Keats—had a son born to him, whom he named John, and that in the house of a Scottish mason named Carlyle an infant was then making his first indignant protests and spurnings against human society. In 1800 Cowper, the literary interpreter of the Evangelical revival, passed from earth, but in the same year Pusey entered the world, to be followed in 1801 by one of the first men of the century, John Henry Newman—theology, the science of sciences leading the way—and yet no long shudder passed through the frame of Evangelical piety. When the new century opened Master Shelley and Master Keble—for, as if an ironical *Zeitgeist* would demonstrate the truth of Taine's doctrine of the race, the *milieu*, and the moment, the author of "Queen Mab" and the author of "The Christian Year" were of the same moment—probably occupied themselves in chasing the rolling circle's speed or urging the flying ball.

We cannot in 1900, any more than could our forefathers in 1800, calculate our unrealized assets. But a comparison of the literary output of the present year with that of the last year of the eighteenth century would certainly not be to our disadvantage. Perhaps it is safe to say that no volume noteworthy in the history of science or the history of thought was produced in the year 1800. The most remarkable novel

was "Castle Rackrent;" the most remarkable non-dramatic poem, "The Farmer's Boy;" the drama of the year if it was not Joanna Baillie's "De Montfort," was Godwin's "Antonio;" the former ran for eleven nights; the latter underwent sudden and final damnation, a violent cough, as Lamb explains, becoming epidemical in the house. Whereas, in 1900—but I leave the contrast to any reader who is familiar with the hundred best books of the present year.

Without, however, entering on a comparison of the *personnel* of literature in the opening and at the close of the present century, it is possible to compare the impersonal forces—the leading ideas or tendencies—which were then and which are now operative as impulses or as a control. By the year 1800 one stage of the romantic movement had reached its term; the scenic effects of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, the coarse apparatus used to produce wonder or terror by Matthew Gregory Lewis, admitted of no development. If romance was not to perish through its own excesses, it must refine its methods and rationalize itself at least by the presence of psychological truth, as in Coleridge's poem of the forlorn mariner, or it must seek for sanity and strength by connecting itself with the matter and the sentiment of history, as in the poems and novels of Scott. At the same time naturalism or realism, which had been represented by Fielding in prose, and by Crabbe in verse, needed to be spiritualized, infused with deeper meanings, and illuminated by "the light that never was, on sea or land." Perhaps not many persons at the close of the century were aware that in the little volume of "Lyrical Ballads," published in 1798, something had already been done to justify romance and to interpret reality in its nobler significance.

No persons of intelligence a hundred years ago could be sensible to the electrical state of the atmosphere caused

by the thunder clouds of Revolution on the continent of Europe. The anti-Jacobin poets and parodists might ridicule the English contingent to the Revolutionary movement, but such ridicule is a storm-signal, and before long Byron and Shelley came as exponents of the forces of change. Thus the chief foreign influence reached our literature indirectly through political and social passions aroused in France. But there was to a certain extent a direct literary influence from Germany, which coalesced with the political influence; the earlier Schiller—Schiller of "The Robbers"—the earlier Goethe—Goethe of "The Sorrows of Werther"—and, perhaps more than either of these, Kotzebue served as auxiliaries both to the cause of Revolution and the cause of romance.

Shall we say that in our own day the spirit of revolution has been replaced by a spirit which seems so alien to that of the Revolution—the spirit of imperialism? The Napoleonic wars at the opening of the century quickened the national self-consciousness of England, and enhanced the national pride and sense of power. But the England of which Wordsworth thought, in his patriotic sonnets, was an island, ringed by the sea, and sublime in its isolation:—

—from this day forward we shall know
That in ourselves our safety must be sought.

England was not for Wordsworth's imagination the mother of nations, having children armed to speak with her enemies in the gate. It should be remembered, however, that the democratic sentiment, fostered by the revolutionary movement of a century since, has entered largely into the passions of imperialism. Among our chief makers of empire was the champion of the Reform Bill of 1867, who, in his "Coningsby" and "Sybil," had prophesied of a

Tory democracy. The "equality" and "fraternity" of the Revolution have been captured by imperialism, not in the form of metaphysical abstractions, but as genuine emotions, if no more, reaching out not to universal humanity, but to all men of the blood at all the bounds of empire, and tending more and more to incarnate themselves in action. The emotion is admirable, and where a fellow-feeling exists, it becomes less difficult to attain to a mutual understanding; but at best such an understanding is difficult, and when the outcries of brotherhood become less loud and the first embraces are over, among the tasks of literature not the least will be to carry messages of true intelligence to and fro between the old sea-wife of Mr. Kipling's poem and her sons "in the new and naked lands."

It is a remarkable phenomenon that in recent years three tendencies, which at first sight seem in conflict each with the others, have played conspicuous parts in literature—cosmopolitanism, imperialism, provincialism. The world-literature of which Goethe dreamed has not been attained, but the relations of each people with neighboring—and even with distant—peoples have grown more intimate and more complex. In each earlier period a single foreign influence arrived on our shores, and for a time sent its voice through the land—in the early Renaissance the Italian influence, at a later date the influence of Spain, in the Restoration and subsequent days the French influence. But now wave follows wave as the winds blow from this quarter or from that. Our novel and drama have been affected for good or for evil by the French novel and drama, and in a scientific age the manifestoes of literary realism or naturalism could not but be accepted as containing all the credenda, until the experiment of *le roman expérimental* was found not to be completely successful. The Russian novel with its

new intellectual and social problems, its feeling for simple and profound emotions, its infinite human pity, both widened and deepened our imaginative sense of life. Scandinavia told us tales of old heroic action, and irritated the gray matter of our brains with modern riddles, not always meant to be solved. Winds from the West have reached us, bearing now a whisper of tea-table subtleties and now a "barbaric yalp." Nor has the East been silent; deeper messages from the mind of India have come to us across the Anglo-Indian gossip and the Anglo-Indian words of command.

Yet out of this cosmopolitan babel has issued at the century's close not cosmopolitanism but the imperial spirit. In attempting to understand the world, we have suddenly discovered that a great piece of the world is occupied by the new nations of Englishmen, and motives both of interest and affection have made England resolve at length to understand her full-grown sons and to make herself understood by them.

In like manner a wise provincialism need not contain within it any element of separatism. The Scottish kail-yard sells its kail in Covent Garden, and potatoes grown hard by an Irish bog may be transported to the London market. The humor of Thrums is possibly a grave affair in Thrums, but it flashes into laughter and tenderness when it touches a different intelligence. "Wessex" has its rights, and will be understood by Lancashire, and underneath all superficial diversities—dear to the artist, lover of the definite and the concrete—a common humanity binds the North and the South together. Nor, indeed, in what seems local or provincial is it difficult to discern the play of cosmopolitan forces. Irish writers protest against the brutal materialism of England, seemingly unaware that they are caught into a stream of reaction against the alleged tyranny of the

scientific and industrial movements, that is common to England, to France and to all of cultivated Europe—which reaction so far as it leads to the recognition of truths ignored by science and industry is wholly warrantable, and so far as it would replace truths by shimmering falsehood must needs come to nought. If science, together with the great good which it has wrought for our country, has wrought some evil, by excluding from view another order of truths, these wrongs will assuredly not be repaired by pseudo-science. And if

the pursuit of material prosperity has blinded men for a time to the true romance, which is founded on reality, it is not the false or effeminate romance which will illumine their eyes. But, indeed, the false romance, fed neither by the wholesome realities of earth nor by the lights of heaven, quickly exhausts itself. The chief danger is this—that a chase after wandering marsh-fires may leave men weary, and only too content to take their ease in some ignoble counterfeit of good sense.

Literature.

Edward Dowden.

A CHIME OF FOUR.

The stir of myriad lives as yet unseen
Thrills through the bosom of the earth again,
That answers, smiling where the fields grow green,
The innumerable whisper of the rain.

Willow and hazel's red and silver stems,
Like lances, fling their leafy pennons wide;
The hedges wear their wild-rose diadems,
White daisies crest the wave of summer tide.

A sense of noonday broods above the lands.
Fast whitening fields the liberal sunbeams bathe;
While where the sickles flash in tawny hands
The flaming poppy dyes the fallen swathe.

Gone is the harvest's gracious burdening.
A keen-fanged frost the bare brown furrow grieves,
Th' undoing winds of winter hoarsely sing
The requiem of a thousand thousand leaves.

Longman's Magazine.

John Berwick.

